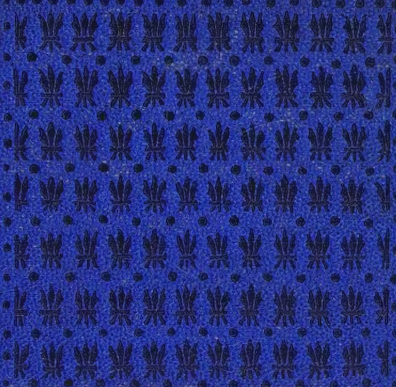
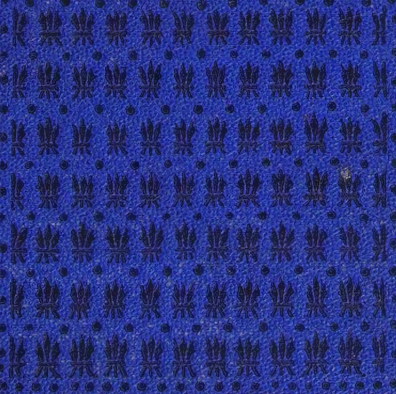




MOORE



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
T H O M A S M O O R E .



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MOORE'S Poetical Works



London

E. MOXON SON & CO. DOVER STREET

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED, WITH A CRITICAL MEMOIR,

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

ILLUSTRATED BY

THOMAS SECCOMBE.



LONDON:
E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET,
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PREFATORY NOTICE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin on the 28th of May 1779. Both his parents were Roman Catholics; and he was, as a matter of course, brought up in the same religion, and adhered to it—not perhaps with any extreme zeal—throughout his life. His father was a decent tradesman, a grocer and spirit-retailer—or “spirit-grocer,” as the business is termed in Ireland. Thomas received his schooling from Mr. Samuel Whyte, who had been Sheridan’s first preceptor, a man of more than average literary culture. He encouraged a taste for acting among the boys; and Moore, naturally intelligent and lively, became a favourite with his master, and a leader in the dramatic recreations.

His aptitude for verse appeared at an early age. In 1790 he composed an epilogue to a piece acted at the house of Lady Borrows, in Dublin; and in his fourteenth year he wrote a sonnet to Mr. Whyte, which was published in a Dublin magazine.

Like other Irish Roman Catholics, galled by the hard and stiff collar of Protestant ascendancy, the parents of Thomas Moore hailed the French Revolution, and the prospects which it seemed to offer of some reflex ameliorations. In 1792 the lad was taken by his father to a dinner in honour of the Revolution; and he was soon launched upon a current of ideas and associations which might have conducted a person of more self-oblivious patriotism to the scaffold on which perished the friend of his opening manhood, Robert Emmet. Trinity College, Dublin, having been opened to Catholics by the Irish Parliament in 1793, Moore was entered there as a student in the succeeding year. He became more proficient in French and Italian than in the classic languages, and showed no turn for

Latin verses. Eventually, his political proclivities, and intimacy with many of the chiefs of opposition, drew down upon him (after various interrogations, in which he honourably refused to implicate his friends) a severe admonition from the university authorities; but he had not joined in any distinctly rebellious act, and no more formidable results ensued to him.

In 1793 Moore published in the *Anthologia Hibernica* two pieces of verse; and his budding talents became so far known as to earn him the quality of Laureate to the Gastronomic Club of Dalkey, near Dublin, in 1794. Through his acquaintance with Emmet, he joined the Oratorical Society; and afterwards the more important Historical Society; and he published *An Ode on Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifucius, D.D.*, which won a party success. About the same time he wrote articles for *The Press*, a paper founded towards the end of 1797 by O'Connor, Addis, Emmet, and others. He graduated at Trinity College in November 1799.

The bar was the career which his parents, and especially his mother, wished Thomas to pursue; neither of them had much faith in poetry or literature as a resource for his subsistence. Accordingly, in 1799, he crossed over into England, and studied in the Middle Temple; and he was afterwards called to the bar, but literary pursuits withheld him from practising. He had brought with him from Ireland his translations from Anacreon; and published these by subscription in 1800, dedicated to the Prince Regent (then the illusory hope of political reformers), with no inconsiderable success. Lord Moira, Lady Donegal, and other leaders of fashionable society, took him up with friendly warmth, and he soon found himself a well-accepted guest in the highest circles of London. No clever young fellow—without any advantage of birth or of person, and with intellectual attractions which seem to posterity to be of a rather middling kind—ever won his way more easily or more cheaply into that paradise of mean ambitions, the *beau monde*. Moore has not escaped the stigma which attaches to almost all men who thus succeed under the like conditions—that of tuft-hunting and lowering compliances. He would be a bold man who should affirm that there was absolutely no sort of ground for the charge; or that Moore—fêted at Holland House, and hovered round by the fashionable of both sexes, the men picking up his witticisms, and the women languishing over his songs—was capable of the same sturdy self-reliance and simple adhesion to principle which might possibly have been in him, and forthcoming from him, under different conditions. Who shall touch pitch, and not be

defiled ; who treacle, and not be sweetened ? At the same time, it is easy to carry charges of this kind too far, and not always through motives the purest or most exalted. It may be said without unfairness on either side that the sort of talents which Moore possessed brought him naturally into the society which he frequented ; that very possibly the world has got quite as much out of him by that development of his faculties as by any other which they could have been likely to receive ; and that he repaid patronage in the coin of amusement and of bland lenitives, rather than in that of obsequious adulation. For we are not required nor permitted to suppose that there was the stuff of a hero in "little Tom Moore ;" or that the lapdog of the drawing-room would under any circumstances have been the wolfhound of the public sheepfold. In the drawing-room he is a sleeker lapdog, and lies upon more and choicelier-clothed laps than he would in "the three-pair back ;" and that is about all that needs to be said or speculated in such a case. As a matter of fact, the demeanour of Moore among the socially great seems to have been that of a man who respected his company, without failing to respect himself also—any ill-natured cavilling or ready-made imputations to the contrary notwithstanding.

In 1802 Moore produced his first volume of original verse, the *Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little* (an allusion to the author's remarkably small stature), for which he received £60. There are in this volume some erotic improprieties, not of a very serious kind either in intention or in harmfulness, which Moore regretted in later years. Next year Lord Moira procured him the post of Registrar to the Admiralty Court of Bermuda ; he embarked on the 25th of September, and reached his destination in January 1804. This work did not suit him much better than the business of the bar : in March he withdrew from personal discharge of the duties ; and, leaving a substitute in his place, he made a tour in the United States and Canada. He was presented to Jefferson, and felt impressed by his republican simplicity. Such a quality, however, was not in Moore's line ; and nothing perhaps shows the essential smallness of his nature more clearly than the fact that his visit to the United States, in their giant infancy, produced in him no glow of admiration or aspiration, but only a recrudescence of the commonest prejudices—the itch for picking little holes, the petty joy of reporting them, and the puny self-pluming upon fancied or factitious superiorities. If the washy liberal patriotism of Moore's very early years had any vitality at all, such as would have qualified it for a harder struggle than jeering at the Holy Alliance, and singing

after-dinner songs of national sentimentalism to the applause of Whig lords and ladies, this American experience may be held to have been its deathblow. He now saw republicans face to face; and found that they were not for him, nor he for them. He returned to England in 1806; and soon afterwards published his *Odes and Epistles*, comprising many remarks, faithfully expressive of his perceptions, on American society and manners.

The volume was tartly criticised in the *Edinburgh Review* by Jeffrey, who made some rather severe comments upon the improprieties chargeable to Moore's early writings. The consequence was a challenge, and what would have been a duel at Chalk Farm, but for unloaded pistols and police interference. This *fiasco* soon led to an amicable understanding between Moore and Jeffrey; and a few years later, about the end of 1811, to a friendship of closer intimacy between the Irish songster and his great poetic contemporary Lord Byron. His lordship, in his youthful satire of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, had made fun of the unbloody duel. This Moore resented, not so much as a mere matter of ridicule as because it involved an ignoring or a denial of a counter-statement of the matter put into print by himself. He accordingly wrote a letter to Byron on the 1st of January 1810, calculated to lead to further hostilities. But, as the noble poet just then left England for his prolonged tour on the Continent, the missive did not reach him; and a little skirmishing, after his return in the following year, terminated in a hearty reconciliation, and a very intimate cordiality, almost deserving of the lofty name of friendship, on both sides.

Re-settled in London, and re-quartered upon the pleasant places of fashion, Moore was once more a favourite at Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Donington House, the residence of Lord Moira. His lordship obtained a comfortable post to soothe the declining years of Moore's father, and held out to the poet himself the prospect—which was not however realised—of another snug berth for his own occupancy. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland never received the benefits of the Irish patriot's services in any public capacity at home—only through the hands of a defaulting deputy in Bermuda: it did, however, at length give him the money without the official money's-worth, for in 1835, under Lord Melbourne's ministry, an annual literary pension of £300 was bestowed upon the then elderly poet. Nor can it be said that Moore's worth to his party, whether we regard him as political sharpshooter or as national lyricist, deserved a less recognition from the Whigs: he had at one time, with creditable independence,

refused to be indebted to the Tories for an appointment. Some obloquy has at times been cast upon him on account of his sarcasms against the Prince Regent, which, however well-merited on public grounds, have been held to come with an ill grace from the man whose first literary effort, the *Anacreon*, had been published under the auspices of his Royal Highness as dedicatee, no doubt a practical obligation of some moment to the writer. It does not appear, however, that the obligation went much beyond this simple acceptance of the dedication : Moore himself declared that the Regent's further civilities had consisted simply in asking him twice to dinner, and admitting him, in 1811, to a fête in honour of the regency.

The life of Moore for several years ensuing is one of literary success and social brilliancy, varied by his marrying in 1811 Miss Bessy Dyke, a lady who made an excellent and devoted wife, and to whom he was very affectionately attached, although the attractions and amenities of the fashionable world caused from time to time considerable inroads upon his domesticity. After a while, he removed from London, with his wife and young family, to Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire—a somewhat lonely site. His *Irish Melodies*, the work by which he will continue best known, had their origin in 1797, when his attention was drawn to a publication named *Bunting's Irish Melodies*, for which he occasionally wrote the words. In 1807 he entered into a definite agreement with Mr. Power on this subject, in combination with Sir J. Stevenson, who undertook to compose the accompaniments. The work was prolonged up to the year 1834; and contributed very materially to Moore's comfort in money matters and his general prominence—as his own singing of the Melodies in good society kept up his sentimental and patriotic prestige, and his personal lionising, in a remarkable degree. He played on the piano, and sang with taste, though in a style resembling recitative, and not with any great power of voice : in speaking, his voice had a certain tendency to hoarseness, but its quality became flute-like in singing. In 1811 he made another essay in the musical province; writing, at the request of the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, an operetta named *M.P., or the Bluestocking*. It was the reverse of a stage success; and Moore, in collecting his poems, excluded this work, save as regards some of the songs comprised in it. In 1808 had appeared, anonymously, the poems of *Intolerance* and *Corruption*, followed in 1809 by *The Sceptic*. *Intercepted Letters, or The Twopenny Postbag*, by Thomas Brown the Younger, came out in 1812 : it was a huge

success, and very intelligibly such, going through fourteen editions in one year. In the same year the project of writing an oriental poem—a class of work greatly in vogue now that Byron was inventing *Giaours* and *Corsairs*—was seriously entertained by Moore. This project took shape in *Lalla Rookh*, written chiefly at Mayfield Cottage—a performance for which Mr. Longman the publisher paid the extremely large sum of £3150 in advance : its publication hung over till 1817. The poem has been translated into all sorts of languages, including Persian, and is said to have found many admirers among its oriental readers. Whatever may be thought of its poetic merits—and I for one disclaim in its behalf the traditional enthusiasm of an editor's feelings—or of its power in vitalizing the *disjecta membra* of orientalism, the stock-in-trade of the Asiatic curiosity-shop, there is no doubt that Moore worked very conscientiously upon this undertaking : he read up to any extent,—wrote, talked, and perhaps thought, saracenically—and he trips up his reader with some allusion verse after verse, tumbling him to the bottom of the page, with its quagmire of explanatory footnotes. In 1815 appeared the *National Airs*; in 1816, *Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios*, the music composed and selected by Stevenson and Moore; in 1818, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, again a great hit. This work was composed in Paris, which capital Moore had been visiting in company with his friend Samuel Rogers the poet.

The easily earned money and easily discharged duties of the appointment in Bermuda began now to weigh heavy on Moore. Defalcations of his deputy, to the extent of £6000, were discovered, for which the nominal holder of the post was liable. Moore declined offers of assistance; and, pending a legal decision on the matter, he found it apposite to revisit the Continent. In France, Lord John (the present Earl) Russell was his travelling companion : they went on together through Switzerland, and parted at Milan. Moore then, on the 8th of October, joined in Venice his friend Byron, who had been absent from England ever since 1816. The poets met in the best of humour, and on terms of hearty good fellowship—Moore staying with Byron for five or six days. On taking leave of him, Byron presented the Irish lyrist with the MS. of his autobiographical memoirs; a sacred deposit which (as many people have thought ever since) Moore ought either to have used unflinchingly on the understanding on which it was tendered, or else to have at once declined. The stipulation made by Byron was that the memoirs should not be published till after his death; but that they should be published at some

time was his manifest intention. Moore sold the MS. in 1821 to Murray for £2100, after some negotiations with Longman; and consigned it to the publisher's hands in April 1824. Hardly had he done so when the news arrived of Byron's death. Murray now considered that the bad blood certain to be generated by the publishing of the memoirs rendered their suppression highly expedient. Mr. Wilnot Horton on the part of Lady Byron, Mr. Luttrell on that of Moore, Colonel Doyle on that of Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's half-sister, and Mr. Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) as a friend of the deceased poet, consulted on the subject. The result was that Murray, setting aside considerations of profit, burned the MS. (some principal portions of which nevertheless exist in print, in other forms of publication); and Moore immediately afterwards, also in a disinterested spirit, repaid him the purchase-money of £2100 with interest. It was quite fair that Moore should be reimbursed this large sum by some of the persons in whose interest he had made the sacrifice; and there is reason to believe that this was not neglected. The upshot is that all parties concerned showed an honourable disregard of filthy lucre. Whether Murray (the prime mover in the affair) was justified in taking out of the mouth of Byron the posthumous words which he had resolved to speak, and whether his friend Moore was warranted in assisting the gagging process, are different questions, which will be diversely answered by various minds: for myself, I think the decision was both a weakness and a wrong.

To resume. Bidding adieu to Byron at Venice, Moore went on to Rome with the sculptor Chantrey and the portrait-painter Jackson. His tour supplied the materials for the *Rhymes on the Road*, published, as being extracted from the journal of a travelling member of the Pöcöcurante Society, in 1820, along with the *Fables for the Holy Alliance*. Lawrence, Turner, and Eastlake, were also much with Moore in Rome: and here he made acquaintance with Canova. Hence he returned to Paris; and made that city his home up to 1822, expecting the outcome of the Bermuda affair. He also resided partly at Butte-Coaslin near Sèvres, with a rich and hospitable Spanish family named Villamil. The debt of £6000 was eventually reduced to £750: both the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell pressed Moore with their friendly offers, and the advance which he at last accepted was soon repaid out of the profits of the *Loves of the Angels*—which poem, chiefly written in Paris, was published in 1823. *The Epicurean* was composed about the same time, but did not issue from the press till 1827; the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, in 1824.

He had been under an engagement with a bookseller to write a *Life of Sheridan*. During his stay in France the want of documents withheld him from proceeding with this work ; but he ultimately took it up, and brought it out in 1825. It has not availed to give Moore any reputation as a biographer, though the reader in search of amusement will pick out of it something to suit him. George the Fourth is credited with having made a neat *bon mot* upon this book. Some one having remarked to him that "Moore has been murdering Sheridan,"—"No," replied his sacred majesty, "but he has certainly attempted his life." A later biographical performance, published in 1830, and one of more enduring interest to posterity, was the *Life of Byron*. This is a very fascinating book ; but more—which is indeed a matter of course—in virtue of the lavish amount of Byron's own writing which it embodies than on account of the Memoir-compiler's doings. However, there is a considerable share of good feeling in the book, as well as matter of permanent value from the personal knowledge that Moore had of Byron ; and the avoidance of "posing" and of dealing with the subject for purposes of effect, in the case of a man whose career and genius lent themselves so insidiously to such a treatment, is highly creditable to the biographer's good sense and taste. The *Life of Byron* succeeded, in the list of Moore's writings, a *History of Ireland* contributed in 1827 to *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, and the *Travels of an Irishman in Search of a Religion*, published in the same year : and was followed by a *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, issued in 1831. This, supplemented by some minor productions, closes the sufficiently long list of writings of an industrious literary life.

In his latter years, Moore resided at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, in Wiltshire ; where he was near the refined social circle of Lord Lansdowne, at Bowood, as well as the lettered home of the Rev. Mr. Bowles, at Bremhill. Domestic sorrows clouded his otherwise cheerful and comfortable retirement. One of his sons died in the French military service in Algeria ; another of consumption in 1842. For some years before his own death, his mental powers had collapsed. The end came on the 25th of February 1852. He lies buried in Bromham Cemetery, in the neighbourhood of Sloperton.

Moore had a very fair share of learning, as well as steady application, greatly as he sacrificed to the graces of life, and especially of "good society." His face was not perhaps much more impressive in its contour than his diminutive figure. His eyes, however, were dark and fine ; his forehead bony, and with what a phrenologist would recognise

as large bumps of wit ; the mouth pleasingly dimpled. His manner and talk were bright, abounding rather in lively anecdote and point than in wit and humour, strictly so called. To term him amiable according to any standard, and estimable too as men of an unheroic fibre go, is no more than his due.

No doubt the world has already seen the most brilliant days of Moore's poetry. Its fascinations are manifestly of the more temporary sort :—partly through fleetingness of subject-matter and evanescence of allusion (as in the clever and still readable satirical poems) ; partly through the aroma of sentimental patriotism, hardly strong enough in stamina to make the compositions national, or to maintain their high level of popularity after the lyrist himself has long been at rest ; partly through the essentially commonplace sources and forms of inspiration which belong to his more elaborate and ambitious works. No poetical reader of the present day is the poorer for knowing absolutely nothing of *Lalla Rookh* or the *Loves of the Angels*. What then will be the hold or the claim of these writings upon a reader of the twenty-first century ? If we except the satirical compositions, choice in a different way, the best things of Moore are to be sought in the *Irish Melodies*, to which a considerable share of merit, and of apposite merit, is not to be denied : yet even here what deserts around the oases, and the oases themselves how soon exhaustible and forgettable ! There are but few thoroughly beautiful and touching lines in the whole of Moore's poetry : here is one—

“Come rest in this bosom, mine own stricken deer.”

A great deal has been said of the overpowering “lusciousness” of his poetry, and the magical “melody” of his verse : most of this is pure nonsense. There is in the former as much of *fadeur* as of lusciousness ; and a certain tripping or trotting exactitude, not less fully reducible to the test of scansion than of a well-attuned ear, is but a very rudimentary form of melody—while of harmony or rhythmic volume of sound Moore is as decisively destitute as any correct versifier can well be. No clearer proof of the incapacity of the mass of critics and readers to appreciate the *calibre* of poetical work in point of musical and general execution could be given than the fact that Moore has always with them passed, and still passes, for an eminently melodious poet. What then remains ? Chiefly this. In one class of writing, liveliness of witty banter, along with neatness ; and, in the other and ostensibly more permanent class, elegance, also along with neatness. Reduce these qualities

to one denomination, and we come to something that may be called "Propriety:" a sufficiently disastrous "raw material" for the purposes of a poet, and by no means loftily to be praised or admired even when regarded as the outer investiture of a nobler poetic something within. But let desert of every kind have its place, and welcome. In the cosmical diapason and august orchestra of poetry, Tom Moore's little Pan's-pipe can at odd moments be heard, and interjects an appreciable and rightly-combined twiddle or two. To be gratified with these at the instant is no more than the instrument justifies, and the executant claims: to think much about them when the organ is pealing or the violin plaining (with a Shelley performing on the first, or a Mrs. Browning on the second), or to be on the watch for their recurrences, would be equally superfluous and weak-minded.

W. M. ROSSETTI.





MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

LALLA ROOKH.

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS EASTERN ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

May 19, 1817.

THOMAS MOORE.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;*—a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharía.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths

* Tulip cheek.

were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a carnelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettledrums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan,* in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples† on the tops of the palankeens; the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of Lalla Rookh lay as it were enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noon-day

* “Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan, beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold.”—*Richardson's* Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary.

† “The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin.”—*Scott's* Notes on the Bahardanush.

say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars."—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.*

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West,† as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,‡ the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver;§ not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.|| At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting

* “The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol.”—*Tavernier*.

† Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

‡ “The romance Wemakwezra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet.”—*Note on the Oriental Tales*.

§ Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namêh of Ferdousi.

|| Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45.—Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophilacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—See *Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies*.

the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a doze of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Chrishna,*—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan† who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.†

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits, blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves

* The Indian Apollo.—“He and the three Rámas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the princesses of Hindustán were all passionately in love with Chrishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women.”—*Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.*

† For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot*.

‡ Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.—*Sir W. Jones.*

Among Merou's* bright palaces and groves ;—
 There on that throne, to which the blind belief
 Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
 The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
 The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
 In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
 His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
 For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
 Were even the gleams miraculously shed
 O'er Moussa's† cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
 All glowing from the presence of his God !

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
 His chosen guard of bold Believers stands ;
 Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
 On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;
 And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
 Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
 Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
 And bless the lips that doomed so dear a death !
 In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,‡
 Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;
 Their weapons various—some equipped, for speed,
 With javelins of the light Kathaian reed ;
 Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers
 Filled with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers ;
 While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
 Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe ;
 And as they wave aloft in morning's beam
 The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
 Like a chenar-tree grove § when winter throws
 O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
 Aloft the Haram's curtained galleries rise,
 Where through the silken network, glancing eyes,
 From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
 Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
 To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there ?
 Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind ?
 No—wrongful thought !—commissioned from above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,

* One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

† Moses.

‡ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards. —“ Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvait pas choisir une que lui fût plus opposée.”—*D'Herbelot*.

§ The oriental plane. “The chenar is a delightful tree ; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark ; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green.”—*Morier's Travels*.

(Creatures so bright that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)
 There to recline among Heaven's native maids,
 And crown the Elect with bliss that never fades—
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done ;
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts,*
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts ;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half shut glances of Kathay ;†
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;
 All, all are there ;—each Land its flower hath given,
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven !
 But why this pageant now ? this armed array ?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turbaned heads, of every hue and race,
 Bowing before that veiled and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds,§ of different shapes and dyes,
 Bending beneath the invisible West-wind's sighs !
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power,
 Hath the bold Prophet planned to grace this hour ?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud ;
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
 With silver bow, with belt of broidered crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky ;
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
 Young Azim's fame ;—beyond the Olympian snows
 Ere manhood darkened o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelmed in fight, and captive to the Greek,§
 He lingered there, till peace dissolved his chains ;—
 Oh who could, even in bondage, tread the plains
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,
 Could walk where liberty had been, nor see
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those godlike breathings in the air

* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy.—
Turner. † China.

‡ "The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the
 flower on account of its resembling a turban."—*Beckmann's History of Inven-*
tions.

§ In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account
 of which vide *Gibbon*, vol. x.

Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet worked the awakening spell;
 And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
 Haunt the young heart,—proud views of human kind,
 Of men to Gods exalted and refined,—
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas, to meet!—
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was raised
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed
 On the white flag, Mokanna's host unfurled,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obeyed
 The inspiring summons; every chosen blade
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
 Seemed doubly edged, for this world and the next;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
 In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, the enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form to which he bends his knee
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fettered world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bowed,
 With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and loud;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught Soliman.*
 Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though new the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've tracked its flame
 For many an age,† in every chance and change
 Of that existence through whose varied range,—
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand,—

* This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem." *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235.
 —When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—*Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214, note.

† The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—Vide *D'Herbelot*.

From frame to frame the unextinguished soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

“Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warmed
With duskier fire and for earth's medium formed,
That run this course :—Beings the most divine
Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt,
To which all Heaven, except the Proud One, knelt :*
Such the refined Intelligence that glowed
In Moussa's frame,—and, thence descending, flowed
Through many a Prophet's breast ; †—in Issa ‡ shone,
And in Mohammed burned ; till hastening on,
(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last,)
That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me !”

Again, throughout the assembly at these words
Thousands of voices rung : the warriors' swords
Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind
In the open banners played, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroidered scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers the immortal Brave.

“But these,” pursued the Chief, “are truths sublime,
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now ;—this sword must first
The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,
Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.
But then,—celestial warriors, then, when all
Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall,
When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries ;—

* “And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.”—*The Koran*, chap. ii.

† This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna :—
“Sa doctrine étoit que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhiyah ou Métempsychose ; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée et descendue en sa personne.”

‡ Jesus.

Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
 And, starting fresh as from a second birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !
 Then too your Prophet from his angel brow
 Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,
 And gladdened Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
 Bask in the glories of this countenance !

“For thee, young warrior, welcome !—thou hast yet
 Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave ;—
 But, once my own, mine all till in the grave !”

The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone—
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
 Of that deep voice, which thrilled like Allah's own !
 The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances ;
 The Old deep pondering on the promised reign
 Of peace and truth : and all the female train
 Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
 A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
 Who blushed behind the gallery's silken shades,
 One to whose soul the pageant of to-day
 Has been like death :—you saw her pale dismay,
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah Zelica ! there *was* a time when bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer ;
 When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
 Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
 Too happy days ! when, if he touched a flower
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;
 When thou didst study him till every tone
 And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
 Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
 With twice the ærial sweetness it had brought !
 Yet now he comes,—brighter than even he
 E'er beamed before,—but, ah ! not bright for thee ;
 No—dread, unlooked for, like a visitant
 From the other world, he comes as if to haunt
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
 Long lost to all but memory's aching sight :—
 Sad dreams ! as when the Spirit of our Youth

Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
 Of our young life, and points out every ray
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—In proud Bokhara's groves,
 Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
 Born by that ancient flood * which from its spring
 In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
 Enriched by every pilgrim brook that shines
 With relics from Buchara's ruby mines,
 And lending to the Caspian half its strength,
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
 There, on the banks of that bright river born,
 The flowers that hung above its wave at morn
 Blessed not the waters, as they murmured by
 With holier scent and lustre than the sigh
 And virgin-glance of first affection cast
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it passed!
 But war disturbed this vision,—far away
 From her fond eyes summoned to join the array
 Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
 The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
 His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
 For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
 Their suns away—but ah how cold and dim
 Even summer suns, when not beheld with him!
 From time to time ill-omened rumours came,
 Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name
 Just ere he dies :—at length those sounds of dread
 Fell withering on her soul, “Azim is dead!”
 Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 For which it loved to live or feared to die;—
 Lorr. as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
 Even reason sunk,—blighted beneath its touch;
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom returned, the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never cleared again.

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches: one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turned astray ;—
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !
 Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,
 But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild ;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
 'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
 The bulbul* utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquished by some minstrel's powerful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart.

Such was the mood in which that mission found
 Young Zelica,—that mission which around
 The Eastern world, in every region blest
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes
 Which the Veiled Prophet destined for the skies ;—
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives
 Dropped on a bed of Autumn's withered leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
 All fire, at once the maddening zeal she caught ;—
 Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous thought !
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth—ha ! durst they say “ of some ? ”
 No—of the one, one only object traced
 In her heart's core too deep to be effaced ;
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined
 With every broken link of her lost mind ;
 Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wrecked,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

Alas, poor Zelica ! it needed all
 The fantasy which held thy mind in thrall
 To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades ;
 Or dream that he of whose unholy flame
 Thou wert too soon the victim shining came
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruined here !
 No—had not reason's light totally set,
 And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
 In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
 Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
 That purity whose fading is love's death !—
 But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace ;
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
 In zeal and charms,—too well the Impostor nursed

* The nightingale.

Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
 Thus lighting up a young luxuriant frame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.
 No art was spared, no witchery ;—all the skill
 His demons taught him was employed to fill
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
 That gloom through which Frenzy but fiercer burns ;
 That ecstasy which from the depth of sadness
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness !

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
 Of poesy and music breathed around,
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
 And, realising more than youthful love
 E'er wished or dreamed, she should for ever rove
 Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
 His own blessed, purified, eternal bride !—
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
 To the dim charnel-house ;—through all its steams
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine—
 And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
 Seemed, through the blueish death-light round them cast,
 To move their lips in mutterings as she passed—
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaffed
 And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
 Such—oh ! the look and taste of that red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claimed,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Never, never !"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
 To him and—she believed, lost maid !—to heaven,
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram named
 The Priestess of the Faith !—how flashed her eyes
 With light, alas ! that was not of the skies,
 When round, in trances only less than hers,
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.
 Well might Mokanna think that form alone
 Had spells enough to make the world his own :—

Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray
 When from its stem the small bird wings away :
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
 The soul was lost ; and blushes, swift and wild
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across the uncalm but beauteous firmament.
 And then her look—oh ! where's the heart so wise
 Could unbewildered meet those matchless eyes ?
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
 Like those of angels just before their fall ;
 Now shadowed with the shames of earth—now crost
 By glimpses of the Heaven her heart had lost ;
 In every glance there broke, without controul,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly played,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made !

And such was now young Zelica—so changed
 From her who, some years since, delighted ranged
 The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,
 All life and bliss, with Azim by her side !
 So altered was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
 The vision of that Youth whom she had loved,
 Had wept as dead, before her breathed and moved ;—
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
 But half-way trodden, he had wandered back
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
 Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason ! who shall say what spells renew,
 When least we look for it, thy broken clue !
 Through what small vistas o'er the darkened brain
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again ;
 And how, like forts to which beleaguers win
 Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,
 One clear idea, wakened in the breast
 By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee !
 But though light came, it came but partially ;
 Enough to show the maze in which thy sense
 Wandered about,—but not to guide it thence ;
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
 But not to point the harbour which might save.
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind ;
 But, oh ! to think how deep her soul had gone
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone ;
 And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
 Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony !

Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
 Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears.
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
 Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
 Trembled with horror when the summons came
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
 And she till now, had heard with ecstasy)
 To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day
 The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray ;
 Sometimes alone—but, oftener far, with one,
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
 As the young Priestess ; and though, since that night
 When the death-caverns echoed every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 The Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
 And uttered such unheavenly, monstrous things,
 As even across the desperate wanderings
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt ;—
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
 The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow,
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye concealed,
 Would soon, proud triumph ! be to her revealed,
 To her alone ;—and then the hope, most dear,
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,
 Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—
 And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace
 Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
 Would on that bosom he once loved remain,
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again !—
 These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
 Had chained her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
 And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.
 But now that Shape which had appalled her view,
 That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true !
 Which came across her frenzy's full career
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep ;—

So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lulled image there,
But checked her headlong soul, to sink it in despair !

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair ripening future's rich success
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how altered now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er the unechoing ground,—
From that wild Zelica whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance !

Upon his couch the Veiled Mokanna lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy Koom,* or Mecca's dim arcades,—
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
Stood Vases filled with Kishmee's† golden wine,
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;
Of which his curtained lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaffed,
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,‡ had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower !
And still he drank and pondered—nor could see
The approaching maid, so deep his reverie ;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke :—
“ Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven ;
God's images, forsooth !—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity ;—
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom, if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right !—
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name !—

* The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia.—*Chardin*.

† An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

‡ The miraculous well at Mecca ; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
 As hooded falcons, through the universe
 I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey !

“ Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
 From dead men's marrow guides them best at night *—
 Ye shall have honours—wealth—yes, Sages, yes—
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness ;
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
 But a gilt stick, a bauble, blinds it here.
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng :
 Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all !

“ Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
 Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds ;
 Who, bolder even than Nemrod, think to rise,
 By nonsense heaped on nonsense, to the skies ;
 Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
 Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true.
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
 For truths too heavenly to be understood ;
 And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore
 That works salvation ;—as, on Ava's shore,
 Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade
 In that best marble of which Gods are made ; †
 They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff
 For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough ;
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
 A Heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
 A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must :
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call
 Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all ;
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
 Vain things !—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The heaven of each is but what each desires,

* A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

† The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) are made, is held sacred. “Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made.”—*Syme's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity!
 So let him—Eblis!—grant this crowning curse,
 But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse.”

“Oh my lost soul!” exclaimed the shuddering maid,
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said.—
 Mokanna started—not abashed, afraid,—
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
 But, in those dismal words that reached his ear,
 “Oh my lost soul!” there was a sound so drear,
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o’er Hell’s Gate is read,
 That, new as ’twas from her, whom nought could dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

“Ha, my fair Priestess!”—thus, with ready wile,
 The Impostor turned to greet her—“thou whose smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond the Enthusiast’s hope or Prophet’s dream;
 Light of the Faith! who twinest religion’s zeal
 So close with love’s, men know not which they feel,
 Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,
 The heaven thou preachest or the heaven thou art!
 What should I be without thee? without thee
 How dull were power, how joyless victory!
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
 Blessed not my banner, ’twere but half divine.
 But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone
 All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?
 Come, come—this morn’s fatigue hath made them pale,
 They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From light’s own fount supplies of brilliancy.
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere
 Whose rills o’er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem’s bright colour, as they go.
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life’s essence burns;
 ’Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
 There is a youth—why start?—thou sawest him then;
 Looked he not nobly? such the godlike men
 Thou’lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
 Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
 The world calls virtue—we must conquer this.
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! ’tis not for thee
 To scan the mazes of Heaven’s mystery:
 The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.

This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
 All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy ;—young Mirzala's blue eyes,
 Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies ;
 Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
 Have magic in their pressure ; Zeba's lute,
 And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep—
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep
 My convert's spirit in that softening trance
 From which to heaven is but the next advance ;—
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
 On which Religion stamps her image best.
 But hear me, Priestess !—though each nymph of these
 Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,
 Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
 First charms herself, then all the world beside ;
 There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,
 One who in every look joins every lure ;
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass,
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass ;
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
 Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine !
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;
 Such the refined enchantress that must be
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she !”

With her hands clasped, her lips apart and pale,
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
 From which these words, like south winds through a fence
 Of Kerzrah flowers, came filled with pestilence ;*
 So boldly uttered too ! as if all dread
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
 And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, though mute she listened, like a dream
 Seemed all he said : nor could her mind, whose beam
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
 But when, at length, he uttered “Thou art she !”
 All flashed at once, and shrieking piteously,
 “Oh not for worlds !” she cried—“Great God ! to whom
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?

* “It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh) it will kill him.”—*Thevenot*.

Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
 My purity, my pride, then come to this,—
 To live, the wanton of a fiend ! to be
 The pander of his guilt—oh infamy !
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep !
 Others—ha ! yes—that youth who came to-day—
Not him I loved—not him—oh ! do but say,
 But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
 And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even thee !”

“Beware, young raving thing ;—in time beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,
 Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice,
 The boy must feel their magic ;—I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes ;
 And should the youth whom soon those eyes shall warm
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet !—those eyes were made
 For love, not anger—I must be obeyed.”

“Obeyed !—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
 On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
 Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruined too ?
 Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
 A renegade like me from Love and Heaven ?
 Like me ?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me ;
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity !
 Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the brim,
 Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him !
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers !
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain !
 Though ruined—lost—my memory, like a charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
 Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kissed at parting is dishonoured now ;—
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
 Whom once he loved—once !—*still* loves dotingly.
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what !—thou'lt brand my name ?
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
 He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
 Than hell—'tis nothing while *he* knows it not.
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;

Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name.
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
 And spread'st it—oh so quick!—through soul and frame,
 With more than demon's art, till I became
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—
 If, when I'm gone——

“Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
 Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, not half so bold
 The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum
 Within the crocodile's stretched jaws to come;
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what!—give up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
 Where now to Love and now to Alla given,
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
 As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
 Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run,
 The gaunt snake once hath fixed his eyes upon;
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Plucked from his loving folds, as thou from me.
 No, no, 'tis fixed—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride!
 Hast thou forgot thy oath?”—

At this dread word,
 The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirred
 Through all its depths, and roused an anger there
 That burst and lightened even through her despair—
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and staggered pale as death.

“Yes, my sworn bride; let others seek in bowers
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours!
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;
 Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,
 (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite looked out!
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudderest, Lady,—was it sweet?
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath passed,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
 And that I love mankind?—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats



Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats ;
Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives ?*—

“And, now thou seest my *soul's* angelic hue,
'Tis time these *features* were uncurtained too ;—
This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light !
Hath been reserved to bless thy favoured sight ;
These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake !
But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
Upon the hand whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maimed and monstrous upon earth ;
And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me !
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am !”—

He raised his veil—The Maid turned slowly round,
Looked at him—shrieked—and sunk upon the ground !

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated ; some artists of Yamtcheou † having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake,

* Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert.—*Solinus*.

† “The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than anywhere else ; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees ; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence.”—*The Present State of China*, p. 156.

where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a moment's delay, young Feramor was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded :—

PREPARE thy soul, young Azim !—thou hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty though enslaved ;
Hast faced her phalanx, armed with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame ;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow ;
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs ;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze ;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the downcast lid ;—
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee ; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites ;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skilled to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with that one :*—
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream :
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,

* "The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous Mandarin, whose daughter, walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned : this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day ; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—*Present State of China*.

† "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—*Sol. Song*.

Which makes the maids whom kings are proud to cull
 From fair Circassia's vales so beautiful.
 All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls
 Are shining everywhere :—some younger girls
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,
 To gather fresh cool chaplets for their heads ;—
 Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
 How each prefers a garland from that tree
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.
 The maid of India, blest again to hold
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,
 Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
 Her little playmates scattered many a bud
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
 The sweet Elcaya,* and that courteous tree
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy,†
 Sees, called up round her by these magic scents
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
 And wishes even its sorrows back again !

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
 From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
 Young Azim roams bewildered,—nor can guess
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.
 Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors,
 Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
 Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;
 And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
 The bowers of Tibet,‡ send forth odorous light,
 Like Peris wands, when pointing out the road
 For some pure Spirit to its blest abode :—
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon ;
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
 High as the enamelled cupola, which towers
 All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers :
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through

* A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.—*Niebuhr*.

† Of the genus *mimosa*, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—*Ibid*.

‡ "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—*Turner's Tibet*.

The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own !
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;—
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,*
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food †
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood ;
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds ‡ that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
More like the luxuries of that impious King §
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Armed with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—
Young Azim wandered, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

"Is this, then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth,—to teach him while he lives

* "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloës, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—*D'Herbelot*.

† Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India ; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

‡ "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."—*Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

§ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irîm, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
 And, when he dies, to leave his lofty name
 A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?
 It was not so, Land of the generous thought
 And daring deed, thy godlike sages taught ;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies ;
 Oh ! not beneath the enfeebling, withering glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
 With which she wreathed her sword when she would dare
 Immortal deeds ; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath.
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,—
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities !—
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there
 A name that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place?
 But no—it cannot be that one whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
 A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane its cause
 With the world's vulgar pomps ;—no, no,—I see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze !”

So thought the youth ;—but, even while he defied
 This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
 Through every sense. The perfume breathing round,
 Like a pervading spirit ;—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep ;*
 And music, too—dear music ! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream ;
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
 The heart could nothing feel that felt not this ;
 Softened he sunk upon a couch, and gave
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid ;
 He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,

* “My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.”
 —*Sir W. Jones.*

And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
 They sat and looked into each other's eyes,
 Silent and happy—as if God had given
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.

“Oh, my loved mistress, thou, whose spirit still
 Is with me, round me, wander where I will—
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory; to light up thy cheek
 With warm approval—in that gentle look
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
 I gain a smile worth immortality!
 How shall I bear the moment when restored
 To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest:—
 When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last they started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted?
 O my own life!—why should a single day,
 A moment, keep me from those arms away?”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
 Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
 Each note of which but adds new, downy links
 To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
 He turns him toward the sound, and far away
 Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
 Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
 Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,
 So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
 He sees a group of female forms advance,
 Some chained together in the mazy dance
 By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
 As they were captives to the King of Flowers;
 And some disporting round, unlinked and free,
 Who seemed to mock their sisters' slavery;
 And round and round them still in wheeling flight
 Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
 While others waked, as gracefully along
 Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
 From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
 Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.
 And now they come, now pass before his eye,
 Forms such as Nature moulds when she would vie
 With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
 Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.
 Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
 Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,

Through many a path, that from the chamber leads
 To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
 Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
 And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
 Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,
 And she is left in all that light alone ;
 No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now ;
 But a light golden chain-work round her hair,
 Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiras wear,
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung
 A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine ;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
 Which, once or twice, she touched with hurried strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calmed her fear,
 And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came ;—then sat her down
 Upon a musnud's * edge, and, bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan †
 Touched a preluding strain, and thus began :—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's ‡ stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet ?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !

“Poor maiden !” thought the youth, “if thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,

* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
 Or tempt its troth, thou little know'st the art.
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wandered thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
 When swift returning to its home of love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine !”

Scarce had this feeling passed, when, sparkling through
 The gently opened curtains of light blue
 That veiled the breezy casement, countless eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
 Looked laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there :—
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring,—lightsome as they
 Who live in the air on odours,—and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit :—
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
 But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
 Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore ;*
 While from their long dark tresses, in a fall
 Of curls descending, bells as musical
 As those that on the golden-shafted trees
 Of Eden shake in the eternal breeze†
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
 As 'twere the ecstatic language of their feet.
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed

* “To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku,) was a mountain, which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds.”—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

† “To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music.”—*Salé*.

Within each other's arms ; while soft there breathed
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seemed to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;
And, as it swelled again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassioned words :

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air ;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh ! *they* resemble*
Blue water-lilies,† when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this,

By the fair and brave
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave
When they meet at night ;

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky ;

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part ;

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh could it last,
This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing power !
Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul ;
And were, midst all that the young heart loves most,
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turned away

* " Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze." —
Jayadeva.

† The blue lotus, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,*—
 Bright images that spoke without a sound,
 And views like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense :—
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;
 Nor yet too warm, but touched with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;
 Which knows even Beauty when half-veiled is best,—
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest.
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
 Traced through each gay, voluptuous wandering
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise ;†—
Here fond Zuleika‡ woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that Heaven and she could *both* be won ;
 And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile ;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love.§

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hastened to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remained in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
 Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance, and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh ! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he loved ?
 Dream on, unconscious boy ! while yet thou mayst ;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.

* It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals ; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

† For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

‡ The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

§ The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast ;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heaven.
 Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.
 Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoyed,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroyed !

The song is hushed, the laughing nymphs are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone ;—
 Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
 Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veiled,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had failed,
 Against a pillar near ;—not glittering o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
 But in that deep-blue melancholy dress*
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred dead or far away ;—
 And such as Zelica had on that day
 He left her—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before ;
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground ;—
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—
 'Tis she herself!—'tis Zelica he sees!
 But ah so pale, so changed—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once-adored divinity—even he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
 Upon those lids where once such lustre blazed,
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both ;
 Who, even when grief was heaviest—when loth
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,†

* "Deep blue is their mourning colour."—*Harway*.

† The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

“Look up, my Zelica—one moment show
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
Like those of old, were heaven ! whatever chance
Hath brought thee here, oh ’twas a blessed one !
There—my loved lips—they move—that kiss hath run
Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.
Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,
When, had the whole rich world been in my power,
I should have singled out thee, only thee,
From the whole world’s collected treasury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o’er
My own, best, purest Zelica once more !”

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven’s breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his—not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene ;
As if to lie, even for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it ;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh ’twas too much—too dreadful to endure !
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, “Pure !—oh Heaven !”—

That tone—those looks so changed—the withering blight
That sin and sorrow leave where’er they light ;
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;
And then the place,—that bright, unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily cowering of sweet balsam leaves,—
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself ;—it needs not to be told—
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate’er the hand
That could from Heaven and him such brightness sever,

'Tis done—to Heaven and him she's lost for ever !
 It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,
 The lingering, lasting misery of years
 Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

“ Oh ! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he tossed
 His desperate hand tow'ards Heaven—“ though I am lost,
 Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
 No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all !
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceased—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
 That every spark of reason's light must be
 Quenched in this brain ere I could stray from thee.
 They told me thou wert dead—why, Azim, why
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die . . .
 When we were parted ? oh ! couldst thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
 My eyes still turned the way thou wert to come,
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
 Oh God ! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'er cast,
 When I heard frightful voices round me say
 ‘ *Azim is dead !*—this wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within
 Turned to foul fires to light me into sin !—
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
 The fiend who lured me hither—hist ! come near,
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
 Told me such things—oh ! with such devilish art,
 As would have ruined even a holier heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where blessed at length, if I but served *him* here,
 I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
 Think, think how lost, how maddened I must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee !
 Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh that I durst
 Kiss off that tear ! but no—these lips are curst,
 They must not touch thee ;—one divine caress,
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness

I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die ;
 The last of joy's last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
 My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering !
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go ;
 This place is not for thee—for thee ! oh no :
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once good,
 Now tainted, chilled, and broken, are his food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity !”

“Zelica, Zelica !” the youth exclaimed,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
 Almost to madness—“by that sacred Heaven
 Where yet, if prayers can move, thou’lt be forgiven,
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruined as thou art !
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,
 Which like a church-yard light still burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me !
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
 Fly with me from this place—”

“With thee ! oh bliss !

’Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
 What ! take the lost one with thee ?—let her rove
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
 When we were both so happy, both so pure—
 Too heavenly dream ! if there’s on earth a cure
 For the sunk heart, ’tis this—day after day
 To be the blest companion of thy way ;
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turned on me ;
 And, in their light re-chastened silently,
 Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon !
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
 Come heaviest o’er the heart, thou’lt lift thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,
 And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
 To fix my own weak, sinful glances there ;
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,

And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven!
Oh yes, I'll fly with thee ———"

Scarcely had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of Monker, waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
Oh Heaven, the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—
"Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
"'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruined too—
My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
Their blue lips echoed it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,
'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veiled Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never mayst thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever
Hearts cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!"

With all that strength which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears—
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of night
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar,* is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange that they stopped their palankeens to observe

* "In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour."—*Ebn Haukal*.

her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-Tala, or Sea of Stars,)* informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sank immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramor, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillared halls of Chilminar,†
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armoury:—
Princely pavilions, screened by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topped with balls of gold:—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poyntrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells!

* The place where the Whango, a river of Thibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun-nor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Thibet of Pinkerton.*

† The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
 So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
 But the far torrent, or the locust bird
 Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ;—
 Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,
 Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind ;
 The neigh of cavalry ;—the tinkling throngs
 Of laden camels and their drivers' songs ;—
 Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ;—
 War-music, bursting out from time to time,
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime ;—
 Or, in the pause when harsher sounds are mute,
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
 That far off, broken by the eagle note
 Of the Abyssinian trumpet,* swell and float.

Who leads this mighty army ?—ask ye “ who ? ”
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow,† over yonder tent ?—
 It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
 Roused in his Palace by the dread alarms,
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
 And of his host of infidels, who hurled
 Defiance fierce at Islam and the world,—
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright Palace calm reclined,
 Yet brooked he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign ;
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave‡
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
 And with an army nursed in victories
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
 Such pomp before ;—not even when on his way
 To Mecca's Temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoiled to feed the Pilgrim's luxury ;
 When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
 And cooled his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
 Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow :—
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.

* “ This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.”—*Note of Bruce's Editor.*

† The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow.—*See Gibbon.*

‡ “ The Persian swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin ; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.”—*Struy.*

First, in the van, the people of the Rock,*
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock :†
 Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ;—
 Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
 Mixed with the rude, black archers of the South ;
 And Indian lancers, in white-turbaned ranks,
 From the far Siude, or Attock's sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,‡
 And many a mace-armed Moor and Mid-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
 That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wronged,
 Round the white standard of the impostor thronged.
 Beside his thousands of Believers—blind,
 Burning, and headlong, as the Samiel wind—
 Many who felt and more who feared to feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flocked to his banner ;—Chiefs of the Uzbek race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;
 Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From the aromatic pastures of the North ;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,§—and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of Hindoo Kosh, in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
 But none, of all who owned the Chief's command,
 Rushed to that battle-field with bolder hand,
 Or sterner hate, than Iran's outlawed men,
 Her Worshipers of Fire||—all panting then
 For vengeance on the accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurned,
 Her throne usurped, and her bright shrines o'eturned.
 From Yezd's¶ eternal Mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heaven expire :
 From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame

* The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer, "The People of the Rock."—*Ebn Haukal*.

† "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds."—*Niebuhr*.

‡ Azab or Saba.

§ In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoise. — *Ebn Haukal*.

|| The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

¶ "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—*Stephen's Persia*.

That burn into the Caspian,* fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumphed, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners tost
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And risen again, and found them grappling yet;
While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze
Smoke up to Heaven—hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate Caravan is awed,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.
“On, Swords of God!” the panting Caliph calls,—
“Thrones for the living—Heaven for him who falls!”—
“On, brave avengers, on,” Mokanna cries,
“And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies!”
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way!
Mokanna's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's Imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
Some hand hath checked the flying Moslem's rout;
And now they turn, they rally—at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,
In glorious panoply of Heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale,)[†]
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back—
While hope and courage kindle in his track;
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!
In vain Mokanna, midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.
The panic spreads—“A miracle!” throughout

* “When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible.”—*Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku*.

† In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum.—See *The Koran and its Commentators*.

The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

Right tow'ards Mokanna now he cleaves his path
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half way curst,
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood
 Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them all;
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries even *him* along:
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
 In this forced flight, is—murdering as he goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parched ravine at night,
 Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks,
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

"Alla illa Alla!"—the glad shout renew—
 "Allah Akbar!"*—the Caliph's in Merou.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets.†
 The Swords of God have triumphed—on his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the veiled Chief hath flown.
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the acclaim
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
 Like music round a planet as it rolls,—
 He turns away—coldly, as if some gloom
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine;
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
 Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;

* The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Acbar!" says Ockley, means, "God is most mighty."

† The Ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.—*Russell*.

A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake*
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead !—
 Hearts there have been o'er which this weight of woe
 Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
 But thine, lost youth ! was sudden—over thee
 It broke at once, when all seemed ecstasy;
 When Hope looked up, and saw the gloomy Past
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—
 'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
 This mortal blight of misery came down;
 Even then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
 Were checked—like fount-drops, frozen as they start—
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
 Each fixed and chilled into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,
 Vengeance !—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
 O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
 For this, when rumours reached him in his flight
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
 Rumours of armies, thronging to the attack
 Of the Veiled Chief,—for this he winged him back,
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurled,
 And, when all hope seemed desperate, wildly hurled
 Himself into the scale, and saved a world.
 For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
 For this alone exists—like lightning-fire,
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire !

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,
 The last sole stubborn fragment, left unruined,
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven,
 He gained Merou—breathed a short curse of blood
 O'er his lost throne—then passed the Jihon's flood,
 And gathering all whose madness of belief
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fallen Chief,
 Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,†
 And there, untamed, the approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,
 One—not for love—not for her beauty's light—
 No, Zelica stood withering 'midst the gay,
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
 From the Alma tree and dies, while overhead

* The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

† A city of Transoxiana.

To-day's young flower is springing in its stead.
 Oh, not for love—the deepest-Damned must be
 Touched with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
 Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.
 But no, she is his victim ;—*there* lie all
 Her charms for him—charms that can never pall
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,
 Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.
 To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
 As white a page as Virtue e'er unrolled
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
 Of damning sins, sealed with a burning soul—
 This is his triumph ; this the joy accurst,
 That ranks him among demons all but first :
 This gives the victim, that before him lies
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes !

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed
 With which the Dives* have gifted him—for mark,
 Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
 That spangle India's fields on showery nights,—
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
 Glimmering along the horizon's dusky line,
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
 In all its armed magnificence looks down.
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
 Mokanna views that multitude of tents ;
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entailed, beset,
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet ;—
 That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
 Even thus a match for myriads such as they.
 "Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing
 Who brushed the thousands of the Assyrian King
 To darkness in a moment, that I might
 People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night !
 But, come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
 Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan ;
 Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—King—
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
 With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
 Sounds that shall glad me even within my grave !"
 Thus, to himself—but to the scanty train
 Still left around him, a far different strain :—
 "Glorious Defenders of the sacred Crown
 I bear from Heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown

* The Demons of the Persian mythology.

Nor shadow of earth eclipse ;—before whose gems
 The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
 The crown of Gerashid, the pillared throne
 Of Parviz,* and the heron crest that shone,†
 Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,‡
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies :
 Warriors, rejoice—the port to which we've passed
 O'er Destiny's dark wave beams out at last !
 Victory's our own—'tis written in that Book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
 From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously shall rise !
 Now turn and see !”——

They turned, and, as he spoke,

A sudden splendour all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
 Rise from the Holy Well, § and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles, ||—
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
 Of many a dome and fair-roofed imaret
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set.
 Instant from all who saw the illusive sign
 A murmur broke—“ Miraculous ! divine !”
 The Gheber bowed, thinking his idol star
 Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war ;
 While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
 The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,
 Had rested on the Ark, and now again
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain.

“ To victory !” is at once the cry of all—
 Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call ;
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide

* Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot*.

† “ The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban.”—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.—See *Chardin*.

‡ The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable that, whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali.—*Chardin*.

§ We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was “ une machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune.” According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb.—“ Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day.”

|| “ Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles.”—*D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendémah, or the Moon-maker.

Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
 Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
 The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
 Had paused, and even forgot the punctual sounds
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
 “On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,*
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance.”
 Desperate the die—such as they only cast
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them thro' the glimmering shade,
 And as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot, like bees of Kauzeroon
 To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
 And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;
 Among the last of whom the Silver Veil
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
 Of some tossed vessel, on a stormy night,
 Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?
 Nor dashed his brow, nor checked his daring? No.
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
 To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and dead,
 Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
 Still vaunt of thrones, and victory, to the rest;—
 And they believe him!—oh, the lover may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out;
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts;
 Nor 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
 Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
 Ill-fated Zelica! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
 Thou never couldst have borne it—Death had come
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
 But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense

* The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—*Notes on the Bahar-danush.*

Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night
 When her last hope of peace and heaven took flight ;
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
 As through some dull volcano's vale of smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;
 Yet was she mostly wrapped in solemn gloom,—
 Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
 And calm without, as is the brow of death,
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath—
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
 From thought or pain, a sealed-up apathy,
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her decked
 Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice,—
 Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
 Of the fierce Nile, when, decked in all the pride
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.*
 And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
 Possessed her now,—and from that darkened trance
 Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
 Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,
 Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,
 Would hail Heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,
 And call her shrieks the language of the skies !

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
 Gathering around ; and famine comes to glean
 All that the sword had left unreaped :—in vain
 At morn and eve across the northern plain
 He looks impatient for the promised spears
 Of the wild Hordes and Tartar mountaineers ;
 They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
 And horrible as new ; javelins, that fly
 Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
 And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount,

* "A custom still subsisting at this day seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile ; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—*Savary*.

Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;
 Looking, as through the illumined night they go,
 Like those wild birds * that by the Magians oft,
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide.
 All night the groans of wretches who expire,
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore,—
 Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold,
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unrolled,—
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
 Now gush with blood,—and its tall minarets,
 That late have stood up in the evening glare
 Of the red sun, unhallowed by a prayer ;—
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
 And death and conflagration throughout all
 The desolate city hold high festival !

Mokanna sees the world is his no more ;—
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 "What ! drooping now ?"—thus, with unblushing cheek,
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famished slaves around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—
 "What !—drooping now ?—now, when at length we press
 Home o'er the very threshold of success ;
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinned away
 Those grosser branches that kept out his ray
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
 The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
 Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all !
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
 All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star ?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now .
 All earth shall feel the unveiling of this brow !
 To-night—yes, sainted men ! this very night,
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where—having deep refreshed each weary limb
 With viands such as feast Heaven's cherubim,

* "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezê, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination ; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced."—*Richardson's Dissertation.*

And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above
 Keep, sealed with precious musk, for those they love,*—
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chilled and hope-sick hearts;
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "To-night!"—
 "To-night," their Chief re-echoes in a voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice.
 Deluded victims!—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out:—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strewed around;—
 While some pale wretch looked on, and from his wound
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
 Had followed the long shouts, the wild applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
 Where the Veiled Demon held his feast accurst,
 When Zelica—alas, poor ruined heart,
 In every horror doomed to bear its part!—
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
 Compassed him round, and, ere he could repeat
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
 Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,
 Roused every feeling, and brought Reason back
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
 All round seemed tranquil—even the foe had ceased,
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,
 His fiery bolts; and though the heavens looked red,
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
 But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,

* "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—*Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.

A long death-groan comes with it :—can this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
 She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight
 Was there before her ! By the glimmering light
 Of the pale dawn, mixed with the flare of brands
 That round lay burning, dropped from lifeless hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaffed
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught ?
 Oh ! who need ask that saw those livid guests,
 With their swoln heads sunk blackening on their breasts,
 Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there ;
 As if they felt, though poison racked them through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two !
 While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
 Would have met death with transport by his side,
 Here mute and helpless gasped ;—but, as they died,
 Looked horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
 And clenched the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
 The stony look of horror and despair,
 Which some of these expiring victims cast
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ;—
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose veil, now raised,
 Showed them, as in death's agony they gazed,
 Not the long-promised light, the brow whose beaming
 Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
 But features horribler than Hell e'er traced
 On its own brood ;—no Demon of the Waste,*
 No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
 The Impostor now, in grinning mockery shows :—
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star—
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough ? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still ?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within
 Is but the trance with which Heaven's joys begin ;
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
 Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste ;
 And that—but see !—ere I have half-way said
 My greetings through, the uncourteous souls are fled.

* The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."—*Elphinstone's Caubul*.

Farewell, sweet spirits ! not in vain ye die,
 If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
 Ha, my young bride !—'tis well—take thou thy seat ;
 Nay come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
 The Dead before ?—they graced our wedding, sweet ;
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimmed so true
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
 But—how is this ?—all empty ? all drunk-up ?
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
 Young bride—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins ;—
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss !

“ For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
 Vile rankling things, to fester in the breeze ;
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
 With all death's grimness added to its own,
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 Of slaves, exclaiming, ‘ There his Godship lies !’
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be even in death.
 Thou seest yon cistern in the shade—'tis filled
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distilled :*—
 There will I plunge me in that liquid flame—
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame !—
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
 So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
 Proclaim that Heaven took back the Saint it gave ;
 That I've but vanished from this earth awhile,
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile !
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel ;
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
 The sail he spreads for Heaven with blasts from hell !
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy ;—
 Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.
 But, hark ! their battering engine shakes the wall—
 Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.

* “ Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jeta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte pussent croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver.”—*D'Herbelot*.

No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
Now mark how readily a wretch like me
In one bold plunge commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,
And Zelica was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living thing ;
The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death !
More like some bloodless ghost—such as, they tell,
In the Lone Cities of the Silent * dwell,
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent ;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,
All speak the impatient Islamite's intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastioned wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh ! could he but see
The Impostor once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace !

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls ;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering !"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult,
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own !"
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
Yawning, like some old crater rent anew,
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.
But strange ! no signs of life—nought living seen
Above, below—what can this stillness mean ?
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries ;

* "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—*Elphinstone*.

But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.
 Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
 Forth from the ruined walls, and, as there glanced
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
 The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis He, 'tis He,
 Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
 Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
 "Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
 To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
 Oh!—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
 As on his trembling arm she leaned her head,
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
 Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
 "I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this :—
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know
 How oft I've prayed to God I might die so!
 But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow ;—
 To linger on were maddening—and I thought
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad but dear caress,
 This death within thy arms I would not give,
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!
 All that stood dark and drear before the eye
 Of my strayed soul is passing swiftly by;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!
 But live, my Azim ;—oh! to call thee mine
 Thus once again! *my* Azim—dream divine!
 Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
 Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,
 Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally!

Go to those happy fields where first we twined
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
 For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
 To Heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
 And should they—but, alas, my senses fail—
 Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardoned souls may, from that World of Bliss,
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this—
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
 Oh Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell.”

Time fled—years on years had passed away,
 And few of those who, on that mournful day,
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave,
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
 Of death hung darkening over him, there played
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brightened even Death—like the last streak
 Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.
 His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
 She, for whose spirit he had prayed and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all drest
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
 For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—
 And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
 He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between

the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever——"—"My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition."—"If that be all," replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in

* "La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes que quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontotent étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples."—*D'Herbelot*.

themselves, like the blacksmith's* apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such;—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

“What critic that can count,” said Fadladeen, “and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?”—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—“Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.”

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome;—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird which flies always in the air,

* The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

and never touches the earth : *—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever : †—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back !"—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued ; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before ; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated ; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. ‡ As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, § or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate.

* "The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground ; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen ; and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown."—*Richardson*.

† "To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—*Volney*.

‡ "The *Cámalatá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomæa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers ; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of *Cámalatá*, or Love's Creeper."—*Sir W. Jones*.

§ "*Cámalatá* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra ; and if ever flower was worthy of Paradise, it is our charming *Ipomæa*."—*Ib.*

§ "According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving ; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself."—*Asiat. Res.*

"It is," said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other:" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!"

"Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,*
Yet—oh 'tis only the Blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!"

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The gates of Light beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.†

* "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

† "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones.* It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangkabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower cham-paka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—*Marsden's Sumatra.*

“Nymph of a fair but erring line !”
 Gently he said—“One hope is thine.
 ’Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 ’Tis sweet to let the pardoned in.”

Rapidly as comets run
 To the embraces of the Sun ;—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel hands *
 At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb the empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning’s eyes,
 Hung hovering o’er our world’s expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heaven ?—“I know
 The wealth,” she cries, “of every urn,
 In which unnumbered rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ; †
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are, ‡
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby ; §
 I know, too, where the Genii hid
 The jewelled cup of their King Jamshid, ||
 With Life’s elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla’s wonderful Throne?
 And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?”
 While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
 The air of that sweet Indian land
 Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
 O’er coral rocks, and amber beds ;
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem :

* “The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens.”—*Fryer*.

† The Forty Pillars ; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns, immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D’Herbelot, Volney*.

‡ *Diodorus* mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter.

§ The Isles of Panchaia.

|| “The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.”—*Richardson*.

Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise !
 But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
 Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades—
 Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
 Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones ?
 'Tis He of Gazna *—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scattered in his ruinous path.—
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved Sultana ; †
 Maidens with their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane, he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines, the sacred waters !

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 “Live,” said the Conqueror, “live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear !”
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
 The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell !—
 Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
 And, when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light she caught the last—
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 Before its free-born spirit fled !

* “Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.”—See his History in *Dow* and *Sir J. Malcolm*.

† “It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.”—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is,
 It would not stain the purest rill
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss !
 Oh if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause !"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
 Who die thus for their native Land.—
 But see—alas !—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this drop the boon must be
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee !"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
 Far to the South, the Peri lighted ;
 And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth
 Deep in those solitary woods,
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile.*
 Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
 Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings,
 The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves
 "To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.
 'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold !
 Who could have thought, that saw this night
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in Heaven's serenest light ;—
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
 Warns them to their silken beds ;—
 Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,

* "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant."—*Asiat. Research.* vol. i. p. 387.

That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved Sun's awake ;—
 Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream ;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)
 Some purple-winged Sultana* sitting
 Upon a column, motionless
 And glittering like an Idol bird—
 Who could have thought, that there, even there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far than ever came
 From the red Desert's sands of flame !
 So quick, that every living thing
 Of human shape, touched by his wing,
 Like plants where the Simoon hath past,
 At once falls black and withering !
 The sun went down on many a brow
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again.
 And oh ! to see the unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey !
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies :—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes
 Amid the darkness of the streets !

 "Poor race of men !" said the pitying Spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
 Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all !"

She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran ;
 For there's a magic in each tear
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man !

 Just then beneath some orange trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,

* "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini*.

Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life where'er he moved
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes;
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard;—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have called his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay

All in those proffered lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unasked or without shame.
 "Oh ! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me !
 There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side ?
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers when thou art gone ?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too !
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before, like thee, I fade and burn ;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there !"
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living !
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving !
 "Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away !"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face
 That like two lovely saints they seemed,
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;

While that benevolent Peri beamed
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take !*

But ah ! even Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses †
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !

* "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From *Châteaubriand's* Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

† Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous ;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls ;—
 Gay lizards glittering on the walls
 Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light ;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 The unclouded skies of Peristan.
 And then the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,

Banqueting through the flowery vales ;
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,*
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie concealed
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun
 Some amulet of gems, annealed
 In upper fires, some tablet sealed
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope she bends her thither ;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich West begun to wither ;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,

* The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems :—
 And, near the boy, who tired with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount *
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire ;
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
 The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
 With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod

Kneels with his forehead to the south,
 Lipping the eternal name of God

From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again.

Oh ! 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that child—

* Imaret, "hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours."—*Toderini, translated by the Abbé de Cournand*.—See also *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. v. p. 145.

A scene which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by.

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from
the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land,* of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health re-animates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

But well the enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near !
 "Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—
 The gates are passed, and Heaven is won !
 Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,*
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad !

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die
 Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,†
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief ;—
 Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf ?
 Joy, joy for ever !—my task is done—
 The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won !"

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry ! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt !" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we soon should be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.‡ They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success ;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed ? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence ;—who, like them, flung the jereed care-

* The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

† The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*—Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beautitude, or eternal happiness.

‡ "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordch, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."—*Ebn Haukal*.

lessly, but not, like them, to the mark ;—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam !"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven ; but he could not help advertg to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear ! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to discover ; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny, even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital * for Sick Insects should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic ; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them,—that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded ; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.† Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen :—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit ; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death

* "This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment ; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."—*Parson's Travels*. It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—See *Grandpré*.

† "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit."—*Kinneir*.

appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers ;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone !* She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharria might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure ; and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever !

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people ; while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment ;—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold

* “The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.”—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d’Egypte.*

and silver flowers,* and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh's heart:—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon, were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with

* Ferishta. "Or rather," says *Scott*, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coins stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

fire-flies.* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection; but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!" †—while Feramorz, happy to take

* The Baya, or Indian Cross-beak.—*Sir W. Jones.*

† Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, "*Les Guèbres*," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists. I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse ;—he had never before looked half so animated ; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted ; and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers :—

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea ;*
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's† walls ;
 And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,‡
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest.
 All hushed—there's not a breeze in motion ;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come
 No leaf is stirred nor wave is driven ;—
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome §
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.
 Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumbered sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's || name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
 'Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike ;—
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood

* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

† The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

‡ A Moorish instrument of music.

§ "At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—*Le Bruyn*.

|| "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia."—*Asiat. Res.*, Disc. 5.

Lies their directest path to heaven ;—
 One who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath poured,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword ;—
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart !

Just Alla ! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stained hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust, and hate, and crime ;—
 Even as those bees of Trebizond
 Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad.*

Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap forth more direly great ;
 Never was Iran doomed to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fallen—her pride was crushed—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blushed,
 In their own land,—no more their own,—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her towers, where Mithra once had burned,
 To Moslem shrines—oh shame !—were turned,
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean, apostate worship poured,
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.
 Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
 O'er all this wreck high-buoyant still
 With hope and vengeance ;—hearts that yet—
 Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
 They've treasured from the sun that's set,—
 Beam all the light of long-lost days !
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
 To second all such hearts can dare ;
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalmed in Heaven's approving ray.
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hushed, those planets shine ;
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
 By the white moonbeam's dazzling power ;—

* "There is a kind of Rhododendron about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—*Tournefort*.

None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands ;—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race ;—
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain !*

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er !—
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through Yemen's † dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower, ‡
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour ;
But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby's gay Haram smiled

* "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."—*Richardson*.

† Arabia Felix.

‡ "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honey-suckles, make a sort of green wall ; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—*Lady M. W. Montagu*.

Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
With eyes so pure that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abashed away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze ;*—
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this :
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah ! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes,
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deemed at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the day-beam's withering fire,
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it decked with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair :—
Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what Love can dare ;—
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease ;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are plucked on Danger's precipice !

* "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind."—*Ahmed ben Abdalaziz, Treatise on Jewels.*

Bolder than they who dare not dive
 For pearls but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water.
 Yes—Araby's unrivalled daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb the untrodden solitude
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
 And think its steep, though dark and dread,
 Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led.
 Even now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way ;
 Even now thou hear'st the sudden shock
 Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below !
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom with his locks of light,*
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scaled the terrace of his bride ;—
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And midway up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming, breathless, “ There, love, there ! ”
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero Zal in that fond hour
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
 Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.
 See—light as up their granite steep
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in the undiscovered seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !
 Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover ?
 Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over

* In one of the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair,) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent ;—he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See *Champion's Ferdosi*.

Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,*
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :
 And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
 Before her in obeisance cast,—
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
 Oh ! she hath feared her soul was given
 To some unhallowed child of air,
 Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old
 Who burned for maids of mortal mould,
 Bewildered left the glorious skies,
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
 Fond girl ! nor fiend nor angel he
 Who woos thy young simplicity ;
 But one of earth's impassioned sons,
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
 As the best heart whose current runs
 Full of the Day God's living fire.

But quenched to-night that ardour seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow ;—
 Never before, but in her dreams,
 Had she beheld him pale as now :
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep ;
 Visions that will not be forgot,
 But sadden every waking scene,
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
 All withered where they once have been.

“How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—
 “How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle !
 Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wished that little isle had wings,

* “Canun, espèce de psaltérion, avec des cordes de boyaux ; les dames en touchent dans le sérail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de cooc.”—*Tod-erini, translated by De Courmand.*

And we, within its fairy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone!
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold
 A paradise so pure and lonely.
 Would this be world enough for thee?"—
 Playful she turned, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on;
 But when she marked how mournfully
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
 My dreams have boded all too right—
 We part—for ever part—to-night!
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
 Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye.
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die!
 Now too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
 Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!
 Better to sit and watch that ray,
 And think thee safe, though far away,
 Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast—"
 The youth exclaimed—"thou little know'st
 What he can brave who, born and nursed
 In Danger's paths, has dared her worst;
 Upon whose ear the signal-word
 Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
 Who sleeps with head upon the sword
 His fevered hand must grasp in waking.
 Danger!—"

"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
 And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so—beneath the skies
 I now fear nothing but those eyes.
 If aught on earth could charm or force
 My spirit from its destined course,—
 If aught could make this soul forget
 The bond to which its seal is set,
 'Twould be those eyes ;—they, only they,
 Could melt that sacred seal away!
 But no—'tis fixed—*my* awful doom
 Is fixed—on this side of the tomb
 We meet no more ;—why, why did Heaven
 Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
 Has rent asunder wide as ours?
 Oh Arab maid, as soon the Powers
 Of Light and Darkness may combine
 As I be linked with thee or thine!
 Thy Father———"

"Holy Alla save
 His gray head from that lightning glance!
 Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;
 Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
 One who would prize, would worship thee
 And thy bold spirit, more than he.
 Oft when, in childhood, I have played
 With the bright falchion by his side,
 I've heard him swear his lipping maid
 In time should be a warrior's bride.
 And still, whene'er at Haram hours
 I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
 He tells me, when in playful mood,
 A hero shall my bridegroom be,
 Since maids are best in battle wooed,
 And won with shouts of victory!
 Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
 Art formed to make both hearts thy own.
 Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
 The unholy strife these Persians wage :—
 Good Heaven, that frown!—even now thou glow'st
 With more than mortal warrior's rage.
 Haste to the camp by morning's light,
 And, when that sword is raised in fight,
 Oh still remember, Love and I
 Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
 One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
 Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
 Abhors———"

"Hold, hold—thy words are death—"
 The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and showed beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.*—

* "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not

Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors, in me !
Yes—I am of that impious race,

Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place

Among the living lights of heaven :

Yes—I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains or die !

Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—

He who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot .

From which our fires of worship rise !
But know—'twas he I sought that night

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,

And up the rude rocks desperately
Rushed to my prey—thou know'st the rest—

I climbed the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within ;—

Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—

If Love hath made one thought his own
That Vengeance claims first—last—alone !

Oh ! had we never, never met,

Or could this heart even now forget

How linked, how blessed we might have been,

Had fate not frowned so dark between !

Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,

In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood played,

At the same kindling altar knelt,—

Then, then, while all those nameless ties

In which the charm of Country lies

Had round our hearts been hourly spun,

Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;

While in thy lute's awakening sigh

I heard the voice of days gone by,

And saw, in every smile of thine,

Returning hours of glory shine ;—

While the wronged Spirit of our Land

Lived, looked, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—

God ! who could then this sword withstand ?

Its very flash were victory !

to dare to be an instant without it."—*Grose's Voyage*.—"Le jeune homme nia d'abord lachose ; mais ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghèbre," &c. &c.—*D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani. "Pour se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guèbres ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
 Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
 Our only ties what love has wove,—
 In faith, friends, country, sundered wide;
 And then, then only, true to love
 When false to all that's dear beside!
 Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
 Thyself, perhaps, even now—but no—
 Hate never looked so lovely yet!
 No—sacred to thy soul will be
 The land of him who could forget
 All but that bleeding land for thee.
 When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
 And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
 But look——”

 With sudden start he turned
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burned
 Blue, as o'er some seaman's grave:
 And fiery darts, at intervals,*
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

“My signal lights!—I must away—
 Both, both are ruined, if I stay.
 Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
 Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!”
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopped,
 Nor looked—but from the lattice dropped
 Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
 As if he fled from love to death.
 While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
 Nor moved, till in the silent flood
 A momentary plunge below
 Startled her from her trance of woe;—
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew:
 “I come—I come—if in that tide
 Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,
 In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.
 Oh! I would ask no happier bed
 Than the chill wave my love lies under:—
 Sweeter to rest together dead,
 Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”
 But no—their hour is not yet come—
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,

* “The Mamelukes that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars.”—*Baumgarten*.

Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where'er that ill-starred home may lie ;
 And calm and smooth it seemed to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
 As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind !

The Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story ; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme ; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.*

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country ;—through valleys covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain,† which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story :—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the Green Sea ‡ palely shines,
 Revealing Bahrein's § groves of palm,
 And lighting Kishma's § amber vines.
 Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
 While breezes from the Indian Sea

* "Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—*Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

† "The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils ; the first, from the idols placed under its shade ; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies ; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—*Pennant.*

‡ The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf,"—*Sir W. Jones.*

§ Islands in the Gulf.

Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
 And curl the shining flood beneath,—
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
 Which pious seamen, as they passed,
 Had toward that holy headland cast—
 Oblations to the Genii there
 For gentle skies and breezes fair.
 The nightingale now bends her flight
 From the high trees, where all the night
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen ;
 And hides her from the morning star
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
 In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
 The best and brightest scimitar
 That ever youthful Sultan wore
 On the first morning of his reign.

And see—the Sun himself !—on wings
 Of glory up the East he springs.
 Angel of Light ! who from the time
 Those heavens began their march sublime,
 Hath first of all the starry choir
 Trod in his Maker's steps of fire !
 Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
 When Iran, like a sun-flower, turned
 To meet that eye where'er it burned ?—
 When, from the banks of Bendemeer
 To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
 Thy temples flamed o'er all the land ?
 Where are they ? ask the shades of them
 Who on Cadessia's * bloody plains,
 Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
 From Iran's broken diadem,
 And bind her ancient faith in chains :—
 Ask the poor exile, cast alone
 On foreign shores unloved, unknown,
 Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates, †
 Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
 Far from his beauteous land of dates,
 Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains :
 Yet happier so than if he trod
 His own beloved, but blighted, sod,
 Beneath a despot stranger's nod !—
 Oh he would rather houseless roam
 Where Freedom and his God may lead

* The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

† Derbend. —“ Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer ; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens.”—*D'Herbelot*.

Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed !

Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quenched with the flame in Mithra's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves ;—
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong ;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,*
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pygmy forests round !

Yes, Emir ! he, who scaled that tower,
And, had he reached thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee in a Gheber's power
How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee ;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty !
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
Thy turbaned troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,
Have swarmed among these Green Sea crags ;
Yet here, even here, a sacred band
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown ;
Here—ere the winds half winged thee o'er—
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,

* The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."—*Thunberg*.

Whom but a day's, an hour's success
 Had wafted to eternal fame!
 As exhalations, when they burst
 From the warm earth, if chilled at first,
 If checked in soaring from the plain,
 Darken to fogs and sink again;—
 But, if they once triumphant spread
 Their wings above the mountain-head,
 Become enthroned in upper air,
 And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he that wields the might
 Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light*
 The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
 Who comes, embowered in the spears
 Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?
 Those mountaineers that truest, last,
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,
 As if that God whose eyelids cast
 Their closing gleam on Iran's heights
 Among her snowy mountains threw
 The last light of his worship too!

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the muttering of a charm!—
 Shout but that awful name around,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
 'Tis Hafed, most accursed and dire
 (So ranked by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;
 Of whose malign, tremendous power
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings†
 Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groaned to see their shrines expire,

* "When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink."—*The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

† Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,
His only talisman the sword,
His only spell-word Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood ;
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.*
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads that shrinking bowed
Before the Moslem, as he passed,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame ;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;
And, as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power,—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses blocked his way—
In vain—for every lance they raised,
Thousands around the conqueror blazed ;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,

* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

Before whose swarm as fast they bowed
As dates beneath the locust cloud.

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully ;*
A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across ;
While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
A ruined Temple towered, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross †
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rook'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air !
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dashed, like midnight revellers, in ;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns rolled,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprisoned there,
That bold were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff. ‡
On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seemed above the grasp of Time,
Were severed from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between :
It seemed a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came,
Too deep for ear or eye to know

* This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain," of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf.

† These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

‡ "There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

If 'twere the sea's imprisoned flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For each ravine, each rocky spire
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire ; *
 And, though for ever past the days
 When God was worshipped in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on,
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquished Hafed led
 His little army's last remains ;—
 " Welcome, terrific glen ! " he said,
 " Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is Heaven to him who flies from chains ! "
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his Chiefs alone,
 They crossed the chasm and gained the towers.
 " This home," he cried, " at least is ours ;—
 Here we may bleed, unmocked by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 Stretched on this rock, while vultures' beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die ! "

'Twas night when to those towers they came,
 And gloomily the fitful flame
 That from the ruined altar broke
 Glared on his features as he spoke :—
 " 'Tis o'er—what men could do we've done—
 If Iran *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch who shrines his lust in heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God ;
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men in whose veins—oh last disgrace !
 The blood of Zal and Rustam rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,
 And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday ;
 If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
 Too vile for even the vile to bear !

* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

Till shame at last, long hidden burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall.
 But *here*, at least, are arms unchained,
 And souls that thralldom never stained ;—

 This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profaned ;

 And though but few—though fast the wave
 Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains.
 As panthers, after set of sun,
 Rush from the roots of Lebanon
 Across the dark-sea robber's way,
 We'll bound upon our startled prey ;
 And when some hearts that proudest swelt
 Have felt our falchions' last farewell ;
 When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And even Despair can prompt no more,
 This spot shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save !”

His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—

And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the Mighty sate ;
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers
 With which of old the Magi fed

The wandering Spirits of their dead ; *
 Though neither priest nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate ; †

Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipped planet ;

Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
 They swore the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in Iran's injured name,
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled Shrine !

Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,

* “Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.”—*Richardson*.

† In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, “the Daroo,” he says, “giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness.”

Whom love first touched with others' woe—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, Emir ! thy unheeding child,
 'Mid all this havoc, bloomed and smiled,—
 Tranquil as on some battle plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,
 Before the combat's reddening stain
 Hath fallen upon her golden flowers ;
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
 While Heaven but spared the sire she loved.
 Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—

And oft, when thou hast paced along
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touched so near
 Hell's confines that the damned can hear !

Far other feelings Love hath brought—
 Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
 She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness !
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"for *my* sake weep for all ;"
 And bitterly, as day on day

Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatched away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye
 But with his life-blood seems to swim ;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky
 But fancy turns its point to him.

No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight ;
 And—had he looked with clearer sight,
 Had not the mists that ever rise
 From a foul spirit dimmed his eyes—
 He would have marked her shuddering frame
 When from the field of blood he came,
 The faltering speech—the look estranged—
 Voice, step, and life; and beauty changed—
 He would have marked all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by Love alone !

Ah ! not the Love that should have blessed
 So young, so innocent a breast ;
 Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
 That, pledged on earth and sealed above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,

In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness !
 No, Hinda, no,—thy fatal flame
 Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame ;—
 A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
 It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darkened Oman's sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly
 Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep ;—
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owlet's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogged wing,
 Which reeked with that day's banqueting—
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
 Is brightened with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy ?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When tossed at midnight furiously,
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh
 More surely than that smiling eye !

“ Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's* breath
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
 This blessed day for Heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flashed o'er Oman's flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine ;
 This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over ere I sleep ! ”—

* A kind of trumpet :—it “ was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.”—*Richardson*.

"His blood!" she faintly screamed—her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind.

"Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,

Without whose aid the links accurst
That bind these impious slaves would be

Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And—Prophet! by that holy wreath
Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,*

I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plundered mines
Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risked thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread

Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Curst race, they offer swords instead!
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
'Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true;
There lurked one wretch among the few
Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betrayed
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field that dreadful night,
When, sallying from their sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,

* "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod."—*Universal History*.

He lay—but died not with the brave ;
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave ;—
 And, while the few who thence returned
 To their high rocky fortress mourned
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on glory's bed,
 He lived, and, in the face of morn,
 Laughed them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might !
 May Life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—
 With hopes that but allure to fly,
 With joys that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips ! *
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame,
 On the parched desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh, †
 Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

Lalla Rookh had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over. ‡ She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water, § enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle,

* "They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—*Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there ; vide *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

† "The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat ; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Pottinger*.

‡ "A wind which prevails in February, called Bid-musk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*Le Bruyn*.

§ "The Biajús are of two races : the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant

when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shattered canopy.
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, rolled in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steered for Ormus' bowers,
And moored his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turned upward to that wild expanse;—
And all was boding, drear, and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark

fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resembles the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of wind and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term the *King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—*Dr. Leyden* on the Language and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.

Went slowly from the Persian shore.—
 No music timed her parting oar,
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand
 Lingered, to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more ;—
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destined bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.*

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there?
 No—close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood,—
 With that keen second-scent of death,
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath !
 While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
 As a young bird of Babylon,
 Let loose to tell of victory won,
 Flies home, with wing, ah ! not unstained
 By the red hands that held her chained.

And does the long-left home she seeks
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
 The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
 Once more to see her dear gazelles
 Come bounding with their silver bells;
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,
 And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
 She left, all filleted with gold,
 Shooting around their jasper fount;†
 Her little garden mosque to see,
 And once again, at evening hour,
 To tell her ruby rosary
 In her own sweet acacia bower—
 Can these delights, that wait her now,
 Call up no sunshine on her brow?

* "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished ; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean."—*Richardson*.

† "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them."—*Harris*.

No,—silent, from her train apart,—
 As even now she felt at heart
 The chill of her approaching doom,—
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom
 As a pale Angel of the Grave ;
 And o'er the wide tempestuous wave
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers
 Where, in a few short awful hours,
 Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,
 So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
 Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
 The unhallowed name thou'rt doomed to bear
 Still glorious—still to this fond heart
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !
 Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla ! yes—
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
 Forgetting faith—home—father—all—
 Before its earthly idol fall,
 Nor worship even Thyself above him—
 For oh so wildly do I love him,
 Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shared with him !"

Her hands were clasped—her eyes upturned,
 Dropping their tears like moonlight rain ;
 And, though her lip, fond raver ! burned
 With words of passion, bold, profane,
 Yet was there light around her brow,
 A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which showed,—though wandering earthward now,—
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.

Yes—for a spirit pure as hers
 Is always pure, even while it errs ;
 As sunshine broken in the rill,
 Though turned astray, is sunshine still !
 So wholly had her mind forgot
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not
 The rising storm—the wave that cast
 A moment's midnight, as it passed—
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
 Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
 Clashed swords, and tongues that seemed to vie
 With the rude riot of the sky.—
 But, hark !—that war-whoop on the deck—
 That crash, as if each engine there,
 Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
 'Mid yells and stampings of despair !
 Merciful Heaven ! what *can* it be ?
 'Tis not the storm, though fearfully

The ship has shuddered as she rode
 O'er mountain-waves—"Forgive me, God!
 Forgive me"—shrieked the maid, and knelt,
 Trembling all over—for she felt
 As if her judgment-hour was near;
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,
 Her handmaids clung, nor breathed nor stirred—
 When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder
 Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
 The deck falls in—what horrors then!
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
 Come mixed together through the chasm,—
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 "For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turned away
 The perils of the infuriate fray,
 And snatched her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death?
 She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
 Amid the ruins of that hour
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
 Beneath the red volcano's shower.
 But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
 That shocked her ere her senses fled!
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
 Upon the tottering planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dashed with gore,
 Fluttered like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
 Upon their blades, high tossed about
 Like meteor brands—as if throughout
 The elements one fury ran,
 One general rage, that left a doubt
 Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
 While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruined deck she caught
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,
 That glory of her soul,—even then,
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
 Shining above his fellow-men,
 As, on some black and troublous night,
 The Star of Egypt,* whose proud light
 Never hath beamed on those who rest

* "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—*Brown*.

In the White Islands of the West,
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame
 That put Heaven's cloudier eyes to shame.
 But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
 A fantasy—and ere the scream
 Had half-way passed her pallid lips,
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
 Of soul and sense, its darkness spread
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour when storms are gone,
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn!—
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem*
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs:
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
 And even that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heaves
 Of lovers' hearts when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest.
 Such was the golden hour that broke
 Upon the world when Hinda woke
 From her long trance, and heard around
 No motion but the water's sound
 Rippling against the vessel's side,
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
 But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
 Are wildered still—is this the bark,

* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal.

The same, that from Harmozia's bay
 Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
 The sea-dog tracked?—no—strange and new
 Is all that meets her wondering view.

Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
 But the rude litter, roughly spread
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
 And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
 For awning o'er her head are flung.
 Shuddering she looked around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun,
 Resting their limbs, as for that day
 Their ministry of death were done.
 Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
 Lost in unconscious reverie ;
 And some who seemed but ill to brook
 That sluggish calm, with many a look
 To the slack sail impatient cast,
 As loose it flagged around the mast.

Blest Alla ! who shall save her now?

There's not in all that warrior band
 One Arab sword, one turbaned brow
 From her own faithful Moslem land.
 Their garb—the leathern belt that wraps
 Each yellow vest—that rebel hue—
 The Tartar fleece upon their caps—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
 And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
 Abandoned her to Hafed's power ;
 Hafed, the Gheber !—at the thought

Her very heart's blood chills within ;
 He whom her soul was hourly taught

To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
 Some minister whom Hell had sent,
 To spread its blast, where'er he went,
 And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
 His shadow betwixt man and God !
 And she is now his captive,—thrown
 In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;
 His the infuriate band she sees,
 All infidels—all enemies !

What was the daring hope that then
 Crossed her like lightning, as again,
 With boldness that despair had lent,
 She darted through that armed crowd
 A look so searching, so intent,

That even the sternest warrior bowed
 Abashed, when he her glances caught,

As if he guessed whose form they sought.
 But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,
 The vision that before her shone
 Through all the maze of blood and storm,
 Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
 Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
 Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
 In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
 Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion,
 The oars are out, and with light sound
 Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
 Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
 And now she sees—with horror sees,
 Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold,—
 Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
 Where Mecca's godless enemies
 Lie, like beleaguered scorpions rolled
 In their last deadly, venomous fold!
 Amid the illumined land and flood
 Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
 Save where, above its awful head,
 There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
 As 'twere the flag of destiny
 Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewildered mind the power
 Of thought in this terrific hour,
 She well might marvel where or how
 Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,
 Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
 Of path but through the glen alone.—
 But every thought was lost in fear,
 When, as their bounding bark drew near
 The craggy base, she felt the waves
 Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,
 That from the Deep in windings pass
 Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass;—
 And loud a voice on deck commands
 To lower the mast and light the brands!—
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
 Gloomy as that eternal Porch
 Through which departed spirits go:—
 Not even the flare of brand and torch
 Its flickering light could further throw
 Than the thick flood that boiled below.
 Silent they floated—as if each
 Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
 In that dark chasm, where even sound
 Seemed dark,—so sullenly around

The goblin echoes of the cave
Muttered it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave !

But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track ;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexèd tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oars' redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling course ;
When, hark !—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the tossed bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes ;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine !—genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray !
To feel thee is such real bliss
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.
Even Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew, by that awakening air
Which suddenly around her glowed,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again !
But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosened crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard, from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way !
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone—
And that eternal saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !
All, all is fearful—even to see,

To gaze on those terrific things
 She now but blindly hears, would be
 Relief to her imaginings ;
 Since never yet was shape so dread,
 But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
 And by such sounds of horror fed,
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream ? has Fear again
 Perplexed the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
 “Tremble not, love, thy Gheber’s here ?”
 She *does* not dream,—all sense, all ear,
 She drinks the words, “Thy Gheber’s here.”
 ’Twas his own voice—she could not err—
 Throughout the breathing world’s extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent !
 Oh sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel’s lay
 Open her bosom’s glowing veil,*
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the beloved one !

Though blest, ’mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one beloved near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin’s brink,
 Hath power to make even ruin dear,—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
 By fears for him, is chilled and lost.
 How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her, a maid of Araby—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him
 Whose bloody banner’s dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,
 And their fair land a wilderness !
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—Oh ! who shall stay
 The sword that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way ?
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover ?

“Save him, my God !” she inly cries—
 “Save him this night—and if thine eyes

* A frequent image among the oriental poets. “The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose.”—*Jami*.

Have ever welcomed with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
 Of sinner's hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
 Linked with each quivering life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to Thee!
 Let him but live,—the burning tear,
 The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
 Youth passed in penitence, and age
 In long and painful pilgrimage,
 Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 The eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine
 Redeemed, all glorious and all Thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin,—
 One wandering star of virtue back
 To its own native, heaven-ward track!
 Let him but live, and both are Thine,
 Together thine—for, blest or crost,
 Living or dead, his doom is mine,
 And, if *he* perish, both are lost!"

The next evening Lalla Rookh was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.*

Fadladeen, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,

* "Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk."—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.—*Sir W. Jones*. The Persians call it Gul.—*Carreri*.

That lay beneath that mountain's height,
 Had been a fair enchanting sight.
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the West
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
 Had rushed through Kerman's almond groves
 And shaken from her bowers of date
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,*
 Now, lulled to languor, scarcely curl
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
 Were melted all to form the stream :
 And her fair islets, small and bright,
 With their green shores reflected there,
 Look like those Peri isles of light
 That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
 On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
 The bandage from her brow was taken,
 And, pale and awed as those who waken
 In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
 The Searchers of the Grave † appear,—
 She shuddering turned to read her fate
 In the fierce eyes that flashed around ;
 And saw those towers all desolate,
 That o'er her head terrific frowned,
 As if defying even the smile
 Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
 In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
 She looks for him whose voice so dear
 Had come, like music, to her ear—
 Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.
 And oh the shoots, the pangs of dread
 That through her inmost bosom run,
 When voices from without proclaim
 "Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,
 The warriors shout that fearful name !

* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind, they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—*Ebn Haukal*.

† The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
 How shall she dare to lift her head,
 Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare
 Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear?
 In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells
 As in those hellish fires that light
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.*
 How shall she bear that voice's tone,
 At whose loud battle-cry alone
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
 Scattered like some vast caravan,
 When, stretched at evening round the well,
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.
 Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:
 And shuddering as she hears the tread
 Of his retiring warrior band.—
 Never was pause so full of dread;
 Till Hafed with a trembling hand
 Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
 "Hinda;"—that word was all he spoke,
 And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
 From her full bosom told the rest.—
 Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
 The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
 To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
 'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
 The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
 Hafed, the demon of the fight,
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
 Is her own loved Gheber, mild
 And glorious as when first he smiled
 In her lone tower, and left such beams
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams
 That she believed her bower had given
 Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
 Snatched like a minute's gleam of sun
 Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—
 Or like those verdant spots that bloom
 Around the crater's burning lips,
 Sweetening the very edge of doom!
 The past—the future—all that Fate
 Can bring of dark or desperate
 Around such hours, but makes them cast

* "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."—*Richardson*.

Intenser radiance while they last !
 Even he, this youth—though dimmed and gone
 Each star of Hope that cheered him on—
 His glories lost—his cause betrayed—
 Iran, his dear-loved country, made
 A land of carcases and slaves,
 One dreary waste of chains and graves !—
 Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
 To see the last, long struggling breath
 Of Liberty's great soul depart,
 Then lay him down and share her death—
 Even he, so sunk in wretchedness,
 With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
 Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
 In the mild eyes that shone before him,
 Beaming that blest assurance, worth
 All other transports known on earth,
 That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
 Oh ! in this precious hour he proved
 How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
 Of rapture kindling out of woe ;—
 How exquisite one single drop
 Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
 Of misery's cup—how keenly quaffed,
 Though death must follow on the draught !

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
 That sink into her soul so deep,
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,
 Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,
 Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
 Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
 Where lightly o'er the illumined surge
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,
 Had lurked in sheltering creek or bay,
 Now bounded on, and gave their sails,
 Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
 Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
 Were still with lingering glories bright,—
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
 The Spirit of departing Light
 That eve had left his sunny vest
 Behind him, ere he winged his flight.
 Never was scene so formed for love !
 Beneath them waves of crystal move
 In silent swell—Heaven glows above,

And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like Heaven.

But ah ! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns ;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries
“ *At night*, he said—and, look, ’tis near—
Fly, fly—if yet thou lov’st me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,
And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
Hush ! heard’st thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen ?—
Perhaps even now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,
He’ll come—oh ! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he’ll not wait for night ! ”

In terrors even to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief ;—
“ Alas, poor wildered maid ! to me
Thou ow’st this raving trance of grief.
Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perished too—
My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there !
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning’s furious heaven ?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When, casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vowed (though watching viewless o’er
Thy safety through that hour’s alarms)
To meet the unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?
Why weakly, madly met thee now ?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hurled—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the Dead !
Or, could even earth and hell unite
In league to storm this Sacred Height,
Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
And each o’erlooking star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels ;—

And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire——"

"To-morrow!—no——"

The maiden screamed—"thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betrayed—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clue—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamped in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
Good Heaven, how little dreamed I then
His victim was my own loved youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine played,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betrayed.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
So mazed and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie.*
But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Looked from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days;
Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise!—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And, though his life hath passed away,
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,

* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c., to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant*.

The suffering brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret,—and by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes.
 This rock, his monument aloft,
 Shall speak the tale to many an age;
 And hither bards and heroes oft
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell
 The wondering boys where Hafed fell;
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive
 The accursed race whose ruthless chain
 Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow;
 And ne'er did Saint of Issa gaze
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twined
 More proudly than the youth surveys
 That pile which through the gloom behind,
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,
 Glimmers—his destined funeral pyre?
 Heaped by his own, his comrades' hands,
 Of every wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
 Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,
 When pitying Heaven to roses turned
 The death-flames that beneath him burned! ”*

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
 Alas! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear?
 “Hafed, my own beloved Lord,”
 She kneeling cries—“first, last adored!
 If in that soul thou'st ever felt
 Half what thy lips impassioned swore,

* The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a “bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed.”—*Tavernier*.

Here, on my knees, that never knelt
 To any but their God before,
 I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
 Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
 Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea,
 East—west—alas, I care not whither,
 So thou art safe, and I with thee!
 Go where we will, this hand in thine,
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,
 Through good and ill, through storm and shine.
 The world's a world of love for us!
 On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
 Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
 Where thus to worship tenderly
 An erring child of light like thee
 Will not be sin—or, if it be,
 Where we may weep our faults away,
 Together kneeling, night and day,
 Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
 And I—at *any* God's for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
 Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
 With every deep-heaved sob that came.
 While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
 And Iran's self are all forgot
 For her whom at his feet he sees
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.
 No, blame him not if Hope awhile
 Dawned in his soul, and threw her smile
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights,
 Winged with those precious, pure delights
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
 Was born to kindle and to share.
 A tear or two, which, as he bowed
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
 First warned him of this dangerous cloud
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.
 Starting, he brushed the drops away,
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
 That had but dimmed, not stained its light.
 Yet, though subdued the unnerving thrill,
 Its warmth, its weakness, lingered still
 So touching in its look and tone
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
 Half counted on the flight she prayed,

Half thought the hero's soul was grown
 As soft, as yielding as her own,
 And smiled and blessed him, while he said,—
 “Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
 Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—
 If there be any land of rest
 For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest
 We'll meet in that calm region yet !”

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
 If good or ill these words impart,
 When the roused youth impatient flew,
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
 A ponderous sea-horn* hung, and blew
 A signal, deep and dread as those
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
 Through life and death, that signal knew ;
 For 'twas the appointed warning blast,
 The alarm, to tell when hope was past,
 And the tremendous death-die cast !
 And there, upon the mouldering tower,
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call
 Came slowly round, and with them all—
 Alas how few !—the worn remains
 Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
 Went gaily prancing to the clash
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
 Catching new hope from every flash
 Of their long lances in the sun,
 And, as their coursers charged the wind,
 And the white ox-tails streamed behind,†
 Looking as if the steeds they rode
 Were winged, and every Chief a God !
 How fallen, how altered now ! how wan
 Each scarred and faded visage shone
 As round the burning shrine they came ;—
 How deadly was the glare it cast,
 As mute they paused before the flame
 To light their torches as they passed !
 'Twas silence all—the youth hath planned
 The duties of his soldier band ;

* “The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals : it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.”—*Pennant*.

† “The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.”—*Thevenot*.

And each determined brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet ;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath placed her in the sheltered seat,
And pressed her hand—that lingering press
Of hands that for the last time sever ;
Of hearts whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress

Gives hope—so fondly hope can err !
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark ;
And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss !

With thee upon the sun-bright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,
As some dark vanished dream of sleep ;
And thou ——" but ah !—he answers not—

Good Heaven !—and does she go alone?
She now has reached that dismal spot

Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel Israfil's,*

When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh.—

"Hafed ! my Hafed !—if it be
Thy will, thy doom this night to die,

Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy lovèd name,
Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
But near each other while they fade ;
Let us but mix our parting breaths,
And I can die ten thousand deaths !

You too, who hurry me away
So cruelly, one moment stay—

* "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—*Salé*.

Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
 He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
 Hafed! dear Hafed!"—all the way
 In wild lamentings, that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shrieked his name
 To the dark woods—no Hafed came :—
 No—hapless pair—you've looked your last :—
 Your hearts should both have broken then:
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
 You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!
 Still half-way down the steep he stands,
 Watching with fixed and feverish eyes
 The glimmer of those burning brands
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
 Light all he loves on earth away!
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
 By the cold moon hath just consigned
 The corse of one, loved tenderly,
 To the bleak flood they leave behind;
 And on the deck still lingering stay,
 And long look back, with sad delay,
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,
 That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
 That dreadful shout!—across the glen
 From the land-side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
 Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
 Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,
 So loud, so terrible that shout!
 "They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
 "Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
 Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
 Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
 Are on the wing to join your choir!"
 He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
 To their young loves, reclinced the steep
 And gained the Shrine—his Chiefs stood round—
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
 Together, at that cry accurst,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, Lurst.
 And hark!—again—again it rings;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
 Turned on their Chief—could doubt the shame,

The indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts, and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
“What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran’s burning skies!
Thou scorn’st the inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth’s hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We’ll make yon valley’s reeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber’s bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour more than human strung
Each arm and heart.—The exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Tracked by his torches’ lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda’s vale
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Crossed the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem’s way;
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fallen before the few.
The torrents from that morning’s sky
Had filled the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,—
The guards with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain-shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of Iran’s last avengers stand;
Here wait, in silence like the dead,

* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

And listen for the Moslem's tread
So anxiously, the carrion bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard !

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them now—
Woe to the file that foremost wades !

They come—a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless ;
Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,

So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand

The sword hangs, clogged with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations poured !

All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quenched brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scattered round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropped from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand ;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire

From the tossed brands that round them fly,
Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire ;—

And some who, grasped by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smothered o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed ;
Countless as tow'ards some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light ;
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway ! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you ? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes ;—

Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few?

Crushed down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Tow'rd the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,
Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide.
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
The scattered crowd rush blindly on—
“Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”
They panting cry, “so far behind;
Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent;
To track the way the Gheber went!”
Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wildered by the far-off lights
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dashed into the deep abyss;
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reached him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resigned, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.

It seemed as if each thought that stained,
 Each fear that chilled their loves was past,
 And not one cloud of earth remained
 Between him and her radiance cast ;—
 As if to charms, before so bright,
 New grace from other worlds was given,
 And his soul saw her by the light
 Now breaking o'er itself from heaven !

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
 Of a loved friend, the only one
 Of all his warriors left with life
 From that short night's tremendous strife.—
 "And must we then, my Chief, die here ?
 Foes round us, and the Shrine so near !"
 These words have roused the last remains
 Of life within him—"What ! not yet
 Beyond the reach of Moslem chains !"
 The thought could make even Death forget
 His icy bondage—with a bound
 He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
 Even feebler, heavier than his own,
 And up the painful pathway leads,
 Death gaining on each step he treads.
 Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow !
 They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—
 The crags are red they've clambered o'er,
 The rock-weed's dripping with their gore ;—
 Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength !
 Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
 Come near and nearer from below—
 One effort more—thank Heaven ! 'tis past,
 They've gained the topmost steep at last.
 And now they touch the temple's walls,
 Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
 When, lo !—his weak, worn comrade falls
 Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
 "Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled !
 And must I leave thee withering here,
 The sport of every ruffian's tread,
 The mark for every coward's spear ?
 No, by yon altar's sacred beams !"
 He cries, and, with a strength that seems
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame
 Of the fallen Chief, and tow'rd's the flame
 Bears him along ;—with death-damp hand
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
 Then lights the consecrated brand,
 And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
 Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—

"Now, Freedom's God ! I come to Thee,"
 The youth exclaims, and with a smile
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
 In that last effort, ere the fires
 Have harmed one glorious limb, expires !

What shriek was that on Oman's tide ?

It came from yonder drifting bark,
 That just hath caught upon her side

The death-light—and again is dark.

It is the boat—ah why delayed ?—

That bears the wretched Moslem maid ;
 Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom
 Their generous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom,

But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,

Was rendered to her father's eyes,

Their pardon, full and prompt, would be

The ransom of so dear a prize.—

Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,

And proud to guard their beauteous freight,

Scarce had they cleared the surfy waves

That foam around those frightful caves,

When the curst war-whoops, known so well,

Came echoing from the distant dell.

Sudden each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,

And, driving at the current's will,

They rocked along the whispering tide ;

While every eye, in mute dismay,

Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turned,

Where the dim altar's quivering ray

As yet all lone and tranquil burned.

Oh ! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power

Of Fancy's most terrific touch

To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—

Thy silent agony—'twas such

As those who feel could paint too well,

But none e'er felt and lived to tell !

'Twas not alone the dreary state

Of a lorn spirit, crushed by fate,

When, though no more remains to dread,

The panic chill will not depart ;—

When, though the inmate Hope be dead,

Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart ;

No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,

The wretch may bear, and yet live on,

Like things within the cold rock found

Alive, when all's congealed around.

But there's a blank repose in this,

A calm stagnation, that were bliss

To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain;—
 That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
 That breathless, agonised suspense,
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
 The heart hath no relief but breaking !

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights
 Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
 Time was when, on such lovely nights,
 She who is there, so desolate now,
 Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
 And ask no happier joy than seeing
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
 No joy but that, to make her blest,
 And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
 Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
 Itself a star, not borrowing light,
 But in its own glad essence bright.
 How different now !—but, hark, again
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men !
 In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath ;
 All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie :—
 He at whose word they've scattered death,
 Even now, this night, himself must die !
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
 And ask, and wondering guess what means
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—
 Ah ! she could tell you—she, who leans
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
 With brow against the dew-cold mast ;—
 Too well she knows—her more than life,
 Her soul's first idol and its last,
 Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height ?
 Some signal !—'tis a torch's light.
 What bodes its solitary glare ?
 In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine
 All eyes are turned—thine, Hinda, thine
 Fix their last fading life-beams there.
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
 The death-pile blazed into the sky,
 And far away, o'er rock and flood
 Its melancholy radiance sent ;
 While Hafed like a vision stood
 Revealed before the burning pyre,
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
 Shrined in its own grand element !
 " 'Tis he !"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more ;

High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er.

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave ;
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fixed her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again !

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south * o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music, and withered its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea star † to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, belov'd of her Hero ! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beautiful that grows in the deep ;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ; ‡

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia*.

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb*.

‡ Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—See *Trevoux, Chambers*.

With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

The singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly ; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organising, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk* would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel ; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general ; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal ; and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurunzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier, and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of

* "The application of whips or rods."—*Dubois*.

the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,* and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River† beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain, for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.‡

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards§ which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal

* Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him “*formæ corporis estimator*.” His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within proper bounds.

† The Attock.

“Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river.”—*Dow's Hindostan*.

‡ The star Soheil, or Canopus.

§ The lizard *Stellio*. The Arabs call it *Hardun*. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.”—*Hasselquist*.

Gardens which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious ;"—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Fera-morz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram,* who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond, the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere ; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida,† which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Fera-morz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh's little Persian slave, and thus began :—

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?
 Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes !—
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
 Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars

* Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

† "Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque tems, comença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en aperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poëte de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poëte exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poëte, et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussi-tôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot*.

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.—
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal* that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy,—for now
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;†
 The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and, in their shower,
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,
 The floweret of a hundred leaves,‡
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of Baramoule,
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refreshed from their embroidered beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And waked to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On Bela's hills is less alive,
 When saffron-beds are full in flower,
 Than looked the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches played
 Through every grove and island shade;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret;

* "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—*Forster*.

† "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."
 —See *Pietro de la Valle*.

‡ "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."—*Ouseley*.

And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear
 That you could see, in wandering round,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night.
 And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaimed to all they met
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which blessed them there ;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves looked half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers !
 It seemed as though from all the bowers
 And fairest fields of all the year
 The mingled spoil were scattered here.
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fallen upon it from the sky !
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet ;—
 The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,*
 And answered by a ziraleet
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet ;—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange-grove ;
 Or from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other.—

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whispering in
 boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight ;—the dipping of oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores,
 Like those of Kathay, uttered music, and gave

* "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—*Russel*.

An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.*
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
 Oh ! best of delights as it everywhere is
 To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by his side !
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a Heaven she must make of Cashmere !

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,†
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
 When free and uncrowned as the Conqueror roved
 By the banks of that lake, with his only belov'd,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
 And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that curled
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
 This *was* not the beauty—oh nothing like this,
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss !
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes ;
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heaven in his dreams.
 When pensive, it seemed at if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face !
 And when angry,—for even in the tranquillest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
 The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
 If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,

* "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients, having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them."
 —*Grosier*.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica.
 "Hujus littus, ait Capella, concentum musicum illis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum."—*Ludov. Vives in Augustin. de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8.

† Jehan-Guire was the son of the Great Acbar.

From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
 Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring ;
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.*
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave :
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flowers of this planet—though treasures were there,
 For which Soliman's self might have given all the store
 That the navy from Ophir e'er winged to his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal !

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ?—
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight †
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and flowers !
 Where is the loved Sultana? where?
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now?

Alas !—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

* In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson*.

† The capital of Shadukiam.

And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream
 That smiling left the mountain's brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh you that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fettered round ;*
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light :
 Like that celestial bird,— whose nest
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
 Whose wings though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies !†
 Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;
 Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst ;—
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banished from his sight
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.‡

* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses*.

† "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour."—*Grosier*.

‡ "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les âmes damnées.'"—*Dalloway*.



In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the Earth supplies
 Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
 The eyes are dim :—through rich the spot
 With every flower this earth has got.
 What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling rose is not?
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng
 Worship him, as he moves along;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers.
 They but the Star's adorers are,
 She is the Heaven that lights the Star!

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequestered bower,
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,
 Namouna, the Enchantress;—one,
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremembered years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
 Nay, rather,—as the west wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,—
 Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright
 That all believed nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth!
 All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,* which around
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
 To the gold gems† of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's‡ harm.
 And she had pledged her powerful art,—
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,—

* "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford*.

† "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson*.

‡ "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."—*Richardson*.

To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's * smile to Nourmahal !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about ;—
When thus Namouna :—" 'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gathered now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,
As Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold
Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away.
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which, worn by her whose love has strayed,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell ——"

"For me, for me,"

Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
"Oh ! twine that wreath for me to-night."
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew,
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Anemones and Seas of Gold,†
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver ;‡—
The tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of Malay
Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away ;—

* The name of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.

† "Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour."—*Sir W. Jones.*

‡ "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—*Sir W. Jones.*

Amaranths, such as crown the maids
 That wander through Zamara's shades ; *
 And the white moon-flower, as it shows,
 On Serendib's high crags, to those
 Who near the isle at evening sail,
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;
 In short, all flowerets and all plants,
 From the divine Amrita tree, †
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants
 With fruits of immortality,
 Down to the basil tuft, ‡ that waves
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,
 And to the humble rosemary,
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
 To scent the desert and the dead :—
 All in that garden bloom, and all
 Are gathered by young Nourmahal,
 Who heaps her basket with the flowers
 And leaves, till they can hold no more ;
 Then to Namouna flies, and showers
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight the Enchantress views
 So many buds, bathed with the dews
 And beams of that blessed hour !—her glance
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
 As, in a kind of holy trance,
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,
 As if she mixed her soul with theirs.
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
 From flowers and scented flame that fed
 Her charmed life—for none had e'er
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
 Filled with the cool, inspiring smell,
 The Enchantress now begins her spell,
 Thus singing as she winds and weaves
 In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

* The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names), "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails."—*Marsden*.

† The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu, or rose-apple) is called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—*Sir W. Jones*.

‡ Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.
 "The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead ; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil."—*Maillet*, Lett. 10.

"I know where the winged visions dwell
 That around the night-bed play,
 I know each herb and floweret's bell,
 Where they hide their wings by day.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,—
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

"The image of love, that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.
 The dream of a future, happier hour,
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the silvery almond flower,
 That blooms on a leafless bough.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

"The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the mountain-herb,* that dyes
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.
 The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when plucked at night !
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

"The dream of the injured, patient mind,
 That smiles with the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade."

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal ;—
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies

* An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Haschischat ed dab*."

As ever wind that o'er the tents
 Of Azab * blew was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy Red Sea shells
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping ; †
 And now a Spirit formed, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light,—so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings,—
 Hovers around her, and thus sings :

“ From Chindara's ‡ warbling fount I come,
 Called by that moonlight garland's spell ;
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song !
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

“ For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly :—
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

“ Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song that bears
 From soul to soul the wishes of love,
 As a bird that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.

“ 'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;

* The myrrh country.

† “ This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea.”—*Wilford*.

‡ “ A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.”—*Richardson*.

When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

"The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath !
 And oh how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When Music has reached her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll !
 So, hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,*
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.
 And Nourmahal is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 Oh bliss !—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.
 And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
 Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven ;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine.—
 "Oh ! let it last till night," she cries,
 "And he is more than ever mine."
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness !
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner as it flows ;

* "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—*Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,—

"Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on the Indian steep,
 From her cabined loop-hole peep."

Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like Echo, lost and languishing,
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl,)
The Imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar :*—
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams ;†
And all those wandering minstrel-maids
Who leave—how *can* they leave !—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the South
Those songs that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile ;—
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the Nile,
Delicate as the roses there ;‡—
Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;§—
Light Peri forms, such as they are
On the gold meads of Candahar ;||
And they before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies
That they might fancy the rich flowers
That round them in the sun lay sighing
Had been by magic all set flying.

Everything young, everything fair,
From East and West is blushing there,

* "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs."—*Forster*.

† "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."—*Ali Yezdi*.

‡ "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Marocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."—*Jackson*.

§ "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—*Mariti*.

|| "There is a part of Candahar, called Peria, or Fairy Land."—*Thevenot*. In some of those countries to the north of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

Except—except—oh Nourmahal !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one ;
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star, on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by !
 Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
 And everything seemed drear without thee ;
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veiled by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids,*—
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She roved, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On Casbin's hills ;—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
 And sunniest apples that Caubul
 In all its thousand gardens bears ;—
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 Malaya's nectared mangusteen ;
 Prunes of Bokhara, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of Samarcand,
 And Basra dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the Sun,† from Iran's land ;—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.
 All these in richest vases smile,
 In baskets of pure santal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle ‡
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.

* "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps prettily ordered."
 —*Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

† "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ek-shems, signifying sun's seed."—*Description of Persia*.

‡ "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan."—See *Kempfer*.

Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing ; *
 And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
 As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby for which Kublai-Khan
 Offered a city's wealth, † was blushing,
 Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
 And seems resolved the flood shall reach
 His inward heart,—shedding around
 A genial deluge, as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrowned,
 For Love to rest his wings upon.
 He little knew how well the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
 As bards have seen him in their dreams
 Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath, ‡
 Catching new lustre from the tide
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
 Of song to speed them as they flow?
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
 With all the bloom, the freshened glow
 Of her own country maidens' looks,
 When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks ; §
 And with an eye whose restless ray,
 Full, floating, dark—oh he who knows
 His heart is weak of Heaven should pray
 To guard him from such eyes as those !—
 With a voluptuous wildness flings
 Her snowy hand across the strings
 Of a syrinda, || and thus sings :—

“ Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequalled in bliss ;

* The white wine of Kishma.

† “ The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world.”—*Marco Polo*.

‡ The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo.—See *Pennant*.

§ Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—See *Ebn Haukal*.

|| “ The Indian Syrinda, or guitar.”—*Symez*.

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.*

"Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky†
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

"Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallowed by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth‡ left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around
That all stood hushed and wondering,
And turned and looked into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil, the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charmed lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sounds with theirs that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

* "Around the exterior of the Dewan Khafs (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.'—*Franklin*.

† "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—*Richardson*.

‡ For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, see *Mariti*.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As Music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the masked Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes wrapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touched for utterance,
Now motioned with his hand for more:—

"Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?"

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

"Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

"Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

"As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

"So came thy every glance and tone
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

"Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

"Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—

Fresh as the fountain under ground
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place ;—

"Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine
Than trust to love so false as thine !"

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, even without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart ;
But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much !

Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fixed by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,
"Oh Nourmahal ! oh Nourmahal !
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
And well do vanished frowns enhance
The charm of every brightened glance ;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile :
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !"

Fadladeen, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which he trusted they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats to which the

* The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine;—"being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,* so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her Ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor,† he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor

* "The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species *Kia-tsin*, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on:—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn*.

† An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—*Hafiz*.

pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled—to hide himself in her heart?

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,* appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.† Sometimes from a dark wood by the side of the road a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth;—while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and with their usual good logic, they deduced, from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the

* "On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-chequered parterre."—*Forster*.

† "Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

cold, odoriferous wind* that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharra, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of carnelian which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing as only she who was the object of it all did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess sat Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent

* This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga,* on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharía, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharía, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch Aliris, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child, that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharía, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

* "On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when, in the reign of Sultan Mamood, it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—*Ferishta*.





TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

By THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus cecidère tabellæ.—OVID.

TO

STEPHEN WOOLRICHE, ESQ.

MY DEAR WOOLRICHE,—It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If you continue, however, to be as much interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,* leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the meantime, my dear Woolriche, like an orthodox Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*; and however trifling the tribute which I here offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and attached Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private re-

* Ariosto, canto 35.

searches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"* those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make lay chiefly in those upper regions of society which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. Hatchard's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny-Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not, however, think it prudent to give too many Letters at first, and accordingly have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles which had already appeared in the public journals. As, in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might manage to remedy the thinness of my ranks by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out how many living instances might be found of Muses that have suffered very severely in their heads from taking rather too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. Stephen's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

* Herrick.

PREFACE
TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

IN the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ———, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μονα και μονον* *) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said that, in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. In this story there is not one syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly: but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus,† who held “that God is in Africa and not elsewhere.” But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they who say so are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects. All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ———, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is quite as useless as it is tiresome. Misrepresentations and calumnies of this sort are, like

* Pindar, Pyth. 2.—My friend certainly cannot add οὐτ’ ἐν ἀνδρασι γερασφορον.

† Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan,—not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over. They are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity may be in want of them; and are quite as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's *Amelia*, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riotous conduct, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the *Morning Chronicle*, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains* in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES TO THE LADY BARBARA ASHLEY.†

MY dear Lady Bab, you'll be shocked, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eldon first heard—and as instantly prayed he
To God and his King—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks.

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
“Pretty doings are here, sir,” he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise,
“’Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod—
Excuse, sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—
Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sacked by a *Horse*,
But for us to be ruined by *Ponies* still worse!”

* A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eldon, page 570. In the line “Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,” it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read “*Surtees*,” instead of “*Syrteis*,” which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet “*æstuosas*.” I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

† This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Princess.

Quick a Council is called—the whole Cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frightened out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,
Vansittart, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord Harrowby, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the Princess *will* keep them," says Lord Castlereagh,
"To make them quite harmless the only true way
Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks,"
Adds his Lordship, humanely, "or else break their necks!"

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause
Had a vigour about it, which soon reconciled
Even Eldon himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to, *nem. con.*
And my Lord Castlereagh, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day;
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffered to meet her
For just half an hour by the Queen's best repeater.

CHARLOTTE.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'MAHON TO G. FRANCIS LECKIE, ESQ.

DEAR sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned book,*

* See the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

Wherein—as plain as man can speak
 Whose English is half-modern Greek—
 You prove that we can ne'er intrench
 Our happy isles against the French,
 Till Royalty in England's made
 A much more independent trade—
 In short, until the House of Guelph
 Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
 And boldly sets up for itself!

All that can well be understood
 In this said book is vastly good ;
 And, as to what's incomprehensible,
 I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
 The Prince, good sir, the Prince has read it ;
 (The only book, himself remarks,
 Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's.)
 Last Levee-morn he looked it through,
 During that awful hour or two
 Of grave tonsorial preparation,
 Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
 Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
 The best-wigged Prince in Christendom!

He thinks with you, the imagination
 Of *partnership* in legislation
 Could only enter in the noddles
 Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
 Whose heads on *firms* are running so
 They e'en must have a King and Co. ;
 And hence, too, eloquently show forth
 On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
 Better and more royal era ;
 When England's monarch need but say,
 "Whip me those scoundrels, Castlereagh!"
 Or—"Hang me up those Papists, Eldon!"
 And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which I've his command
 To beg, sir, from your travelled hand
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm)
 A plan of radical Reform ;
 Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,
 And quite upturning, branch and root,
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write,
 Somewhat more brief than Major Cartwright.

Else, though the Prince be long in rigging,
 'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wiggling,—
 Two wigs to every paragraph—
 Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
 As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
 His Highness, heated by your work,
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
 And you'd have laughed, had you seen how
 He scared the Chancellor just now,
 When (on his Lordship's entering puffed) he
 Slapped his back and called him "Mufti!"

The tailors, too, have got commands
 To put directly into hands
 All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
 With sashes, turbans, and paboutches
 (While Yarmouth's sketching out a plan
 Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*),
 And all things fitting and expedient
 To *turkify* our gracious Regent!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
 So, send your System.—
 Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
 I seize a moment, just to say
 There's some parts of the Turkish system
 So vulgar 'twere as well you missed 'em.
 For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
 Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
 Would fill his haram (tasteless fool!)
 With tittering, red-cheeked things from school:
 But *here* (as in that fairy land
 Where Love and Age went hand in hand;*)
 Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
 And grandams were worth any money)
 Our Sultan has much riper notions;
 So, let your list of *she*-promotions
 Include those only, plump and sage,
 Who've reached the *regulation*-age;
 That is—as near as one can fix
 From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place:—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat, or at cockles." And again:—"There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," &c., &c.—See *Tales of the East*. vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

This rule's for *favourites*—nothing more—
 For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
 Though not decidedly *without* them,
 Need never care one curse about them !

LETTER III.

FROM GEORGE PRINCE REGENT TO THE EARL OF YARMOUTH.*

We missed you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
 Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
 His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
 His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime !
 In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
 Stomachic orgasm in my Lord Ellenborough,
 Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
 And exclaimed, between mouthfuls, "a *He-Cook* of course !—
 While you live—(What's there under that cover, pray, look)—
 While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a *She-Cook*.
 'Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that toast)—
 Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast ;
 For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
 Like Masonry, never found out by a woman !"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
 Of *my* brilliant triumph and Hunt's condemnation ;
 A compliment, too, to his Lordship the Judge
 For his speech to the Jury—and zounds ! who would grudge
 Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
 To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul ?
 We were all in high gig—Roman punch and Tokay
 Travelled round, till our heads travelled just the same way ;
 And we cared not for juries or libels—no—damme ! nor
 E'en for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner !

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom Tyrwhit
 In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
 And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
 Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
 Tommy whispered him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
 "I fear 'twill be *hung-beef*, my Lord, if you *try* it !"
 And Camden was there, who, that morning, had gone
 To fit his new Marquis's coronet on ;
 And the dish set before him—oh, dish well-devised !—
 Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a calf's-head surprised !"
 The *brains* were near Sherry ; and *once* they'd been fine ;
 But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine
 That, however, we still might, in courtesy, call
 Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
 In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the Marquis of H—d—t.

At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gloated,
And Ellenborough chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honoured by kissing their dears :
This museum of wittols was comical rather ;
Old H—d—t gave M—ss—y, and *I* gave your father.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic !—and even the Judge
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion !

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And Mac has a sly dose of jalap preparing
For poor Tommy Tyrrhit at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old Tommy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose !

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. PATRICK D—GEN—N, TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR
JOHN NICHOL.

Dublin.*

LAST week, dear Nichol, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, " Sweet Bully Bottom !
These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em !
Deserve to be bespattered—hiccup—
With all the dirt e'en *you* can pick up—
But, as the Prince—(here's to him—fill—
Hip, hip, hurra !)—is trying still
To humbug them with kind professions,
And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
'Rogue'—'traitor'—hiccup—and all that—
You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat !—
You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, Sir John—
These fools have clapped a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore !—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,

* This letter, which contained, some very heavy inclosures seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble.

To prove that they who damned us then
 Ought now, in turn, be damned again?—
 The silent victim still to sit
 Of Grattan's fire and Canning's wit,
 To hear e'en noisy Mathew gabble on,
 Nor mention once the Whore of Babylon?
 Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
 The Nightman of No-Popery?
 What courtier, saint, or even bishop,
 Such learned filth will ever fish up?
 If there among our ranks be one
 To take my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John—
 Thou—who, like me, art dubbed Right Hon.;
 Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
 That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
 Should Patrick his portfolio send?
 Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd portfolio,
 With all its theologic olio
 Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
 Of Doctrines, now believed by no man—
 Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
 Yet always ending in damnation—
 (Which shows that, since the world's creation,
 Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
 Have always had a taste for damming)
 And many more such pious scraps,
 To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
 That, mad as Christians used to be
 About the Thirteenth Century,
 There's *lots* of Christians to be had
 In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear Nichol!
 A rod or two I've had in pickle
 Wherewith to trim old Grattan's jacket.—
 The rest shall go by Monday's packet. P. D.

Among the inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following
"Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

We're told the ancient Roman nation
 Made use of spittle in lustration.*—
 (Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum †—
 i.e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)

* ———— Iustralibus antè salivis
 Expiat.—Pers. Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus:—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis mansisse."

Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising !)
 Make use of spittle in baptizing,
 Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
 Connors, and Toolles, all downright Pagans !
 This fact's enough—let no one tell us
 To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
 No—no—the man baptized with spittle
 Hath no truth in him—not a tittle !

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CORK TO LADY ———

My dear Lady ——— ! I've been just sending out
 About five hundred cards for a snug little rout—
 (By the bye, you've seen Rokeby?—this moment got mine—
 The Mail-Coach edition *—prodigiously fine !)
 But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
 I'm ever to bring my five hundred together ;
 As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
 One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
 (Apropos—you'd have laughed to see Townsend, last night,
 Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
 The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright !
 Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief usher of *ghosts* !)

But, my dear Lady ——— ! can't you hit on some notion,
 At least for one night to set London in motion?—
 As to having the Regent, *that* show is gone by—
 Besides, I've remarked that (between you and I)
 The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
 Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways ;
 Which—considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—
 Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,
 And a house such as mine is, with doorways so small,
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all !—
 (Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
 That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry the Pope,—
 What a comical pair !)—but, to stick to my rout,
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
 Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan, arrived ?
 No Plenipo Pacha, three-tailed, and ten-wived ?
 No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
 Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame ?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
 When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
 A few patriot monsters from Spain were a sight
 That would people one's house for one, night after night.

* See Mr. Murray's advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

But—whether the Ministers *pawed* them too much—
 (And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
 Or whether Lord George (the young man about town)
 Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
 One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
 And the only stray patriot seen for an age
 Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
 As old Mrs. Vaughan's or Lord Liverpool's !

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintzschitschinszoudhoff
 Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
 So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
 If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better.
 And—Lord ! if he would but, *in character*, sup
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up !
Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
 Little Gunter has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
 That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster ?*
 If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
 Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,† IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN,~ IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou !)
 Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
 Before our King—our Asia's treasure !
 Nutmeg of Comfort ! Rose of Pleasure !—
 And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
 As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses ;—
 Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
 And but left on till further orders !—
 Through London streets, with turban fair,
 And caftan floating to the air,
 I saunter on—the admiration
 Of this short-coated population—
 This sewed-up race—this buttoned nation—
 Who, while they boast their laws so free,
 Leave not one limb at liberty,
 But live, with all their lordly speeches,
 The slaves of buttons and tight breeches !

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin advertisement of a *Lusus Naturæ* in the newspapers lately.

† I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of religious liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers ; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P—e and Mr. L—ck—e in their new Oriental plan of reform.—See the second of these Letters. How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter
 (They're Christians, and they know no better),*
 In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
 And, on Religious Toleration,
 I own I like their notions *quite*,
 They are so Persian and so right !
 You know our Sunnites, † hateful dogs !
 Whom every pious Shiite flogs
 Or longs to flog ‡—'tis true, they pray
 To God, but in an ill-bred way ;
 With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
 Stuck in their right, canonic places ! §
 'Tis true they worship Ali's name ||—
 Their heaven and *ours* are just the same—
 (A Persian's heaven is easily made,
 'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade).
 Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
 We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
 By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
 To wear the established pea-green slippers ! ¶
 Then—only think—the libertines !
 They wash their toes—they comb their chins—
 With many more such deadly sins !
 And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
 Believe the Chapter of the Blanket !

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
 (Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious ;
 As no man living would refuse
 Green slippers, but from treasonous views ;
 Nor wash his toes, but with intent
 To overturn the Government !)
 Such is our mild and tolerant way,
 We only curse them twice a-day
 (According to a form that's set),
 And, far from torturing, only let

* "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor, of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

† Sunnites and Shiites are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided ; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The Sunni is the established sect in Turkey, and the Shia in Persia ; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points which our pious friend Abdallah in the true spirit of Shiite ascendancy, reprobates in this letter.

‡ "Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme."—*D'Herbelot*.

§ "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines ; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs," &c., &c.—*Forster's Voyage*.

|| "Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement ; au contraire, ils le reconnoissent," &c., &c.—*Chardin*.

¶ "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."—*Mariti*.

All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the Established sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thankèd !)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this buttoned nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we passed,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Linked by a hook and eye!*

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO. TO ———, ESQ.†

PER post, sir, we send your MS.—looked it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson :—"A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

† From motives of delicacy, and indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.

Clever work, sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good Sense and Wit's *small change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as Fitzgerald's can sink it!

However, sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier Carr took to marrying lately,
The trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, sir, more easy—your *Country* once planned,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your quarto of Travels, sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, sir, and such fame it will win you
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Albinia!*
(Mind—not to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, sir, if you cannot *review*!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Scott, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*),
Having quitted the borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few villas, before Scott approaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not cursed shabby,
He'll reach, without foundering, at least Woburn Abbey.

Such, sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

* This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, and a certain ingenious parodist.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL THOMAS TO ———, ESQ.

COME to our fête,* and bring with thee
 Thy newest, best embroidery!
 Come to our fête, and show again
 That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
 Which charmed all eyes, that last surveyed it;
 When Brummel's self inquired "who made it?"—
 When cits came wondering, from the East,
 And thought thee Poet Pye *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
 For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
 Though more we love thy roseate days,
 When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
 Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
 Tips e'en thy whisker-tops with red—
 Like the last tints of dying day
 That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
 (That lace, like Harry Alexander,
 Too precious to be washed!)—thy rings,
 Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
 Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
 And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
 But the great Regent's self alone!
 Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
 A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire—
 Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
 The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
 Hail, first of actors! † best of Regents!
 Born for each other's fond allegiance!
Both gay Lotharios—*both* good dressers—
 Of Serious Farce *both* learned Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
 With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
 It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
 Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day!

* This letter inclosed a card for the grand fête on the 5th of February.

† "Quem tu, Melpomene, semel

Nascentem placido lumine videris," &c.—Horace.

The Man upon whom thou hast deigned to look funny,

Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—

Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money,

Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us:

"Illum—

—non equus impiger

Curru ducet Achaico."

It takes to dance that chalk away.
 The ball-room opens—far and nigh
 Comets and suns beneath us lie;
 O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
 And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
 But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
 When many a maid, with busy feet
 That sparkle in the lustre's ray,
 O'er the white path shall bound and play
 Like nymphs along the Milky Way!—
 At every step a star is fled,
 And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
 So passeth life—(thus Scott would write,
 And spinsters read him with delight)—
 Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
 Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone!*

But, hang this long digressive flight!
 I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
 What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
 Who say the Prince neglects the arts—
 Neglects the arts!—no St—g! no;
 Thy Cupid's answer "'tis not so:"
 And every floor, that night, shall tell
 How quick thou daubest, and how well!
 Shine as thou mayst in French vermilion,
 Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;
 And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
 With *flying colours* in a waltz!
 Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
 To thy best works assigned by fate—
 While *some* chefsd'œuvre live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
 Their hour of glory past and gone
 With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
 Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive fête, in fact, will be
 The former fête's *fac-simile*;
 The same long masquerade of rooms,
 Tricked in such different, quaint costumes,
 (These, Porter, are thy glorious works!)
 You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
 Bearing good taste some deadly malice
 Had clubbed to raise a pic-nic palace;
 And each, to make the oglio pleasant,

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
 Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Scott may well say to the Colonel (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel), *ῥᾶον μωμεισθαι ἢ μμεισθαι*.

Had sent a state-room as a present !—
 The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
 The same gold asses,* pretty souls !
 That, in this rich and classic dome,
 Appear so perfectly at home !
 The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
 But *not*—ah ! not the same dear fishes—
 Late hours and claret killed the old ones !—
 So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
 (It being rather hard to raise
 Fish of that *specie* now-a-days),
 Some Sprats have been, by Yarmouth's wish,
 Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
 And Gudgeons (so Vansittart told
 The Regent) are as good as *Gold* !

So, prythee, come—our fête will be
 But half a fête, if wanting thee !

J. T.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV.

AMONG the papers enclosed in Dr. D—g—n—n's Letter, was found an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England, (or, according to others, of Germany,) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect that upon her arrival at Rome she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him tenderly of the time when they were together at Athens—when, as she says,

—“by Ilissus' stream
 We whispering walked along, and learned to speak
 The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek ;—
 Ah, then how little did we think or hope,
 Dearest of men, that I should e'er be Pope ;
 That I, the humble Joan, whose house-wife art
 Seemed just enough to keep thy house and heart,
 (And those, alas, at sixes and at sevens,)
 Should soon keep all the keys of all the heavens !”

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

* The salt-cellars on the Prince's *own* table were in the form of an ass with panniers.

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
Pope *Innocent*! alas, the only one
That name could e'er be justly fixed upon."

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever :—

"But oh more dear, more precious ten times over—
Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah!
Thou mad'st the Papa of the world Mamma!"

I have not time at present to translate any more of this Epistle ; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabit!)
Emancipatus FÆMINÆ
Fert vallum!

LETTER VII.

THE Manuscript, found enclosed in the Bookseller's Letter, turns out to be a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "The Book," of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber* in Carlton House—Enter the Prince Regent solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims :—

Away—Away—

Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book,
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damnèd *ink* in Eldon's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my Hertford's Spouse—
Vansittart's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *black-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face!
While turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*),
I find, ah wretched elf,
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!

* The same Chamber, doubtless, that was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys*.

Oh Mareschino ! Mareschino oh !
 Delicious drams ! why have you not the art
 To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart ?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving on the ground some scribbled fragments of paper, which he instantly collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words, "*Wife neglected*"—"the *Book*"—"Wrong Measures"—"the *Queen*"—"Mr. *Lambert*"—"the *Regent*."

Ha ! treason in my house !—Curs't words, that wither
 My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*).
 what Demon brought you hither ?
 "My Wife ;"—"the *Book*" too !—stay—a nearer look—
 (*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)
 Alas ! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—
 Death and destruction !

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enter. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched in different directions, for the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed ; the Duke with his stays only half-laced, and the Chancellor with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office." The Regent produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Chancellor breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream :

'Tis scarcely two hours since
 I had a fearful dream of thee, my Prince !—
 Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
 Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
 "Worship my whiskers !"—(*weeps*) not a knee was there
 But bent and worshipped the Illustrious Pair,
 Which curled in conscious majesty ! (*pulls out his handkerchief*)—while cries
 Of "Whiskers, whiskers !" shook the echoing skies.—
 Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
 With looks of injured pride, a Princely Dame,
 And a young maiden, clinging by her side,
 As if she feared some tyrant would divide
 Two hearts that nature and affection tied !
 The Matron came—within her *right* hand glowed
 A radiant torch ; while from her *left* a load
 Of Papers hung—(*wipes his eyes*) collected in her veil.
 The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
 The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
 From *Post* to *Courier*, formed the motley mass ;

Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
 And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose. (*Weeps.*)
 Heavens, how it blazed!—I'd ask no livelier fire
 (*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
 But, ah! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourned to see—
 Cast, as it burned, a deadly light on thee:
 And Tales and Hints their random sparkle flung,
 And hissed and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
 While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
 Made up in stink for what they lacked in flame.
 When, lo, ye Gods! the fire ascending brisker,
 Now sings *one*, now lights the *other* whisker.
 Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
 Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
 Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanished into smoke,
 The watchman cried "Past One," and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the Regent (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the Regent for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers*—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison:—

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
 No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
 Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
 And all your portion of the glorious day
 May be some solitary beam that falls,
 At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
 Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
 Yet go—for thoughts as blessed as the air
 Of Spring or Summer flowers await you there;
 Thoughts such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
 In rich conservatories, *never* knew;
 Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
 The Zeal whose circling charities begin
 With the few loved ones Heaven has placed it near

* Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.



CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE.

TWO POEMS:

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

PREFACE.

THE practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses appears to me rather a happy invention ; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account ; and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, “*Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.*”

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688 in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B—rch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge ; to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William’s Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded—an Irishman *may* be allowed to criticise freely the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties

for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord Hawkesbury eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of the Crown which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities; like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the Whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the State,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms, and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

*“Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque.”*

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter, I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former; but assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied; and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, she may now seek a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with Whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any

party whatever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' ἀπανθ' ὡς περ ἐξ ἀγορας ἐκπεπραται ταυτα' ἀντεισηκται δε ἀντι τουτων ὑφ' ὧν ἀπολωλε και νεροσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας. Ταυτα δ' ἐστι τι; ζῆλος, εἰ τις εἰληφε τι γελως ἀν ὁμολογη' συγγνωμη τοις ἐλεγχομενοις· μισος, ἀν τουτοις τις ἐπιτιμα' ταλλα παντα, ὅσα ἐκ του δωροδοκειν ἡρτηται.—Demosthenes. Philipp. iii.

BOAST on, my friend—though stripped of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride :
That pride which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John spoke ;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives e'en Whitelocke's sword and Hawkesbury's tongue !
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate—where, doomed to wrongs and slights,
We hear you talk of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky !
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts ;
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's,
And hears no news but Ward's gazetted lies,—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
Things which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speecing lords,—
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she looked for life, her deadliest wound ;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,

How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen ;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevailed,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assailed.

While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne ;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied ;
Then Proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avowed his bold enslaving plan,
And claimed a right from God to trample man !
But Luther's schism had too much roused mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind ;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell :
In fragments lay, till, patched and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaffed
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seemed extinguished quite,
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain
That wakening Freedom called almost in vain.
O England ! England ! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starred line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty !
How bright, how glorious, in that sunshine hour
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower
Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine !
But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seemed too bold for man ;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work that raised men nearer heaven.
While Tories marred what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,
The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinished pile !

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turned his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,

Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.
 While parliaments, no more those sacred things
 Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
 Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
 And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
 Hensch the rich oil that from the Treasury steals,
 And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
 Giving the old machine such pliant play
 That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
 While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far ;
 And the duped people, hourly doomed to pay
 The sums that bribe their liberties away,—
 Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart !
 But soft ! my friend, I hear thee proudly say
 "What ! shall I listen to the impious lay
 That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
 The bright bequests of William's glorious reign ?
 Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
 Whom Hawkesbury quotes and savoury B—rch admires,
 Be slandered thus ? Shall honest Steele agree
 With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
 Yet fail to prove it ? Shall our patent pair
 Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
 And Pye unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
 And Canning *take the people's sense* in vain ?"

The people !—ah, that Freedom's form should stay
 Where Freedom's spirit long hath passed away !
 That a false smile should play around the dead,
 And flush the features where the soul hath fled !
 When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
 When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doomed to death
 Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—
 E'en then (in mockery of that golden time
 When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
 And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
 Gave kings to every country but their own),—
 E'en then the senate and the tribunes stood,
 Insulting marks, to show how Freedom's flood
 Had dared to flow, in glory's radiant day,
 And how it ebbed,—for ever ebbed away !

Oh look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
 Nor haunts our sleep nor trembles o'er our board,
 Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks
 With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe ;
 Yet say, could e'en a prostrate tribune's power,
 Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,

Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
 As doth that fettered mob, that free divan,
 Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
 Of pensioned patriots and privileged slaves !
 That party-coloured mass, which nought can warm
 But quick corruption's heat—whose ready swarm
 Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
 Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die ;—
 That greedy vampire which from Freedom's tomb
 Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
 Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
 A people's blood to feed its putrid veins !

Heavens, what a picture ! yes, my friend, 'tis dark ;
 " But can no light be found, no genuine spark
 Of former fire to warm us ? Is there none,
 To act a Marvell's part ? " *—I fear not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends ;
 Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
 When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die !

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
 From Sidney's pen or burned on Fox's tongue
 Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,
 While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light ;
 While debts at home excite their care for those
 Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes,
 And loud and upright, till their prize be known,
 They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own.
 But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
 So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
 And though I feel as if indignant Heaven
 Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven
 Who basely hangs the bright protecting shade
 Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,
 And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
 His passport to the market of her foe,
 Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
 Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear
 That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
 And reverence Scripture e'en from Satan's tongue.
 Nay, when the constitution has expired,
 I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
 To sing old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,
 And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died ?

* Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the Court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since then, much changed their paymasters.—See the State Poems for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

See that smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains
 Seem to have destined for those Eastern reigns
 When eunuchs flourished, and when nerveless things
 That men rejected were the chosen of Kings ;—
 E'en *he*, forsooth, (oh, mockery accurst !)
 Dared to assume the patriot's name at first.
 Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes ;
 Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing shapes.
 But oh, poor Ireland ! if revenge be sweet
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
 And withering insult—for the Union thrown
 Into thy bitter cup,* when that alone
 Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this
 Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that demon's bliss ;
 For, oh ! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
 That England trusts the men who've ruined thee ;—
 That, in these awful days, when every hour
 Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
 When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield †
 Whose light compelled each wondering foe to yield,
 With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
 And dazzles Europe into slavery,—
 That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
 When Mind should rule, and—Fox should *not* have died,
 All that devoted England can oppose
 To enemies made fiends, and friends made foes,
 Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
 Of that un pitying power whose whips and chains
 Made Ireland first, in wild, adulterous trance,
 Turn false to England's bed, and whore with France.
 Those hacked and tainted tools, so foully fit
 For the grand artizan of mischief, Pitt,
 So useless ever, but in vile employ,
 So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy !
 Such are the men that guard thy threatened shore !
 O England ! sinking England ! boast no more.

INTOLERANCE.

A SATIRE.

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."—Addison, *Freeholder*, No. 37.

* "And in the cup an *Union* shall be thrown."—*Hamlet*.

† The magician's shield in Ariosto :

"E tolto per virtù dello splendore
 La libertate a loro."—Canto 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Euripides, which that great man frequently repeated :—

Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρη τυραννίδος περι
 Καλλιστον ἀδικεῖν ἅλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεων.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

START not, my friend, nor think the muse will stain
 Her classic fingers with the dust profane
 Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thundering scrolls
 That took such freedom once with royal souls,
 When heaven was yet the pope's exclusive trade,
 And kings were *damned* as fast as now they're *made*.
 No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal chair *
 For fragrant treasures long forgotten there :
 And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
 That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
 Let sallow Perceval snuff up the gale
 Which wizard D—gen—n's gathered sweets exhale.
 Enough for me, whose heart has learned to scorn
 Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
 Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
 From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or kings,—
 Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
 As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
 As Canning vapours, or as France succeeds,
 As Hawkesbury prosés, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
 When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays
 So near a precipice that men the while
 Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
 If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
 To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
 Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
 While Gifford's tongue and M—sgr—ve's pen remain—
 If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
 To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
 Whose wrongs, though blazoned o'er the world they be,
 Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
 Oh ! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes
 My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
 Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
 Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
 Shall but exist all future knaves to warn,
 Embalmed in hate and canonized by scorn ;
 When Castlereagh, in sleep still more profound
 Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
 Shall wait the impeachment of that awful day
 Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away.

And oh ! my friend, wert thou but near me now,
 To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
 Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,

* The "*Stella Stercoraria*" of the popes. The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's "*Disquisitio Historica de Papâ Fœminâ*" (p. 118) ; and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the privy-council of Ireland.

E'en through the blood-marks left by Camden * there,—
 Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
 Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
 And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
 That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
 Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
 And seems by all but watchful France forgot—
 Thy heart would burn—yes, e'en thy Pittite heart
 Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
 Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
 And filled with social souls and vigorous arms,
 Should be the victim of that canting crew,
 So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too;
 Who, armed at once with prayer-books and with whips,
 Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
 Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
 Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next*!
 Your Redesdales, Percevals,—O gracious Heaven,
 If I'm presumptuous be my tongue forgiven,
 When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
 I'd rather have been born ere man was blest
 With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
 Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
 And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
 Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
 Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
 Which, binding policy in spiritual chains,
 And tainting piety with temporal stains,
 Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
 The knave and atheist's passport into both;
 Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
 Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
 Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
 And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here!
 But no—far other faith, far milder beams
 Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
 By the pure hands of all-atoning Love;
He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
 The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine;
 And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,
 Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
 That serves to swell the general harmony.

* Not the Camden who speaks thus of Ireland:—

“To wind up all, whether we regard the fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the sea with so many commodious havens, or the natives themselves, who are warlike, ingenious, handsome and well-complexioned, soft-skinned, and very nimble by reason of the plianthness of their muscles, this island is in many respects so happy that Giraldus might very well say, ‘Nature had regarded with more favourable eyes than ordinary this Kingdom of Zephyr.’”

Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
 That filled, O Fox ! thy peaceful soul with light ;
 While blandly spreading like that orb of air
 Which folds our planet in its circling care,
 The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
 Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
 Last of the great, farewell !—yet *not* the last—
 Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
 Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
 And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

THE following is part of a Preface which was intended by a friend and countryman of mine for a collection of Irish airs, to which he has adapted English words. As it has never been published, and is not inapplicable to my subject, I shall take the liberty of sub-joining it here.

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character ; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace ; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

————— Errando in quelli boschi
 Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,
 Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
 Che non se n' ha notizia le più volte.*

Hence is it that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration ; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields nothing to her but weeds and cypress. In truth, the poet who would embellish his songs with allusions to Irish names and events must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us ; and the only traits of heroism, indeed, which

* Ariosto, canto iv.

he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or perhaps with honour to his country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,* and our Briens deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said, indeed, that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality,—that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us?

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple with trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; "*lacrymis altaria sudant.*"†

There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here.—The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign, I believe, affords the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.‡ Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them; but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of

* See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.

† Statius, Thebaid. lib. xii.

‡ "A sort of civil excommunication," says Gibbon, "which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation. At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they had sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal ; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven.—Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.





JUVENILE POEMS.

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul—
No critic law, no chill control,
Should ever freeze, by timid art,
The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hovering like a snow-winged dove,
Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hailed me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my memory, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY, WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHEN, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here—

Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've traced for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But oh ! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity never melt with love ;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name ;

Tell him,—or, oh ! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest :
Ah ! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast ?—

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar ;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move ;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to LOVE !"

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS ———.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

——Ego pars.—*Virg.*

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal ;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have *remained in the wheel* ?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows ! were sufficient for *me* ;
For what could I do with the *whole* ?

INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
 When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
 She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
 But could I expect any more from a woman?

O woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
 And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
 When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
 And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
 He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
 But, oh! while he's blest, let him die on the minute—
 If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betrayed.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

CEASE the sighing fool to play;
 Cease to trifle life away;
 Nor vainly think those joys thine own
 Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
 What hours, Catullus, once were thine!
 How fairly seemed thy day to shine,
 When lightly thou didst fly to meet
 The girl who smiled so rosy sweet—
 The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
 Than e'er thy heart can feel again!
 You met—your souls seemed all in one—
 Sweet little sports were said and done—
 Thy heart was warm enough for both,
 And hers, indeed, was nothing loath.
 Such were the hours that once were thine:
 But, ah! those hours no longer shine!
 For now the nymph delights no more
 In what she loved so dear before;
 And all Catullus now can do
 Is to be proud and frigid too;
 Nor follow where the wanton flies,
 Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
 False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
 To love, and all love's misery.
 The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
 Nor will he court one favour more;
 But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
 Doomed to a lone and loveless bed.
 When none will seek the happy night,
 Or come to traffic in delight!

Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly?
 Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
 Who now will drink the siren tone
 Which tells him thou art all his own?
 Who now will court thy wild delights,
 Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
 Oh! none.—And he who loved before
 Can never, never love thee more!

TO JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
 Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
 The heart will seek its kindred heart,
 And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
 Is all our dream of rapture over?
 And does not Julia's bosom bleed
 To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may;
 Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting:
 But why is Julia's eye so gay,
 If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
 Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
 But can the bosom bleed with woe,
 While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide,
 Although your heart *were* fond of roving:
 Nor that, nor all the world beside,
 Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
 And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
 Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
 When life has lost its only blessing!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

IN vain we fondly strive to trace
 The soul's reflection in the face;
 In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
 Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
 Boobies have looked as wise and bright
 As Plato or the Stagirite:
 And many a sage and learned skull
 Has peeped through windows dark and dull!

Since then, though art do all it can,
 We ne'er can reach the inward man,
 Nor inward woman, from without,
 (Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt,)
 I think 'twere well if Nature could
 (And Nature could, if Nature would)
 Some pretty short descriptions write,
 In tablets large, in black and white,
 Which she might hang about our throttles,
 Like labels upon physic-bottles.
 There we might read of all—But stay—
 As learned dialectics say,
 The argument most apt and ample,
 For common use, is the example.
 For instance, then, if Nature's care
 Had not arranged those traits so fair,
 Which speak the soul of Lucy Lindon,
This is the label she'd have pinned on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
 The purest, brightest gem of mind !
 Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
 Upon its charms the shade of woe,
 The lustre of the gem, when veiled,
 Shall be but mellowed, not concealed.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
 That Nature wrote a second label ;
 They're her own words—at least suppose so—
 And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
 Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
 I had at hand but few ingredients,
 And so was forced to use expedients.
 I put therein some small discerning,
 A grain of sense, a grain of learning ;
 And when I saw the void behind,
 I filled it up with—froth and wind !

TO MRS. M——.

SWEET lady ! look not thus again :
 Those little pouting smiles recall
 A maid remembered now with pain,
 Who was my love, my life, my all !

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destined to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray.
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resigned
Will err again, and fly to thee!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believed.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air!
And must I say, my hopes were all deceived?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart!

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamoured sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace

To her lover's throbbing breast—
 Then he was divinely blest!
 Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
 Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
 And her harp neglected lies;
 And her boy forgotten sighs.
 Silent harp—forgotten lover—
 Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

—sine me sit nulla Venus.—*Sulpicia.*

OUR hearts, my love, were doomed to be
 The genuine twins of Sympathy:
 They live with one sensation:
 In joy or grief, but most in love,
 Our heart-strings musically move,
 And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
 Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
 When mine no more is moving!
 Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
 Were worse to thee than feeling none:
 Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
 Which melting beamed, like azure skies
 In dewy vernal weather—
 How often have I raptured read
 The burning glance, that silent said,
 "Now, love, *we feel together!*"

TO JULIA.

I SAW the peasant's hand unkind
 From yonder oak the ivy sever;
 They seemed in very being twined;
 Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widowed ivy shines:
 Torn from its dear and only stay,
 In drooping widowhood it pines,
 And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
 Till Fate disturbed their tender ties:
 Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
 While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit ! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh ! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.
But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery ;
Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me !
The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform :
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas ! that sullen storm.
Thou wert not formed for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky ;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear
We thought thou wert not formed to die !

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF
OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free ;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh ! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there* !

TO ROSA.

LIKE who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.
For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost ;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost !

TO ROSA.

OH ! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by a moment of bliss ?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dew of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!"—And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
O Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying still "Good night!"

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say—
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love! my soul! "Good night!"

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

O Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
 Some airy genius, child of time,
 Presided o'er each star that rolled,
 And tracked it through its path sublime ;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
 Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray ;
 Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
 Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
 And brighten in the solar gem ;
 I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
 Nor envy worlds of suns to them !

And, oh ! if airy shapes may steal
 To mingle with a mortal frame,
 Then, then, my love !—but drop the veil ;
 Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame !

No ! when that heart shall cease to beat,
 And when that breath at length is free ;
 Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
 And mingle to eternity !

ANACREONTIC.

— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.—*Tib.* lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
 Around the board its purple shower ;
 And while the drops my goblet steep,
 I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine !
 Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
 Weep on ; and, as thy sorrows flow,
 I'll taste the *luxury of woe* !

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul ! this goblet sip,
 'Twill chase that pensive tear ;
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But, oh ! 'tis more sincere.
 Like her delusive beam,
 'Twill steal away thy mind ;
 But, like Affection's dream,
 It leaves no sting behind !

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade ;
 These flowers were culled at noon ;—
 Like woman's love the rose will fade,
 But, ah ! not half so soon !

For though the flower's decayed,
 Its fragrance is not o'er ;
 But once when love's betrayed,
 The heart can bloom no more !

CHARITY.

"Neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more !" *St. John, chap. viii.*

O WOMAN ! if by simple wile
 Thy soul has strayed from honour's track,
 'Tis mercy only can beguile,
 By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
 Washed by thy tears, may yet decay ;
 As clouds that sully morning skies
 May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
 The tongues of men may wound thee sore ;
 But Heaven in pity can forgive,
 And bids thee "go, and sin no more !"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
Secundus, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
 Still a wayward truant prove :
 Where I love, I must not marry ;
 Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
 With the least presuming mind :
 Learned without affectation ;
 Not deceitful, yet refined ;

Wise enough, but never rigid ;
 Gay, but not too lightly free ;
 Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid ;
 Warm, yet satisfied with me :

Were she all this ten times over,
 All that Heaven to earth allows,
 I should be too much her lover
 Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving ;
 Summer garments suit him best ;
 Bliss itself is not worth having,
 If we're by compulsion blest.

TO MISS ———.

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
 And in thy breath his pinion dips,
 Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
 And faints upon thy sighing lips :

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
 That used to shade thy looks of light ;
 And why those eyes their vigil keep,
 When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—" Her angel breast
 Has never throbbed with guilty sting ;
 Her bosom is the sweetest nest
 Where Slumber could repose his wing !"

And I will say—" Her cheeks of flame,
 Which glow like roses in the sun,
 Have never felt a blush of shame,
 Except for what her eyes have done !

" Then tell me, why, thou child of air !
 Does slumber from her eyelids rove ?
 What is her heart's impassioned care ?—
 Perhaps, O sylph ! perhaps 'tis *love* !"

NONSENSE.

GOOD reader ! if you e'er have seen,
 When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
 The mermaids, with their tresses green,
 Dancing upon the western billow :
 If you have seen, at twilight dim,
 When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
 Floats wild along the winding shore :
 If you have seen, through mist of eve,
 The fairy train their ringlets weave,
 Glancing along the spangled green :—
 If you have seen all this, and more,
 God bless me ! what a deal you've seen !

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN Time was entwining the garland of years
 Which to crown my beloved was given,
 Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
 Yet the flowers were all gathered in heaven !

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
 May its verdure for ever be new !
 Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
 And Pity shall nurse it with dew !

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.—*Past Fid.*

AND are you then a thing of art,
 Seducing all, and loving none ;
 And have I strove to gain a heart
 Which every coxcomb thinks his own ?

And do you (like the dotard's fire,
 Which, powerless of enjoying any,
 Feeds its abortive sick desire,
 By trifling impotent with many)

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
 And through a round of dangles run,
 Because your heart's insipid slumber
 Could never wake to *feel* for one ?

Tell me at once if this be true,
 And I shall calm my jealous breast ;
 Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
 And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
 Oh ! if another share that heart,
 Tell not the damning tale to me,
 But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell
 Than find you to be all divine,
 And know that heart could love so well,
 Yet know that heart would *not* be mine !

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
 That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
 "What ! love no more ? Oh ! why this altered vow ?"
 Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now* !

TO MRS. —.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon lèvres étoit lors tout entière,
 Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre étoit ;
 Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
 Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrestoit.—*Voit.*

How heavenly was the poet's doom
 To breathe his spirit through a kiss ;

And lose within so sweet a tomb
 The trembling messenger of bliss !
 And ah ! his soul returned to feel
 That it *again* could ravished be ;
 For, in the kiss that thou didst steal,
 His life and soul have fled to thee !

TO A LADY.

ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
 Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love
 Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
 When listening to the spheres above !
 When, tired of life and misery,
 I wish to sigh my latest breath,
 O Emma ! I will fly to thee,
 And thou shalt sing me into death !
 And if along thy lip and cheek
 That smile of heavenly softness play,
 Which—ah ! forgive a mind that's weak—
 So oft has stolen my mind away ;
 Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
 That comes to charm me into bliss :
 I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
 If death were half so sweet as this ?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
 On Cupid's burning shrine :
 I thought he stole thy heart away,
 And placed it near to mine.
 I saw thy heart begin to melt,
 Like ice before the sun ;
 Till both a glow congenial felt,
 And mingled into one !

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES ;"

In which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
 Who hails thee, emblem of himself !
 The book of life, which I have traced,
 Has been, like thee, a motley waste

Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
 One folly bringing hundreds more.
 Some have indeed been writ so neat,
 In characters so fair, so sweet,
 That those who judge not too severely
 Have said they loved such follies dearly!
 Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
 For these were penned by *female* hands:
 The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
 Have all been scribbled so uncouth
 That Prudence, with a withering look,
 Disdainful flings away the book.
 Like thine, its pages here and there
 Have oft been stained with blots of care;
 And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
 Upon some fairer leaves have shown
 White as the snowings of that heaven
 By which those hours of peace were given.
 But now no longer—such, oh! such
 The blast of Disappointment's touch!—
 No longer now those hours appear;
 Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
 Blank, blank, is every page with care,
 Not e'en a folly brightens there.
 Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
 Then *shut the book*, O God! for ever!

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
 And chilly was the midnight gloom,
 When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
 Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gushed, the wintry air
 Congealed it as it flowed away:
 All night it lay an ice-drop there,
 At morn it glittered in the ray!

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem
 To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
 And hung it on her diadem!

TO JULIA, WEEPING.

OH! if your tears are given to care,
 If real woe disturbs your peace,
 Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
 And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's visioned fears,
With dreams of woe, your bosom thrill,
You look so lovely in your tears
That I must bid you drop them still !

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye ?
Have you not marked the flush fear,
Or caught the murmured sigh ?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fixed on you alone ?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true ;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try ;
Alas ! I know but *one* proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die !

THE SHIELD.

OH ! did you not hear a voice of death ?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm ?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night ?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light ?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast ;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past !

See ! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath !
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death !

That shield is blushing with murderous stains ;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray ;
It is blown by storms and washed by rains,
But neither can take the blood away !

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
 Demons dance to the red moon's light;
 While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
 Sings to the raving spirit of night!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA, ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart;
 Though every day I've counted o'er
 Has brought a new and quickening smart
 To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
 Of many a link by nature tied;
 Though hope deceived, and pleasure left;
 Though friends betrayed, and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
 After the sunset of delight;
 So like the star which ushers day
 We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hoped that, after all its strife,
 My weary heart at length should rest.
 And, fainting from the waves of life,
 Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
 Was bright with honour's purest ray;
 He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
 Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stayed, have lingered here,
 To calm his Julia's every woe;
 He should have chased each bitter tear,
 And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
 In blooms of genius, nursed by taste;
 While Science, with a fostering hand,
 Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual-opening mind
 Enriched by all the graces dear;
 Enlightened, social, and refined,
 In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well;
 Such were the hopes that fate denied—
 We loved, but ah! we could not tell
 How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowerets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

THE KISS.

GROW to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fevered breast;
And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,

Oh! let her all impassioned sink,
 In sweet abandonment resigned,
 Blushing for all our struggles past,
 And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

TO ———.

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
 Since both are anxious to be free;
 And I will send you home your heart,
 If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
 But joy must often change its wing;
 And spring would be but gloomy weather,
 If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
 A more devoted, fond, and true one,
 With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
 Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
 Where we have loitered long in bliss;
 And you may down *that* pathway rove,
 While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffered little harm
 In this short fever of desire;
 You have not lost a single charm,
 Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stained the rose
 Which Nature hung upon your lip;
 And still your sigh with nectar flows
 For many a raptured soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
 Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
 'Twill be my luxury to compare
 Her spells with your remembered charms

"This cheek," I'll say, "is not so bright
 As one that used to meet my kiss;
 This eye has not such liquid light
 As one that used to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
 Shall claim the heart which I resign,
 And in exulting joys discover
 All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
 If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
 You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
 He loves not half so well as I!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest,
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity !

A CHALLENGE.

COME, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.
Oh ! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye !
And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes !
Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true ;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh ! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do !

SONG.

IF I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo !
Those babies that nestle so sly
Such different arrows have got
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours may be off in a shot !
Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose !
Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there !
And I'd make a new vow every hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air !

But clear up that heaven of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather ;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together !

TO ———.

REMEMBER him thou leavest behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.
Oh ! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seemed my soul to share ;
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.
E'en she, my muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warmed ;
'Twas young Desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion formed.
But thou—ah ! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved !
Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known ;
But, ah ! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own ?
Oh ! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest ! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy !
That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prisoned now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.
Still, my beloved ! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leavest behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee !
And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care ;
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.
No, no ! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love !

SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy ! to me,
 Thou'lt never find any sincerer ;
 I'll give up the world, O Bessy ! for thee,
 I can never meet any that's dearer !
 Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
 That our loves will be censured by many ;
 All, all have their follies, and who will deny
 That ours is the sweetest of any ?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
 Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?—
 Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet?—
 No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it !
 So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
 So little of guilt is there in it,
 That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
 And I'd kiss them away in a minute !

Then come to your lover, oh ! fly to his shed,
 From a world which I know thou despisest ;
 And slumber will hover as light on our bed
 As e'er on the couch of the wisest !
 And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
 And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
 I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
 'Tis only our lullaby, dearest !

And oh ! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,
 Looking back on the scene of our errors,
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
 And Death be disarmed of his terrors !
 And each to the other embracing will say,
 " Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiven ! "
 Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
 And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

SONG.

THINK on that look of humid ray
 Which for a moment mixed with mine,
 And for that moment seemed to say,
 " I dare not, or I would be thine ! "

Think, think on every smile and glance,
 On all thou hast to charm and move,
 And then forgive my bosom's trance,
 And tell me 'tis not sin to love !

On ! *not* to love thee were the sin ;
 For sure if Heaven's decrees be done,
 Thou, thou art destined still to win,
 As I was destined to be won !

SONG.

WHERE is the nymph whose azure eye
 Can shine through rapture's tear!
 The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
 And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill—
 Her voice upon the gale?—
 No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
 O maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wandered far,
 'Tis past the promised hour;
 Come to me, love, the twilight star
 Shall guide thee to my bower.

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
 Shall feel the wintry air,
 Remembrance will recall the hour
 When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
 I drink to Love and thee:
 Thou never canst decay in soul,
 Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
 Which on my cheek they find,
 So hope shall steal away the trace
 Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
 When love shall lose its soul,
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,
 They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
 Our loving life shall fleet ;
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
 The draught will still be sweet !

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom !
 Our joys shall always last ;
 For hope will brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past !

THE SHRINE.

TO ———.

My fates had destined me to rove
 A long, long pilgrimage of love ;
 And many an altar on my way
 Has lured my pious steps to stay ;
 For, if the saint was young and fair
 I turned and sung my vespers there.
 This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
 Is what your pretty saints require :
 To pass, nor tell a single bead,
 With them would be *profane indeed* !
 But trust me, all this young devotion
 Was but to keep my zeal in motion ;
 And, every *humbler altar* past,
 I now have reached THE SHRINE at last !

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
 Has long been remembered with awe and dismay !
 For years not a sunbeam had played in its halls,
 And it seemed as shut out from the regions of day ;

Though the valleys were brightened by many a beam,
 Yet none could the woods of the castle illumine ;
 And the lightning, which flashed on the neighbouring stream,
 Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom !

"Oh ! when shall this horrible darkness disperse ?"
 Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave :—
 "It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
 "Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave !"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then ?
 Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age ?
 For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
 Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"—
"Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated, "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wiped, while she listened, the tears from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg basked in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air,
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
And she looked at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glittered high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margin reclined,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When,—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decayed,
And his helmet of silver was washed by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?—
 Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam ;
 'Twas Reuben, but ah ! he was deathly and cold,
 And fled away like the spell of a dream !

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
 From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah ! never !
 Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
 And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever !

THE RING.

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.—*Ovid. Amor. lib. ii. eleg. 15.*

THE happy day at length arrived
 When Rupert was to wed
 The fairest maid in Saxony,
 And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
 The feast and sports began ;
 The men admired the happy maid,
 The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
 The day was passed along ;
 And some the featly dance amused,
 And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
 Disported through the bowers,
 And decked her robe, and crowned her head
 With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
 Within the castle walls,
 Sat listening to the choral strains
 That echoed through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repaired
 Unto a spacious court,
 To strike the bounding tennis-ball
 In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
 The wedding-ring so bright
 Which was to grace the lily hand
 Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
 Or lose it in the play,
 He looked around the court, to see
 Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been ;
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit ;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fastened it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went ;
But, oh ! how was he shocked to find
The marble finger bent !

The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp ;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp !

How sore surprised was Rupert's mind —
As well his mind might be ;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring ;
And much he wondered what could mean
So very strange a thing !

The feast was o'er, and to the court,
He went without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away !

But mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more ;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasped,
And open as before !

He searched the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore-bewildered mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew ;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has joined their hands,
The hours of love advance !
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-opened by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose !

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold !

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcass found ;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then returned,
But found the phantom still ;
In vain he shrunk, it clipped him round,
With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthly lips
A kiss of horror gave ;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave !

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou criedst to thy wife,
"Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel ! my life !"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She looked around in vain ;
And much she mourned the mad conceit
That racked her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came ;
(O God ! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame !)

"Husband ! husband ! I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me ;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee !"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strained him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died !

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows ;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear :
Ah ! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear !

At length the second night arrived,
Again their couch they pressed ;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And looked for love and rest.

But, oh ! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strained him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

“Husband ! husband ! I've the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me ;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed
As I am wed to thee !”

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed ;
And thus to his bewildered wife
The trembling Rupert said :

“O Isabel ! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss
And keeps me from my dear ?”

“No, no, my love ! my Rupert,
No shape of horrors see ;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me !”

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors passed away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believed
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and asked him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray;
And having prayed for half an hour,
Returned, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see.

Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
In strange disordered crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And one that's high above the rest,
Terrific towering o'er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
They'll soon be understood;
Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
I've scrawled them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disordered crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walked a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death ;
Whene'er he breathed, a sulphured smoke
Came burning in his breath !

He seemed the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er ;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who looked and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawled name,
His eyes with fury shine ;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
But he must soon be mine !"

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whispered in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breathed of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice
Which he remembered well :

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me ;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
No longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble passed,
He home returned again ;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ———

Written in Ireland.

OF all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night
Which could disturb our soul's communion!
Abandoned thus to dear delight,
We'll e'en for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever!

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doomed to lose 'em!
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
 Wherever fate may cast your rover;
 He'll think of those he left behind,
 And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
 Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
 And may the birth of her we love
 Be thus with joy remembered ever!

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
 To rove through Erudition's bowers,
 And cull the golden fruits of truth,
 And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
 To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
 And pay them back in sums of bliss
 The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
 With this idea toil is lighter;
 This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
 And makes the flowers of Fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
 May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
 If indolence or siren joy
 Should ever tempt that soul to wander;

'Twill tell thee that the wingèd day
 Can ne'er be chained by man's endeavour;
 • That life and time shall fade away,
 While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.—Juv.

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,
 Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
 How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
 Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
 Those borrowed splendours, whose contrasting light
 Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
 Where are the arts by which that glory grew?

The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
 Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
 Where is the heart by chymic truth refined,
 The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
 Where are the links that twined, with heavenly art,
 His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
 Where is the tongue that scattered words of fire?
 The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
 Do these descend with all that tide of fame
 Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

.

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis
 relinquitur spes.—*Livy*.

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
 Approved by Heaven, ordained by Nature's laws,
 Where justice flies the herald of our way,
 And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
 To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
 And urgent as the tongue of heaven within
 When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
 An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
 Along the heart's responding string should run,
 Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

—————

SONG.

MARY, I believed thee true,
 And I was blest in thus believing;
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew
 A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,—
 Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
 And few have e'er deceived like thee,
 Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
 For see, distracting woman! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
 Fare thee well!

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky?
 'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
 Why is red the rose's dye?
 Because it is thy blushes' hue.
 All that's fair, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

 Why is falling snow so white,
 But to be like thy bosom fair?
 Why are solar beams so bright?
 That they may seem thy golden hair!
 All that's bright, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

 Why are Nature's beauties felt?
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
 Why has music power to melt?
 Oh! because it speaks like thee.
 All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

MORALITY, A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. ATKINSON, ESQ., M.R.I.A.

THOUGH long at school and college dozing,
 On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
 And copying from their moral pages
 Fine recipes for forming sages;
 Though long with those divines at school
 Who think to make us good by rule;
 Who, in methodic forms advancing,
 Teaching morality like dancing,
 Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
 What *steps* we are through life to take:
 Though thus, my friend, so long employed,
 And so much midnight oil destroyed,
 I must confess, my searches past,
 I only learned *to doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
 Have differed in all climes and ages,
 And two in fifty scarce agree
 On what is pure morality!
 'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
 And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
 As modes of being great and wise,
 That we should cease to own or know
 The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide !"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man ;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind ;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flowers* were ravished too !

Now listen to the wily strains
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
(When Pleasure, nymph with loosened zone,
Usurped the philosophic throne)—
Hear what the courtly sage's * tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung :

"Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore
But to make Pleasure please us more !
Wisdom and she were both designed
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage when most enjoying !"

Is this morality ?—Oh, no !
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay ;
No, no ! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies !

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality !
Some cry out Venus, others Jove ;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love !
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder ;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term ;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science ;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,

* Aristippus.

Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
 His tutor whispering in his breast :
 Nor could he act a purer part,
 Though he had Tully all by heart ;
 And when he drops the tear on woe.
 He little knows or cares to know
 That Epictetus blamed that tear,
 By Heaven approved, to virtue dear !

Oh ! when I've seen the morning beam
 Floating within the dimpled stream ;
 While Nature, wakening from the night,
 Has just put on her robes of light,
 Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
 Explored the *doctrine* of those rays ?
 No, pedants, I have left to you
 Nicely to separate hue from hue :
 Go, give that moment up to art
 When Heaven and Nature claim the heart ;
 And, dull to all their best attraction,
 Go—measure *angles* of *refraction* !
 While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
 Look on each day-beam as a glance
 From the great eye of Him above,
 Wakening his world with looks of love !

THE NATAL GENIUS, A DREAM.

TO ———, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
 I dreamed I was the airy sprite
 That on thy natal moment smiled ;
 And thought I wafted on my wing
 Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
 To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
 Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
 Which was to bloom through all thy years ;
 Nor yet did I forget to bind
 Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
 And dewed by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
 Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
 Bade me to Nona's image pay—
 Oh ! were I, love, thus doomed to be
 Thy little guardian deity,
 How blest around thy steps I'd play !

Thy life should softly steal along,
 Calm as some lonely shepherd's song

That's heard at distance in the grove ;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be sunshine, peace, and love !

The wing of Time should never brush
Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
To bid its roses withering die ;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
That flashes from my Nona's eye !





EPISTLES, ODES, ETC.

PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time which my plan of return to Europe afforded me in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans suggested the Epistles which are written from the City of Washington and Lake Érie. How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the Government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the Elysian Atlantis where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "*intentata nites.*" Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is

a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse ; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance ; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride, of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince ; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms, as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic ; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions : they should be shown but to the eye of friendship in that dim light of privacy which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES.

By Moonlight.

SWEET Moon ! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare

To make thy disk its ample page,
 And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;
 How many a friend, whose careless eye
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
 Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
 The recollection, kind and sweet,
 The reveries of fond regret,
 The promise never to forget,
 And all my heart and soul would send
 To many a dear-loved, distant friend !

O Strangford ! when we parted last,
 I little thought the times were past,
 For ever past, when brilliant joy
 Was all my vacant heart's employ :
 When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
 We thought the rapid hours too few,
 Our only use for knowledge then

To turn to rapture all we knew !
 Delicious days of whim and soul !
 When, mingling lore and laugh together,
 We learned the book on pleasure's bowl,
 And turned the leaf with folly's feather !
 I little thought that all were fled,
 That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
 My eye should see the sail unfurled
 That wafts me to the western world !
 And yet 'twas time.—In youthful days,
 To cool the season's burning rays,
 The heart may let its wanton wing
 Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
 But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
 The spring will dry, the heart will freeze !
 And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
 Oh ! she awaked such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter hopes could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wanderer more !

Even now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep !
 Oh ! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here !
 The sea is like a silvery lake,

And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides !
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,*
Where dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form !

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower ;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh ! I should have full many a tale
To tell of young Azorian maids.

Dear Strangford ! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine !
Oh ! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own !

But, hark !—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell :
Eight bells :—the middle watch is set ;
Good night, my Strangford !—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one whose heart remembers thee !

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' ἔμος
. . . . με προσφωνει ταδε'
Γινωσκε ταυθρωπεια μη σεβειν ἀγαν.
Æschyl. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of rest,
Still heaved, as remembering ills that were o'er !

* Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
 And the spirit becalmed but remembered their power,
 As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone
 My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
 When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
 Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure intellectual fire
 In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
 How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
 The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I prayed of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
 That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
 And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
 I might give back the gem I had borrowed from Him!

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
 Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
 As if, passion all chastened and error forgiven,
 My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I looked to the west, and the beautiful sky,
 Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
 "Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "can a heavenly eye
 Shed light on the soul that was darkened before!"

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard there was in ancient days
 A Lyre of most melodious spell;
 'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,
 If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas played on by the gentlest sighs,
 And to their breath it breathed again
 In such entrancing melodies
 As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
 So stilly could the notes prolong;
 They were not heavenly song so much
 As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart whose murmuring air
 Along the chords in languor stole,
 The soothings it awakened there
 Were eloquence from pity's soul!

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
 Was but the breath of fancied woes,
 The string, that felt its airy flight,
 Soon whispered it to kind repose!

And oh! when lovers talked alone,
If, mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echoed notes that heaven might hear!

There was a nymph who long had loved,
But dared not tell the world how well:
The shades where she at evening roved
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear one blest,
Whom love had given her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!

It chanced that, in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest shed,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their head.

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listened to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow.

And while the melting words she breathed
On all its echoes wantoned round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreathed,
Through golden mazes charmed the sound!

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranced they listening lay,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray!

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown
That other sighs unanswered stole,
Nor changed the sweet, the treasured tone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sighed;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
On every ear in murmurs died!

The fatal Lyre, by envy's hand
Hung high amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fanned
Betrayed the mystery of your loves!

Yet oh!—not many a suffering hour,
Thy cup of shame on earth was given;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven!

There as thy lover dries the tear
 Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
 Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
 The luckless Lyre's remembered songs !

Still do your happy souls attune
 The notes it learned, on earth, to move ;
 Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
 In sympathies of angel love !

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
 O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
 And give those scales, of silver white,
 So gaily to the eye of light,
 As if thy frame were formed to rise,
 And live amid the glorious skies ;
 Oh ! it has made me proudly feel
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul that scorns to rest
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,
 But takes the plume that God has given,
 And rises into light and heaven !

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,
 And sink into the waves again ;
 Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
 But erring man must blush to think,
 Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

O Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below ;
 But, when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there !

TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,
 When, lulled with innocence and you,

I heard, in home's beloved shade,
 The din the world at distance made ;
 When every night my weary head
 Sunk on its own unthornèd bed,
 And, mild as evening's matron hour
 Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
 A mother saw our eyelids close,
 And blessed them into pure repose !
 Then, haply if a week, a day,
 I lingered from your arms away,
 How long the little absence seemed !
 How bright the look of welcome beamed,
 As mute you heard, with eager smile,
 My tales of all that passed the while !
 Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
 Rolls wide between that home and me ;
 The moon may thrice be born and die
 Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye ;
 And oh ! e'en then, that darling seal
 (Upon whose print I used to feel
 The breath of home, the cordial air
 Of lovèd lips, still freshly there !)
 Must come, alas ! through every fate
 Of time and distance, cold and late,
 When the dear hand whose touches filled
 The leaf with sweetness may be chilled !
 But hence that gloomy thought ! at last,
 Belovèd Kate ! the waves are past :
 I tread on earth securely now,
 And the green cedar's living bough
 Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
 Than could a Claude's divinest dyes !
 At length I touch the happy sphere
 To liberty and virtue dear,
 Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
 His rank within the social frame,
 Sees a grand system round him roll,
 Himself its centre, sun and soul !
 Far from the shocks of Europe ; far
 From every wild, elliptic star
 That, shooting with a devious fire,
 Kindled by Heaven's avenging ire,
 So oft hath into chaos hurled
 The systems of the ancient world !

The warrior here, in arms no more,
 Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
 And glorying in the rights they won
 For hearth and altar, sire and son,
 Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
 His sleeping sword's remembered pride !
 While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,

Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
 Effacing with her splendid share
 The drops that war had sprinkled there !
 Thrice happy land ! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose !
 Hope sings along the yellow sand
 His welcome to a patriot land ;
 The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
 The stranger, in its world of leaves,
 Which soon their barren glory yield
 To the warm shed and cultured field ;
 And he who came of all bereft,
 To whom malignant fate had left
 Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
 Finds home and friends and country here !

Such is the picture, warmly such,
 That long the spell of fancy's touch
 Hath painted to my sanguine eye
 Of man's new world of liberty !
 Oh ! ask me not if truth will seal
 The reveries of fancy's zeal,
 If yet my charmed eyes behold
 These features of an age of gold—
 No—yet, alas ! no gleaming trace !
 Never did youth who loved a face
 From portrait's rosy flattering art
 Recoil with more regret of heart,
 To find an owlet eye of gray,
 Where painting poured the sapphire's ray,
 Than I have felt, indignant felt,
 To think the glorious dreams should melt
 Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
 Have rapt me to this wondrous clime !
 But, courage ! yet, my wavering heart !
 Blame not the temple's meanest part,*
 Till you have traced the fabric o'er :—
 As yet, we have beheld no more
 Than just the porch to freedom's fane,
 And, though a sable drop may stain
 The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
 To doubt there's holiness within !
 So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
 To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate

* Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived, the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

Can claim more interest in my soul
 Than all the Powers from pole to pole)
 One word at parting; in the tone
 Most sweet to you, and most my own.
 The simple notes I send you here,*
 Though rude and wild, would still be dear,
 If you but knew the trance of thought
 In which my mind their murmurs caught.
 'Twas one of those enchanting dreams
 That lull me oft, when music seems
 To pour the soul in sound along,
 And turn its every sigh to song!
 I thought of home, the according lays
 Respired the breath of happier days;
 Warmly in every rising note
 I felt some dear remembrance float,
 Till, led by music's fairy chain,
 I wandered back to home again!
 Oh! love the song, and let it oft
 Live on your lip, in warble soft!
 Say that it tells you, simply well,
 All I have bid its murmurs tell,
 Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
 The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
 And all the heart's illusive hoard
 Of love renewed and friends restored!
 Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air,
 And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast
 To send you from Columbia's coast;
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,
 Shall light me to my destined isle,†
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
 In which the gentle spirit drew
 From honey flowers the morning dew!

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE,

CONCEALED within the shady wood
 A mother left her sleeping child,
 And flew to cull her rustic food,
 The fruitage of the forest wild.
 But storms upon her pathway rise,
 The mother roams, astray and weeping;
 Far from the weak appealing cries
 Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

* A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this epistle.

† Bermuda.

She hopes, she fears ; a light is seen,
 And gentler blows the night wind's breath ;
 Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
 The baby may be chilled to death !

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
 Dim by death's eternal chill—
 And yet, perhaps, they are not faded ;
 Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul, with parting sigh,
 Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
 And, timid, asked that speaking eye,
 If parting pained thee half so much :

I thought, and oh forgive the thought !
 For who, by eyes like thine inspired,
 Could e'er resist the flattering fault
 Of fancying what his soul desired ?

Yes—I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
 Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
 I left one infant wish behind,
 One feeling, which I called my own !

Oh blest ! though but in fancy blest,
 How did I ask of pity's care
 To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
 The nursling I had cradled there.

And many an hour beguiled by pleasure,
 And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
 I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure
 I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chilled it,
 Haply, it yet a throb may give—
 Yet no—perhaps a doubt has killed it !
 O Cara !—*does* the infant live ?

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
 We sighed to think it thus should take
 The hours it gave us—hours as dear
 As sympathy and love could make
 Their blessed moments ! every sun
 Saw us, my love, more closely one !

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
 Which came another year to shed,

The smile we caught from eye to eye
 Told us those moments were not fled ;
 Oh, no!—we felt some future sun
 Should see us still more closely one!
 Thus may we ever, side by side,
 From happy years to happier glide ;
 And still, my Cara, may the sigh
 We give to hours that vanish o'er us
 Be followed by the smiling eye
 That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
 That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
 Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
 That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms ;
 That, in short, you're a woman ; your lip and your breast
 As mortal as ever were tasted or pressed !
 But I will not believe them—no, science ! to you
 I have long bid a last and a careless adieu :
 Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
 And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
 You forget how superior, for mortals below,
 Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
 Oh ! who that has ever had rapture complete
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet ;
 How rays are confused, or how particles fly
 Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh ?
 Is there one who but once would not rather have known it
 Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it ?
 No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
 I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
 By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
 When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
 And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
 Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue !
 Oh ! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
 Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone ;
 Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
 His song to the world let him utter unseen,
 And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
 Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears !
 Sweet spirit of mystery ! how I should love,
 In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
 To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
 Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh !
 'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
 I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
 And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
 To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh ! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
 We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
 As sweet as, of old, was imagined to dwell
 In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
 And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
 When the heart is weighed down and the eyelid is light,
 You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
 Such as angel to angel might whisper above !
 O spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
 Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
 The voice of the one upon earth who has twined
 With her essence for ever my heart and my mind !
 Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
 An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
 Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
 I will think at that moment my Cara is near,
 That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
 And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
 And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
 For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh !

Sweet spirit ! if such be your magical power,
 It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour ;
 And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
 Hope, fancy, and Cara, may smile for me still !

PEACE AND GLORY.

WHERE is now the smile that lightened
 Every hero's couch of rest?
 Where is now the hope that brightened
 Honour's eye and pity's breast?
 Have we lost the wreath we braided
 For our weary warrior men?
 Is the faithless olive faded?
 Must the bay be plucked again?

Passing hour of sunny weather,
 Lovely, in your light awhile,
 Peace and Glory, wed together,
 Wandered through the blessed isle.
 And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
 Dewy as a morning sun,
 When the timid maid would listen
 To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
 Must the maiden's trembling feet
 Waft her from her warlike lover
 To the desert's still retreat?
 Fare you well ! with sighs we banish
 Nymph so fair and guest so bright;

Yet the smile with which you vanish
Leaves behind a soothing light !

Soothing light ! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle
Shedding hope's consoling ray !
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you !

TO — —, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcomed with a tear !
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remembered oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguiled,
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow !
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart ;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary ! oh, believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way !
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be
For ever to remember thee !
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still !
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way !
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And Love shall lend his sweetest care.
With memory to embalm it there !

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh thy lips of art
 In passion's moment breathed to me;
 Yet no—it must not, will not part;
 'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
 And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
 With all the warmth of truth impressed:
 Yet no—the fatal kiss may lie,
 Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
 Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
 My heart received, I thought, from thine;
 Yet no—allow them still to stay,—
 They might some other heart betray
 As sweetly as they've ruined mine!

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Written at Norfolk, in Virginia.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

—Anon.

La Poésie a ses monstres comme la Nature.—*D'Alembert*.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true;
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
 Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
 When the footstep of Death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds
 And man never trode before!

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
 And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 "Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface played—
 "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light !"
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
 The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from shore ;
 Far he followed the meteor spark,
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe !

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGALL.

From Bermuda, January 1804.

LADY ! where'er you roam, whatever beam
 Of bright creation warms your mimic dream ;
 Whether you trace the valley's golden meads
 Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads :*
 Enamoured catch the mellow hues that sleep,
 At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep ;
 Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
 Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine†
 Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
 Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains ;
 Oh ! lay the pencil for a moment by,
 Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
 And let its splendour, like the morning ray
 Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay !

* Lady D., I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

† The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

Yet, Lady, no !—for song so rude as mine,
 Chase not the wonders of your dream divine ;
 Still, radiant eye ! upon the tablet dwell ;
 Still, rosy finger ! weave your pictured spell ;
 And, while I sing the animated smiles
 Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
 Oh ! might the song awake some bright design,
 Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
 Proud were my soul to see its humble thought
 On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
 And wondering Genius, as he leaned to trace
 The faint conception kindling into grace,
 Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
 And bless the lay that lent a charm to you !

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, strayed
 To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade
 Which bards of old, with kindly magic, placed
 For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste ?
 There as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
 Breathed from elysium through each shadowy form
 In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
 They charmed their lapse of nightless hours along !
 Nor yet in song that mortal ear may suit,
 For every spirit was itself a lute,
 Where virtue wakened, with elysian breeze,
 Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies !
 Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
 Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
 These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
 Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone ;
 Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
 To blessed harbours o'er the western wave
 Could wake a dream more soothing or sublime
 Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime !

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
 When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
 Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
 The fairy harbour wooed us to its arms.*
 Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
 Through plantain shades that like an awning twined,
 And kissed on either side the wanton sails,
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales ;
 While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 Each wooded island shed so soft a green

* Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, form all together the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

That the enamoured keel, with whispering play,
 Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its way !
 Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
 Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
 Brightened the wave ; in every myrtle grove,
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
 Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade ;
 And, while the foliage interposing played,
 Wreathing the structure into various grace,
 Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,*
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
 Lighted me back to all the glorious days
 Of Attic genius ; and I seemed to gaze
 On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
 Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being ! † who, in brighter hours,
 Lived on the perfume of these honeyed bowers,
 In velvet buds, at evening, loved to lie,
 And win with music every rose's sigh !
 Though weak the magic of my humble strain
 To charm your spirit from its orb again,
 Yet oh ! for her beneath whose smile I sing,
 For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
 Were dimmed or ruffled by a wintry sky,
 Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
 A moment wander from your starry sphere,
 And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
 The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
 The sparkling grotto, can delight you still,
 Oh ! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
 Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
 And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
 Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes ;
 Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
 And brightly show what song but faintly tells !

* This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly ; but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

† Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's "Tempest," and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum.

Cicero. de Nat. Deor. lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
 In many a hollow winding wreathed,
 Such as of old
 Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breathed ;
 This magic shell
 From the white bosom of a Siren fell,
 As once she wandered by the tide that laves
 Sicilia's sands of gold.
 It bears,
 Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
 Of those entrancing airs
 The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
 When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music rolled !

Oh ! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats ;
 And, if the power
 Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
 Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
 And I will fold thee in such downy dreams
 As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
 When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear !
 And thou shalt own
 That, through the circle of creation's zone,
 Where matter darkles or where spirit beams ;
 From the pellucid tides that whirl
 The planets through their maze of song,
 To the small rill that weeps along
 Murmuring o'er beds of pearl ;
 From the rich sigh
 Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,
 To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
 On Afric's burning fields ;
 Oh ! thou shalt own this universe divine
 Is mine !
 That I respire in all and all in me,
 One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony !

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell !
 Many a star has ceased to burn,
 Many a tear has Saturn's urn
 O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
 Since thy ærial spell
 Hath in the waters slept !

I fly,
 With the bright treasure, to my choral sky,
 Where she who waked its early swell,

The Siren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,
Or guides around the burning pole
The wingèd chariot of some blissful soul !
While thou,
O son of earth ! what dreams shall rise for thee !
Beneath Hispania's sun
Thou'lt see a streamlet run
Which I have warmed with dews of melody ;
Listen !—when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it sighs !
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows !

There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such—mortal ! mortal ! hast thou heard of him
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,
Sat on the chill Pangæan mount,
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watched the first flowing of that sacred fount
From which his soul had drunk its fire !
Oh ! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast !
What pious ecstasy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power
Whose seal upon this world impressed
The various forms of bright divinity ?

Or dost thou know what dreams I wove
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber ?
When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of Nature's fountal number,
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy !
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
O mortal ! such shall be thy radiant dreams !

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.,

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.*

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

Κεῖνη δ' ἡνεμοεσσα καὶ ἀτροπος, οἷα θ' ἀλιπληξ,
 Αἰθυιῆς καὶ μαλλον ἐπιδρομος ἥπερ ἵπποις,
 Ποντῷ ἐνεστηρικται.

Callimach. Hymn. in Del. v. 11

OH what a tempest whirled us hither ! †
 Winds whose savage breath could wither
 All the light and languid flowers
 That bloom in Epicurus' bowers !
 Yet think not, George, that fancy's charm
 Forsook me in this rude alarm.
 When close they reefed the timid sail,
 When, every plank complaining loud,
 We laboured in the midnight gale,
 And e'en our haughty main-mast bowed !
 The muse, in that unlovely hour,
 Benignly brought her soothing power,
 And, midst the war of waves and wind,
 In songs elysian lapped my mind !
 She opened, with her golden key,
 The casket where my memory lays
 Those little gems of poesy
 Which time has saved from ancient days !
 Take one of these, to *Lais* sung ;
 I wrote it while my hammock swung,
 As one might write a dissertation
 Upon "suspended animation !"

SWEETLY you kiss, my *Lais* dear !
 But, while you kiss, I feel a tear,
 Bitter as those when lovers part,
 In mystery from your eyelid start !
 Sadly you lean your head to mine,
 And round my neck in silence twine,

* This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere ; but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality ; and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste of such Madeira still upon his lips, "*col dolce in bocca*," could sit down to write a libel on his host in the true spirit of a modern philosopher.—See the *Travels of the Duc de la Rochefoucault Liancourt*, vol. ii.

† We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind.

Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed !
Have I not kissed those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet !
Ah, Lais ! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last—go, false to heaven and me !
Your very tears are treachery.

Such, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio !
The muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.

But, bless the little fairy isle !
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills !
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health !

Oh ! could you view the scenery dear
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that Nature lavished here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in !
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sun-beam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep !

The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems !
Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
So pictured o'er the waters lie
That every languid bark appears
To fleet along a burning sky !

Oh ! for the boat the angel gave
 To him who, in his heavenward flight,
 Sailed, o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
 To planet-isles of odorous light !
 Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round !
 There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
 That pant around thy twilight car ;
 There angels dwell, so pure of form
 That each appears a living star !

These are the sprites, O radiant queen !
 Thou send'st so often to the bed
 Of her I love, with spell unseen,
 Thy plaret's brightening balm to shed ;
 To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
 To give the cheek one rosebud more,
 And bid that flushing lip be dearer
 Which had been oh ! too dear before !
 But, whither means the muse to roam ?
 'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
 Who could have ever thought to search her
 Up in the clouds with Father Kircher ?
 So, health and love to all your mansion !
 Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth and song your board illumine !
 Fare you well—remember too,
 When cups are flowing to the brim,
 That here is one who drinks to you,
 And oh !—as warmly drink to him.

THE RING.

TO ———. 1801.

No—Lady ! Lady ! keep the ring ;
 Oh ! think, how many a future year,
 Of placid smile and downy wing,
 May sleep within its holy sphere !
 Do not disturb their tranquil dream ;
 Though love hath ne'er the mystery warmed,
 Yet Heaven will shed a soothing beam,
 To bliss the bond itself hath formed.
 But then, that eye, that burning eye !
 Oh ! it doth ask, with magic power,
 If Heaven can ever bless the tie
 Where love inwreathes no genial flower !
 Away, away, bewildering look !
 Or all the boast of virtue's o'er ;
 Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
 And learn from him to feel no more !

I cannot warn thee ; every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much,
Oh ! quite as much, as thou dost mine !

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray !

Thou sayest that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal
O Lady ! think how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel !

When o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there :

The sympathy I then betrayed
Perhaps was but the child of art ;
The guile of one who long hath played
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh ! thou hast not my virgin vow ;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I live till now
With loveless heart or senses cold ?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain
For many a maid my soul hath proved ;
With some I wantoned wild and vain,
While some I truly, dearly loved !

The cheek to thine I fondly lay
To theirs hath been as fondly laid ;
The words to thee I warmly say
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart
Which long hath lost its early spring ;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh ! keep the ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again ;
What, still that look and still that sigh !
Dost thou not feel my counsel then ?
Oh ! no, beloved !—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee so !

Did we not love so true, so dear,
 This lapse could never be forgiven;
 But hearts so fond and lips so near—
 Give me the ring, and now—O heaven!

TO ———.

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

Μαργαριται δηλουσι δακρυων ροον.
Ap. Nicephor. in Oneirocritico.

PUT off the vestal veil, nor oh!
 Let weeping angels view it;
 Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
 And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
 The lucid pearls around it
 Are tears that fell from Virtue there,
 The hour that Love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

————— vo cercand' io
 Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
 La desiata vostra forma vera.
Petrarc, Sonett. 14.

YES, if 'twere any common love
 That led my pliant heart astray,
 I grant, there's not a power above
 Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But 'twas my doom to err with one
 In every look so like to thee
 That oh beneath the blessed sun
 So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
 She was thy lovely, perfect twin,
 And wore the only shape on earth,
 That could have charmed my soul to sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
 Were never half so like each other!
 The glances of the baby loves
 Resemble less their warm-eyed mother!

Her lip!—oh, call me not false-hearted,
 When such a lip I fondly pressed;
 'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
 Gave thee half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murmuring tone,
 They sued half-open to be kissed,
 I could as soon resist thine own,
 And them, Heaven knows, I ne'er resist,
 Then scorn me not, though false I be,
 'Twas love that waked the dear excess;
 My heart had been more true to thee,
 Had mine eye prized thy beauty less !

TO —————.

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
 I had many an exquisite minute ;
 But the scorn that I feel for you now
 Hath even more luxury in it !
 Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you ;
 To love you is pleasant enough,
 And oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
 And speak my Heliadora's name !
 Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
 And let the sound my lips adore,
 Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
 On every bowl's voluptuous brim !
 Give me the wreath that withers there ;
 It was but last delicious night
 It hung upon her wavy hair,
 And caught her eyes' reflected light !
 Oh ! haste, and twine it round my brow ;
 It breathes of Heliadora now !
 The loving rosebud drops a tear
 To see the nymph no longer here,
 No longer, where she used to lie,
 Close to my heart's devoted sigh !

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
 To light a lover to the pillow
 Of her he loves—
 The swell of yonder foaming billow
 Resembles not the happy sigh
 That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
 Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
 In this dark hour,
 Than when, in transport's young emotion,
 I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
 To Julia's bower.

Oh ! there's a holy calm profound
 In awe like this, that ne'er was given
 To rapture's thrill ;
 'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
 And the soul, listening to the sound,
 Lies mute and still !

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
 Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
 In the cold deep,
 Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
 No more shall wake the heart or eye,
 But all must sleep !

Well !—there are some, thou stormy bed,
 To whom thy sleep would be a treasure ;
 Oh ! most to him
 Whose lip hath drained life's cup of pleasure,
 Nor left one honey drop to shed
 Round misery's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death :
 Kind Heaven ! do Thou but chase the weeping
 Of friends who love him ;
 Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
 Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
 No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

Nea rupaρvet.—*Eurip. Medea*, v. 967.

NAY, tempt me not to love again.
 There was a time when love was sweet ;
 Dear Nea ! had I known thee then,
 Our souls had not been slow to meet !
 But oh ! this weary heart hath run,
 So many a time, the rounds of pain,
 Not even for thee, thou lovely one !
 Would I endure such pangs again.
 If there be climes where never yet
 The print of beauty's foot was set,
 Where man may pass his loveless nights,
 Unfevered by her false delights,
 Thither my wounded soul would fly,
 Where rosy cheek or radiant eye

Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,
Or fetter me to earth again !

Dear absent girl ! whose eyes of light,
Though little prized when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone !
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away !
O bloom of time profusely shed !
O moments ! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfumed
The flame which thus my life consumed ;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers
In which he led my victim-hours !

Say, Nea dear ! couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fixed than ever ?
No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast :
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last !

Nea ! the heart which she forsook
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh ! thou shalt be all else to me
That heart can feel or tongue can feign ;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,—
But must not, dare not love again.

ODES TO NEA.

Tale iter omne cave.—*Propert.* lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore
Where late we thoughtless strayed ;
'Twas not for us, whom Heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where, winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,

(As lovers steal to bliss)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss!

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but Nature's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wished and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
But all that passion ought!

I stooped to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleamed;
I raised it to your lips of dew,
You kissed the shell, I kissed it too—
Good heaven! how sweet it seemed!

Oh! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in!
Sweet Nea! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore;
Such walks will be our ruin!

You read it in my languid eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still!

Heard you the wish I dared to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance
You seemed to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
 That hallowed form with hand so free,
 When but to look was bliss too much,
 Too rare for all but heaven and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
 How fatal were the beams they threw,
 My trembling hands you lightly caught,
 And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turned,
 My soul forgot—nor oh! condemn
 That when such eyes before me burned,
 My soul forgot all eyes but them!

I dared to speak in sobs of bliss,
 Rapture of every thought bereft me;
 I would have clasped you—oh even this!—
 But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
 Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
 'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
 'Twas all the best and worst of man!

That moment, did the mingled eyes
 Of heaven and earth my madness view,
 I should have seen, through earth and skies,
 But you alone, but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
 Myriads of eyes to me were none;
 I should have—oh, my only love!
 My life! what should I *not* have done?

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turned the classic page,
 And traced that happy period over
 When love could warm the proudest sage,
 And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!
 Before I laid me down to sleep,
 Upon the bank awhile I stood,
 And saw the vestal planet weep
 Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
 And, as I watched the playful stream,
 Entangling in its net of smiles
 So fair a group of elfin isles,
 I felt as if the scenery there
 Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
 As if I breathed the blissful air
 That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now, the downy hand of rest
 Her signet on my eyes impressed,
 And still the bright and balmy spell,
 Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell !
 I thought that, all enrapt, I strayed
 Through that serene, luxurious shade,
 Where Epicurus taught the Loves
 To polish virtue's native brightness,
 Just as the beak of playful doves
 Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness !*

'Twas one of those delicious nights
 So common in the climes of Greece,
 When day withdraws but half its lights,
 And all is moonshine, balm, and peace !
 And thou wert there, my own beloved !
 And dearly by thy side I roved
 Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
 And many a bower's seductive bloom,
 Where beauty blushed and wisdom taught,
 Where lovers sighed and sages thought,
 Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
 And all was formed to soothe or move,
 To make the dullest love to learn,
 To make the coldest learn to love !
 And now the fairy pathway seemed
 To lead us through enchanted ground,
 Where all that bard has ever dreamed
 Of love or luxury bloomed around !
 Oh ! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene—
 Along the alley's deepening green
 Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
 And scented and illumed the bowers,
 Seemed as to him who darkling roves
 Amid the lone Hercynian groves
 Appear the countless birds of light
 That sparkle in the leaves at night,
 And from their wings diffuse a ray
 Along the traveller's weary way !
 'Twas light of that mysterious kind
 Through which the soul is doomed to roam
 When it has left this world behind,
 And gone to seek its heavenly home !
 And, Nea, thou didst look and move,
 Like any blooming soul of bliss
 That wanders to its home above
 Through mild and shadowy light like this !
 But now, methought, we stole along
 Through halls of more voluptuous glory

* This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. lib. vii. cap. 34.

Than ever lived in Teian song,
 Or wantoned in Milesian story!
 And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
 Seemed almost to exhale in sighs;
 Whose every little ringlet thrilled,
 As if with soul and passion filled!
 Some flew, with amber cups, around,
 Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,
 And, as they passed with youthful bound,
 The onyx shone beneath their feet!
 While others, waving arms of snow
 Entwined by snakes of burnished gold,
 And showing limbs, as loth to show,
 Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
 Glided along the festal ring,
 With vases, all respiring spring,
 Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
 And the young bee-grape, round them wreathing,
 Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
 Like curls upon a rosy cheek!
 O Nea! why did morning break
 The spell that so divinely bound me?
 Why did I wake? how *could* I wake,
 With thee my own and heaven around me!

WELL—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
 And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
 To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves
 Where nightly the ghost of the Caribee roves,
 And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
 Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
 Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
 May spring to eternity hallow the shade
 Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has strayed!
 And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
 Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy home,
 Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
 And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
 I have led thee along, and have told by the way
 What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
 Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
 And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

IF I were yonder wave, my dear,
 And thou the isle it clasps around,
 I would not let a foot come near
 My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced !

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there.
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air !

Oh ! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly that my soul could seek
Its Nea in the painted stream.

The painted stream my chilly grave
And nuptial bed at once may be ;
I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee !

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light !

O my beloved ! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
Thy blush on every floweret lies.

But then thy breath !—not all the fire
That lights the lone Semenda's death,
In eastern climes, could e'er respire
An odour like thy dulcet breath !

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee !

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone ;
Then take, oh ! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own !

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The lustre of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too !

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?

Propert. lib. i. eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An island of lovelier charms ;
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms !
 The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
 Their melody balm to the ear ;
 But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
 And the Snow-Spirit never comes here !

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
 Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
 And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
 As a murmur of thine on the soul !
 Oh ! fly to the clime where he pillows the death
 As he cradles the birth of the year ;
 Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
 But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here !

How sweet to behold him, when, borne on the gale,
 And brightening the bosom of morn,
 He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
 O'er the brow of each virginal thorn !
 Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
 Is the veil of a vestal severe ;
 No, no, thou wilt see what a moment it lasts,
 Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here !

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
 Should not melt in the daybeam like him !
 Oh ! lovely the print of those delicate feet
 O'er his luminous path will appear—
 Fly ! my beloved ! this island is sweet,
 But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here !

Ἐντανθα δε καθωρμισται ἡμιν, και ὁ, τι μεν ὄνομα τη νησω, οὐκ οἶδα
 χρυση δ' ἂν προς γε εμου ὄνομαζοιτο.

Philostrot. Icon. 17, lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
 While many a bending sea-grape* drank
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar
 That winged me round this fairy shore !

'Twas noon ; and every orange bud
 Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,

* The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh! for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!
A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steered my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me, where my soul should meet--
I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours
Which, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
O vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
'Twas Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanced around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seemed glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!

Was ever witchery half so sweet !
 Think, think how all my pulses beat,
 As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
 O you, that know the lover's soul,
 It is for you to dream the bliss,
 The tremblings of an hour like this !

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
 Within this simple ring of gold ;
 'Tis hallowed by the touch of them
 Who lived in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
 Upon her hand this gem displayed,
 Nor thought that Time's eternal lapse
 Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, darling, what a sweet design !
 The more we gaze, it charms the more :
 Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
 And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
 By some enamoured nymph embraced—
 Look, Nea love ! and say in sooth
 Is not her hand most dearly placed ?

Upon his curlèd head behind
 It seems in careless play to lie,
 Yet presses gently, half inclined
 To bring his lip of nectar nigh !

O happy maid ! too happy boy !
 The one so fond and faintly loth,
 The other yielding slow to joy—
 Oh rare indeed, but blissful both !

Imagine, love, that I am he,
 And just as warm as he is chilling ;
 Imagine, too, that thou art she,
 But quite as cold as she is willing :

So may we try the graceful way
 In which their gentle arms are twined,
 And thus, like her, my hand I lay
 Upon thy wreathèd hair behind :

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
 As slow to mine thy head I move ;
 And thus our lips together meet,
 And—thus I kiss thee—O my love !

. . . . λιβανοτω έικασεν, ότι απολλυμενον ευφραίνει.
Aristot. Rhetor. lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine
 My soul hath e'er forgot ;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
 Which I remember not !

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue
 Which did not, with a lingering spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,
 Like something heaven had sung !

Ah ! that I could, at once, forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl !—and yet,
 To die were sweeter than to let
 The loved remembrance go !

No ; if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
 Oh ! let it die, remembering thee,
 And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consumed in sweets away !

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

"THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
 One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
 To the kindest, the dearest—oh ! judge by the tear,
 That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear !"

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash tree,
 With a few who could feel and remember like me,
 The charm that to sweeten my goblet I threw
 Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you !

Oh ! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
 Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower,
 And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
 In blossoms of thought ever springing and new—
 Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
 Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
 Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
 And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there?

Last night, when we came from the calabash tree,
 When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
 The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
 Put the magical springs of my fancy in play ;

And oh ! such a vision as haunted me then
 I could slumber for ages to witness again !
 The many I like, and the few I adore,
 The friends who were dear and beloved before,
 But never till now so beloved and dear,
 At the call of my fancy surrounded me here !
 Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
 To a paradise brighten the blest little isle ;
 Serener the wave, as they looked on it, flowed,
 And warmer the rose, as they gathered it, glowed !
 Not the valleys Heræan (though watered by rills
 Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills
 Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,
 Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child)
 Could display such a bloom of delight as was given,
 By the magic of love, to this miniature heaven !

Oh, magic of love ! unembellished by you,
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue ?
 Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art
 Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart !

Alas ! that a vision so happy should fade !
 That, when morning around me in brilliancy played,
 The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
 Should still be before me, unfadingly bright ;
 While the friends, who had seemed to hang over the stream
 And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream !

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
 The bark that must carry these pages away *
 Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
 And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind !
 What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
 Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love !
 Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
 And the sound of those gales would be music to me !
 Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
 Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew,
 Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam,
 Of the wave that would carry your wanderer home !

LOVE AND REASON.

Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.
J. J. Rousseau.

'Twas in the summer-time, so sweet,
 When hearts and flowers are both in season,
 That—who, of all the world, should meet,
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

* A ship ready to sail for England.

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talked about the weather ;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalked,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthened shadow, as she walked.

No wonder Love, as on they passed,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cooled him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him !

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu !

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream ;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He culled the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smelled the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded !

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Looked blazing o'er the parchèd plains ;
Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrilled through all his veins !

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smiled—
Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now
To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning !

"Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said ;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fevered head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
 And soon it lulled his pulse to rest ;
 For ah ! the chill was quite too much,
 And Love expired on Reason's breast !

TO FANNY.

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear !
 While in these arms you lie,
 The world hath not a wish, a fear,
 That ought to claim one precious tear
 From that beloved eye !

The world !—ah, Fanny ! love must shun
 The path where many rove ;
 One bosom to recline upon,
 One heart, to be his only one,
 Are quite enough for love !

What can we wish, that is not here
 Between your arms and mine ?
 Is there, on earth, a space so dear
 As that within the blessed sphere
 Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet,
 Along your temples curled,
 Within whose glossy, tangling net,
 My soul doth not, at once, forget
 All, all the worthless world !

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love !
 My only worlds I see ;
 Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
 And earth below and skies above
 May frown or smile for me !

ASPASIA.

'TWAS in the fair Aspasia's bower,
 That Love and Learning, many an hour,
 In dalliance met, and Learning smiled
 With rapture on the playful child,
 Who wanton stole, to find his nest
 Within a fold of Learning's vest !

There, as the listening statesman hung
 In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
 The destinies of Athens took
 Their colour from Aspasia's look.

Oh happy time ! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was planned between two snowy arms !

Sweet times ! you could not always last—
And yet, oh ! yet, you *are* not past ;
Though we have lost the sacred mould
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies !

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say
That beauty's charm hath passed away ;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill
To wield a universe at will !

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM

OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.*

TO HER LOVER.

..... ἤχι τε καλὸς
Πυθαγόρης, ὅσσοι τε χορον στηριξαν ἔρωτος.
'Απολλων περι Πλωτινου. *Oracul. Metric. a Joan*
Opsop. collecta.

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That called thee, dearest, from these arms away ?
I lingered still, in all the murmuring rest,
The languor of a soul too richly blest !
Upon my breath the sigh yet faintly hung ;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue ;
I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
In amorous converse with the breathing wind ;
Quick to my heart I pressed the shell divine,
And, with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
I kissed its every chord, while every kiss
Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
Then soft to thee I touched the fervid lyre,
Which told such melodies, such notes of fire,
As none but chords, that drank the burning dew
Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er diffuse !

* It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating luminous islands in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word 'Ωκεανος was sometimes synonymous with ἀηρ, and death was not unfrequently called 'Ωκεανοιο πορος, or "the passage of the ocean."

O love ! how blissful is the bland repose
That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
Mild melting traces of the transport fled !

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
A drowsy languor steeped my eyes in balm ;
Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell ;
While, faintly wandering o'er its silver shell,
My fingers soon their own sweet requiem played,
And slept in music which themselves had made !
Then, then, my Theon, what a heavenly dream !
I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, descending from above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of love,
Like the young genii who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,
And rise at midnight from the tepid rill
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill !

Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
Awhile they played ; then gliding through my eyes,
(Where the bright babies, for a moment, hung,
Like those thy lip hath kissed, thy lyre hath sung,)
To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
Where, wreathed in blisses, lay my captive soul.
Swift at their touch dissolved the ties that clung
So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung !
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light, refreshed with starry dew,
And fanned by airs of that ambrosial breath
On which the free soul banquets after death !

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
As bards have dreamed, the spirits' kingdom lies.
Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls,
Gemmed with bright islands, where the hallowed souls
Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours
Repose for ever in unfading bowers !
That very orb whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my arms at night
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating in splendour through those seas above !
Thither, I thought, we winged our airy way.
Mild o'er its valleys streamed a silvery day,
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclined the spirits of the immortal blest !
Oh ! there I met those few congenial maids
Whom love hath warmed in philosophic shades :
There still Leontium, on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutored and caressed ;
And there the twine of Pythia's gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms !

The Attic Master in Aspasia's eyes
 Forgot the toil of less endearing ties ;
 While fair Theano, innocently fair,
 Played with the ringlets of her Samian's hair,
 Who, fixed by love, at length was all her own,
 And passed his spirit through her lips alone !

O Samian sage ! whate'er thy glowing thought
 Of mystic Numbers so divinely wrought,
 The One that's formed of Two who dearly love
 Is the best number heaven can boast above !

But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrilled,
 When near a fount, which o'er the vale distilled,
 My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
 Of lunar race, but so resembling thine
 That oh !—'twas but fidelity in me
 To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee !
 No aid of words the unbodied soul requires
 To waft a wish or embassy desires ;
 But, by a throb to spirits only given,
 By a mute impulse only felt in heaven,
 Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
 From soul to soul the glanced idea flies !

We met—like thee the youthful vision smiled !
 But not like thee, when, passionately wild,
 Thou wakest the slumbering blushes of my cheek,
 By looking things thyself would blush to speak !
 No ! 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
 Flushed with the past, and yet serene the while,
 Of that delicious hour when, glowing yet,
 Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
 And thy soul, waking from its wildered dream,
 Lights in thine eye a mellower, chaster beam !

O my beloved ! how divinely sweet
 Is the pure joy when kindred spirits meet !
 The Elean god, whose faithful waters flow,
 With love their only light, through caves below,
 Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
 And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
 Have decked their billow, as an offering meet
 To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet—
 Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride,
 What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide !
 Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
 Confound their currents in a sea of bliss !
 'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
 And thou delightest not in my lingering dream.
 Oh ! that our lips were at this moment near,
 And I would kiss thee into patience, dear !

And make thee smile at all the magic tales
 Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
 Which my fond soul, inspired by thee and love,
 In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
 But no ; no more. — Soon as to-morrow's ray
 O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
 I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
 And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest ;
 Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
 Thy lip shall teach me something more than dreams !

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

Written aboard the Boston Frigate.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
 And under courses snug we fly ;
 When lighter breezes swell the sail,
 And royals proudly sweep the sky ;
 ' Longside the wheel, unwearied still
 I stand, and as my watchful eye
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
 I think of her I love, and cry,
 Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer ;
 When by the wind close-hauled we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near ;
 I think 'tis thus the fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away,
 And while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and sighing say,
 Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh ! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
 Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee !
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
 Steady, boy ! so.

TO CHLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
 Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me ;
 And though your lip be rich with dew,
 To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However warm I've twined about it ;
 And though your bosom beat with bliss,
 I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learned so well to fast
 That sooth, my love, I know not whether
 I might not bring myself at last
 To—do without you altogether !

TO THE FIRE-FLY.*

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
 Were burning with the blush of spring,
 I saw thee not, thou humble fly !
 Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
 And sunny lights no longer play,
 I see thee, and I bless thee too
 For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh ! let me hope that thus for me,
 When life and love shall lose their bloom,
 Some milder joys may come, like thee,
 To light, if not to warm, the gloom !

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
 For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
 So sweet that Love went every day
 To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
 The fragrant charm the vase concealed ;
 O Love ! how happy 'twould have been
 If thou hadst ne'er that charm revealed !

But Love, like every other boy,
 Would know the spell that lurks within ;
 He wished to break the crystal toy,
 But Beauty murmured 'twas a sin !

He swore, with many a tender plea,
 That neither Heaven nor earth forbade it ;
 She told him, Virtue kept the key,
 And looked as if—she wished he had it !

* The lively and varying illumination with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night gives quite an idea of enchantment.—See *L'Histoire des Antilles*, art. 2, chap. 4, liv. 1.

He stole the key when Virtue slept
 (Even she can sleep, if Love but ask it)
 And Beauty sighed, and Beauty wept,
 While silly Love unlocked the casket.

O dulcet air that vanished then!
 Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever?
 Can Love himself inhale again
 A breath so precious? never, never!

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
 By Beauty to repentance given,
 Though bitterly on earth they flow,
 Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
 I bring thee, too, a flowery wreath;
 The gold shall never wear a stain,
 The flowerets long shall sweetly breathe!
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
 Stolen from Minerva's yellow hair,
 Just when the setting sun had shed
 The sober beam of evening there.
 The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
 With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
 And many a rose-leaf, culled by Love,
 To heal his lip when bees have stung it!
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
 Which answers when the tongue is loth.
 Thou likest the form of either tie,
 And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
 Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
 The world would see them blended oft;
 The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
 The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
 Then might the gold, the flowerets be
 Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine
 That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
 When mingled thus they cease to shine,
 Or shine but for a transient season!
 Whether the Chain may press too much,
 Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
 Let but the gold the flowerets touch,
 And all their glow, their tints, are faded!

Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do,
 When all her blooms had lost their grace?
 Might she not steal a rose or two
 From other Wreaths, to fill their place?
 Oh ! better to be always free
 Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
 And, as she turned an upward glance,
 I saw a doubt its twilight spread
 Along her brow's divine expanse.
 Just then, the garland's dearest rose
 Gave one of its seducing sighs—
 Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose
 That ever looked in Fanny's eyes !
 "The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
 The tie to bind my soul to thee !"

TO — —.

AND hast thou marked the pensive shade
 That many a time obscures my brow,
 'Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
 Which thou canst give, and only thou ?

Oh 'tis not that I then forget
 The endearing charms that round me twine—
 There never throbb'd a bosom yet
 Could feel their witchery like mine !

When bashful on my bosom hid,
 And blushing to have felt so blest,
 Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
 Again to close it on my breast !

Oh ! these are minutes all thine own,
 Thine own to give, and mine to feel ;
 Yet e'en in them, my heart has known
 The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
 When he who first thy soul possessed,
 Like me, awak'd its witching powers,
 Like me was loved, like me was blest !

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
 Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt ;
 For him that snowy lid hath hung
 In ecstasy, as purely felt !

For him—yet why the past recall
 To wither blooms of present bliss?
 Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
 And Heaven can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
 I would be first, be sole to thee,
 Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
 The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effaced,
 Love should have kept that leaf alone
 On which he first so dearly traced
 That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

From the City of Washington.

Και μη θαυμασης μητ' εἰ μακροτεραν γεγραφα την ἐπιστολην, μηδ'
 εἰ τι περιεργότερον ἢ πρεσβυτικώτερον εἰρηκαμεν ἐν αὐτῇ.
Isocrates, Epist. iv.

IF former times had never left a trace
 Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
 Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
 One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
 If every age, in new unconscious prime,
 Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
 To wing its way unguided and alone,
 The future smiling, and the past unknown;
 Then ardent man would to himself be new,
 Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:
 Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
 Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
 Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
 Could tell him fools had dreamed as much before!

But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
 The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
 The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
 Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
 When still we see, through every varying frame
 Of arts and polity, his course the same,
 And know that ancient fools but died, to make
 A space on earth for modern fools to take;
 'Tis strange how quickly we the past forget;
 That wisdom's self should not be tutored yet,
 Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
 Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given
 Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;

O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin !

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last :
" Here," might they say, " shall power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind !
Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
In form no more from cups of state be quaffed,
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
Or wrong the many, while she rights the few ;
But take her range through all the social frame,
Pure and pervading as that vital flame
Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart ! "

O golden dream ! what soul that loves to scan
The brightness rather than the shades of man,
That owns the good while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope with all that heavenly heat
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine?
Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne !

But is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poisoned and her heart decays !
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,

And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime !

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud—
Already has she poured her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flowerets of her fruit !

Oh ! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchastened pride ;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much ;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess :
But no ; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill,
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice !

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear—
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land ;
Turned life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty, are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade !

Already in this free, this virtuous State,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordained by fate
To show the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire !
Those vaunted demagogues who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral's tempting hue,

Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
 O freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant !
 Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
 Of purpled madmen, were they numbered all
 From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
 Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
 As the rank jargon of that factious race
 Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
 Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
 But pant for licence while they spurn control,
 And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul !
 Who can, with patience, for a moment see
 The medley mass of pride and misery,
 Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
 And all the piebald polity that reigns
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God !
 Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod
 O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty !
 Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
 In climes where liberty has scarce been named,
 Nor any right but that of ruling claimed,
 Than thus to live where bastard freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves ;
 Where (motley laws admitting no degree
 Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
 Alike the bondage and the licence suit
 The brute made ruler and the man made brute !

But O my Forbes ! while thus, in flowerless song,
 I feebly paint what yet I feel so strong,
 The ills, the vices of the land, where first
 Those rebel fiends that rack the world were nursed—
 Where treason's arm by royalty was nerved,
 And Frenchmen learned to crush the throne they served—
 Thou, gently lulled in dreams of classic thought,
 By bards illumined and by sages taught,
 Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
 That bard hath fancied, or that sage hath been !
 Why should I wake thee ? why severely chase
 The lovely forms of virtue and of grace
 That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
 By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
 Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
 Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart !

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
 One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
 One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
 Which few can feel, and bless that few who can !

Oh! turn to him beneath whose kindred eyes
 Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
 Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
 And proudly study all her lights in him!
 Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
 And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
 Is fair—but oh! how fair,
 If pity's hand had stolen from love
 One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
 Did gems for dew-drops fall,
 One faded leaf, where love had sighed,
 Were sweetly worth them all!

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
 Our emblem well may be;
 Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
 Must keep its tears for me!

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini.

Mauro d'Arcano.

I DO confess, in many a sigh
 My lips have breathed you many a lie,
 And who, with such delights in view,
 Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
 Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
 If half we tell the girls were true,
 If half we swear to think and do
 Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
 The world would be in strange confusion!
 If ladies' eyes were, every one,
 As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
 Astronomy should leave the skies,
 To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
 Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
 When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
 Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
 Your yellow locks to golden wire,
 Then, only then, can Heaven decree
 That you should live for only me,
 Or I for you, as night and morn
 We've swearing kissed, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
 For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear !
 Whenever you may chance to meet
 A loving youth whose love is sweet,
 Long as you're false and he believes you,
 Long as you trust and he deceives you,
 So long the blissful bond endures ;
 And while he lies, his heart is yours ;
 But oh ! you've wholly lost the youth
 The instant that he tells you truth !

ANACREONTIC.

I FILLED to thee, to thee I drank,
 I nothing did but drink and fill ;
 The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
 'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still !

At length I bid an artist paint
 Thy image in this ample cup,
 That I might see the dimpled saint
 To whom I quaffed my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
 Is blushing through the wave at me,
 Every roseate drop I sip
 Is just like kissing wine from thee !

But oh ! I drink the more for this ;
 For, ever when the draught I drain,
 Thy lip invites another kiss,
 And in the nectar flows again !

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear !
 And may that eye for ever shine
 Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
 As bathes it in this bowl of mine !

TO ————'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
 No more will let thee soothe my pain—
 Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
 Some pangs to give thee back again !

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
 With which she made thy semblance mine
 As bitter is the burning tear
 With which I now the gift resign !

Yet go—and could she still restore,
 As some exchange for taking thee,
 The tranquil look which first I wore,
 When her eyes found me wild and free ;

Could she give back the careless flow,
 The spirit which my fancy knew—
 Yet ah ! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
 Smile at me once, and then—adieu !

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.

BLEST infant of eternity !
 Before the day-star learned to move,
 In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
 Glancing the beamy shafts of light
 From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
 Thou wert alone, O Love !
 Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
 Whose horrors seemed to smile in shadowing thee !

No form of beauty soothed thine eye,
 As through the dim expanse it wandered wide ;
 No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
 As o'er the watery waste it lingering died !

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
 That latent in his heart was sleeping ;
 O Sympathy ! that lonely hour
 Saw Love himself thy absence weeping !

But look, what glory through the darkness beams !
 Celestial airs along the water glide :
 What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
 So lovely ? Art thou but the child
 Of the young godhead's dreams,
 That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild ?
 Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
 Collected in so bright a form,
 Till, kindled by the ardent spell
 Of his desiring eyes,
 And all impregnate with his sighs,
 They spring to life in shape so fair and warm !

'Tis she !
 Psyche, the first-born spirit of the air :
 To thee, O Love ! she turns,
 On thee her eye-beam burns :
 Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy !
 They meet—
 The blooming god—the spirit fair—
 Oh sweet ! oh heavenly sweet !

Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine ;
 All nature feels the thrill divine,
 The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
 And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn !

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,
 ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought by painting's spell,
 Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
 And o'er the magic tablet tell
 The silent story of the mind ;

O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
 And fix, by mimic light and shade,
 Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
 Her evening blushes, ere they fade ;

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
 Divinest of the powers divine,
 That light the Muse's flowery dream,
 And these, O prince, are richly thine !

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
 In emanating soul expressed,
 The sweet memorial of a face
 On which her eye delights to rest ;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
 The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
 The cheek that blushes to be seen,
 The eye that tells the bosom's truth ;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
 Her soul with fond attention roves,
 Blessing the hand whose various hue
 Could imitate the form it loves ;

She feels the value of thy art,
 And owns it with a purer zeal,
 A rapture nearer to her heart
 Than critic taste can *ever* feel !

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.

Martial, lib. xiv. epig. 39.

"OH ! love the Lamp" (my mistress said)
 "The faithful Lamp that, many a night,

Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
Has kept its little watch of light !

" Full often has it seen her weep,
And fix her eye upon its flame,
Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
Repeating her beloved's name !

" Oft has it known her cheek to burn
With recollections, fondly free,
And seen her turn, impassioned turn,
To kiss the pillow, love ! for thee,
And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
That kiss to feel, that thought to share !

" Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
Thy step through learning's sacred way ;
And, lighted by its happy ray,
Whene'er those darling eyes shall read
Of things sublime, of Nature's birth,
Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh ! think that she by whom 'twas given
Adores thee more than earth or heaven ! "

Yes—dearest Lamp ! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung ;
The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung ;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The severed lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies :

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part !

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze !

Thy flame shall light the page refined
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind !
Or o'er thy humbler legend shine,
O man of Ascra's dreary glades !
To whom the nightly warbling Nine
A wand of inspiration gave,
Plucked from the greenest tree that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
 We'll cull the sages' heavenly store,
 From Science steal her golden clue,
 And every mystic path pursue
 Where Nature far from vulgar eyes
 Through labyrinths of wonder flies !

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
 The passing world's precarious flight,
 Where all that meets the morning glow
 Is changed before the fall of night !

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
 "Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
 And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
 Will also quench yon heaven of suns !"

Oh ! then if earth's united power
 Can never chain one feathery hour ;
 If every print we leave to-day
 To-morrow's wave shall steal away ;
 Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven
 Why were the fleeting treasures given,
 The sunny days, the shady nights,
 And all their brief but dear delights,
 Which Heaven has made for man to use,
 And man should think it guilt to lose ?
 Who that has culled a weeping rose
 Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
 Unmindful of the blushing ray
 In which it shines its soul away ;
 Unmindful of the scented sigh
 On which it dies and loves to die ?

Pleasure ! thou only good on earth !
 Our little hour resign'd to thee—
 Oh ! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth,
 The sage's immortality !

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
 And all the lore, whose tame control
 Would wither joy with chill delays !
 Alas ! the fertile fount of sense
 At which the young, the panting soul
 Drinks life and love, too soon decays !

Sweet Lamp ! thou wert not formed to shed
 Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
 Whate'er my blushing Lais said
 Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
 'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
 Told me thy dearest, best employ !

And, soon as night shall close the eye
 Of heaven's young wanderer in the west ;
 When seers are gazing on the sky,
 To find their future orbs of rest ;
 Then shall I take my trembling way,
 Unseen but to those worlds above,
 And, led by thy mysterious ray,
 Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear !
 Nor let her dream of bliss so near ;
 Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
 My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
 And I shall lift the locks, that flow
 Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
 And softly kiss those sealèd eyes,
 And wake her into sweet surprise !

Or, if she dream, oh ! let her dream
 Of those delights we both have known
 And felt so truly that they seem
 Formed to be felt by us alone !
 And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
 Shall see her bosom warmly move,
 And hear her faintly, lowly speak
 The murmured sounds so dear to love !
 Oh ! I shall gaze, till e'en the sigh
 That wafts her very soul be nigh,
 And when the nymph is all but blest,
 Sink in her arms and share the rest !
 Sweet Lais ! what an age of bliss
 In that one moment waits for me !
 O sages !—think on joy like this,
 And where's your boast of apathy !

TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τουτο δε τι εστι το ποτον ; πλανη, εφη.
Cebētis Tabulæ.

THEY say that Love had once a book
 (The urchin likes to copy you)
 Where all who came the pencil took,
 And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
 Who kept this volume bright and fair,
 And saw that no unhallowed line
 Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turned was still
More bright than that she turned before !

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran !
Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropped from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again !

But oh ! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turned the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy
As all who read still sighed for more !

And Pleasure was this spirit's name ;
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book !

For still she saw his playful fingers
Filled with sweets and wanton toys,
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys !

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all !

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink !

Oh ! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud !

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced !

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas ! could Pleasure stay ?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away !

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoiled by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure !

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long are faded !

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated ;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related !

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.

From the city of Washington.

Διηγησομαι διηγηματα ἰσως ἀπιστα, κοινωνα ὡν πεπονθα οὐκ ἔχων,
Xenophont. Ephes. Ephesiæ. lib v.

'Tis evening now ; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet cigar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy !
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace !

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome !
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now !
This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood and Jefferson they see
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be !

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave !—
O great Potowmac ! O you banks of shade !
You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She poured her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learned to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair !
Say, where your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,

Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
 And woman charm, and man deserve her love?
 Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
 Its own half-organized, half-minded race
 Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
 Like vermin, gendered on the lion's crest?
 Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
 Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?
 Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,
 Did Heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
 The motley dregs of every distant clime,
 Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
 Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
 In full malignity to rankle here?
 But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
 Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines.
 There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
 The sculptured image of that veteran chief
 Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
 And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
 Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
 Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
 Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
 Too formed for peace to act a conqueror's part,
 Too trained in camps to learn a statesman's art,
 Nature designed thee for a hero's mould,
 But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
 Thy fate made thee, and forced thee to be great.
 Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
 Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
 Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
 Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
 Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
 Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim.
 All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
 Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
 On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
 If thou canst hate, as oh! that soul must hate
 Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
 If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
 That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
 That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
 With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
 If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
 One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,

With honest scorn for that inglorious soul
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
 Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god !
 There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear !
 Rank must be revered, e'en the rank that's there :
 So here I pause—and now, my Hume ! we part ;
 But oh ! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
 Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
 By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here !
 O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
 Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
 Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
 With me shall wonder, and with me despise !
 While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
 To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of green
 Her freedom spreads, unfevered and serene ;
 Where sovereign man can condescend to see
 The throne and laws more sovereign still than he !

THE SNAKE.

1801.

My love and I, the other day,
 Within a myrtle arbour lay,
 When near us, from a rosy bed,
 A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—
 "Yonder the fatal emblem lies !
 Who could expect such hidden harm
 Beneath the rose's velvet charm ?"

Never did moral thought occur
 In more unlucky hour than this ;
 For oh ! I just was leading her
 To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
 In pity prayed it might not be.
 "No," said the girl—and many a spark
 Flashed from her eyelid as she said it—
 "Under the rose, or in the dark,
 One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it ;
 But when its wicked eyes appear,
 And when we know for what they wink so,
 One must be very simple, dear,
 To let it sting one—don't you think so ?"

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

..... τηνδε την πολιν φίλως
 Εἰπὼν· ἐπαξία γαρ.

Sophocl. Œdip. Colon. v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye ;
 But far, very far were the friends that he loved,
 And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh !

O Nature ! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own !

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
 Unblest by the smile he had languished to meet ;
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
 Till the threshold of home had been kissed by his feet !

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to their ear,
 And they loved what they knew of so humble a name,
 And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
 That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame !

Nor did woman—O woman ! whose form and whose soul
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
 Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
 If woman be there, there is happiness too !—

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
 That magic his heart had relinquished so long,
 Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,
 Like them did it soften, and weep at his song !

Oh ! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
 May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream !
 Oh ! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
 As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam !

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
 When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
 To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
 As he strayed by the wave of the Schuylkill alone !

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

'Twas on a day
 When the immortals at their banquet lay ;
 The bowl
 Sparkled with starry dew,

The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs the almighty Power,
At Nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul !
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bathed them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms filled),
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distilled !
All, all was luxury !

All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles !
His locks divine
Were crowned
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils played !
While 'mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Called from the gardens of the galaxy !
Upon his bosom, Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Sirens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Revealed her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languished upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy !
Now on his arm,
In blushes she reposed,
And, while her zone resigned its every charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole.
And now she raised her rosy mouth to sip
The nectared wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently closed,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl,
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Waved o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,
With roses of Cyrene blending,
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream !

The Olympian cup

Burned in the hands
 Of dimpled Hebe, as she winged her feet
 Up
 The empyreal mount,
 To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount ;
 And still,
 As the resplendent rill
 Flamed o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
 Her graceful care
 Would cool its heavenly fire
 In gelid waves of snowy-feathered air,
 Such as the children of the pole respire,
 In those enchanted lands,
 Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow !
 But, oh !
 Sweet Hebe, what a tear
 And what a blush were thine,
 When, as the breath of every Grace
 Wafted thy fleet career
 Along the studded sphere,
 With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
 Some star, that glittered in the way,
 Raising its amorous head
 To kiss so exquisite a tread,
 Checked thy impatient pace !
 And all heaven's host of eyes
 Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
 In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies !
 Upon whose starry plain they lay,
 Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
 Shed from a vernal thorn
 Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn !
 Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
 The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
 An image of their rosy idol, laid
 Upon a diamond shrine !
 The wanton wind,
 Which had pursued the flying fair,
 And sweetly twined
 Its spirit with the breathing rings
 Of her ambrosial hair,
 Soared as she fell, and on its ruffling wings,
 (O wanton wind !)
 Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow
 Shadowed her kindling charms of snow,
 Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
 Hangs o'er the mysteries !
 The brow of Juno flushed—
 Love blessed the breeze !
 The Muses blushed,
 And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
 While every eye was glancing through the strings.

Drops of ethereal dew
That burning gushed,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remembered Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brushed off your scattered tears,
As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below?
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres,
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enriched its radiant flow!
Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrilled along the beamy wire
Of heaven's illumined lyre,
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fanned
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolved
Around its fervid axle, and dissolved
Into a flood so bright!
The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flushed bosom of a lotus flower;
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropped the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curled
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
But, when the waking boy
Waved his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy!
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermeil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distilled, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!

Blest be the sod, the floweret blest,
That caught, upon their hallowed breast,

The nectared spray of Jove's perennial springs !
 Less sweet the floweret, and less sweet the sod,
 O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
 The magic mantle of her solar god !

TO — —.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
 At once put my heart out of pain,
 Till the eye that was glowing beside it
 Disturbed my ideas again !

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
 When woman's declension begins,
 When, fading from all that is pleasant,
 She bids a good-night to her sins !

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
 I would sooner, my exquisite mother !
 Repose in the sunset of thee
 Than bask in the noon of another !

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never looked so kind before—
 Yet why the wanton's smile recall ?
 I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
 'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all !"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipped
 The wine which she had lately tasted ;
 The cup where she had lately dipped
 Breath so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
 As if 'twere not of her I sang ;
 But still the notes on Lamia hung—
 On whom but Lamia *could* they hang ?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
 A world for every kiss I'd give her ;
 Those floating eyes, that floating shine
 Like diamonds in an eastern river !

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
 Of which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
 Through which her soul doth beam as white
 As flame through lamps of alabaster !

Of these I sung, and notes and words
 Were sweet, as if 'twas Lamia's hair
 That lay upon my lute for chords,
 And Lamia's lip that warbled there !

But when, alas ! I turned the theme,
 And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
 Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
 The chord beneath my finger broke !

False harp ! false woman !—such, oh ! such
 Are lutes too frail and maids too willing !
 Every hand's licentious touch
 Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling !

And when that thrill is most awake,
 And when you think heaven's joys await you,
 The nymph will change, the chord will break—
 O Love ! O Music ! how I hate you !

TO MRS. —.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind ?
 Is not thy heart a heart refined ?
 Hast thou not every blameless grace
 That man should love or Heaven can trace ?
 And oh ! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
 To hold her hateful worship in ?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
 Though some thy heart hath harboured near
 May now repay its love with blame ;
 Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
 Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee ;
 Though the whole world may freeze around thee !

Oh ! thou'lt be like that lucid tear
 Which bright within the crystal's sphere
 In liquid purity was found,
 Though all had grown congealed around ;
 Floating in frost, it mocked the chill,
 Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still !

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH ! lost, for ever lost !—no more
 Shall vesper light our dewy way
 Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
 To hymn the fading fires of day !
 No more to Tempe's distant vale
 In holy musings shall we roam,
 Through summer's glow and winter's gale,

To bear the mystic chaplets home ! *
 'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
 By nature warmed and led by thee,
 In every breeze was taught to feel
 The breathings of a deity !
 Guide of my heart ! to memory true,
 Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
 I see thee raising from the dew
 Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown ;
 And hear thee say, " This humble bough
 Was planted for a dome divine,
 And though it weep in languor now,
 Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine !
 Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
 Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
 A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
 To bloom immortal in the skies ! "

Thy words had such a melting flow,
 And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
 They dropped like heaven's serenest snow,
 And all was brightness where they fell !
 Fond soother of my infant tear !
 Fond sharer of my infant joy !
 Is not thy shade still lingering here ?
 Am I not still thy soul's employ ?
 And oh ! as oft, at close of day
 When, meeting on the sacred mount,
 Our nymphs awaked the choral lay,
 And danced around Cassotis' fount ;
 As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
 That mine should be the simplest mien,
 My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
 My foot the lightest o'er the green :
 So still, each little grace to mould,
 Around my form thine eyes are shed,
 Arranging every snowy fold,
 And guiding every mazy tread !
 And when I lead the hymning choir,
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
 Hovers between my lip and lyre,
 And weds them into harmony !
 Flow, Plistus, flow ; thy murmuring wave
 Shall never drop its silvery tear
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
 To memory so divinely dear !

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia ; but upon all important occasions they sent to Tempe for their laurel. We find in Pausanias that this valley supplied the branches of which the temple was originally constructed ; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, " The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute."

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ἵσπερ σφραγίδες τα φίληματα.

Achilles Tatius, lib. ii.

“Go!” said the angry, weeping maid,
 “The charm is broken!—once betrayed,
 Oh! never can my heart rely
 On word or look, on oath or sigh.
 Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
 With promised faith and vows to heaven;
 That little ring which, night and morn,
 With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
 That seal, which oft in moments blest,
 Thou hast upon my lip impressed,
 And sworn its dewy spring should be
 A fountain sealed * for only thee!
 Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
 All sullied, lost, and hateful now!”

I took the ring—the seal I took,
 While oh! her every tear and look
 Were such as angels look and shed,
 When man is by the world misled!
 Gently I whispered, “Fanny, dear!
 Not half thy lover’s gifts are here:
 Say, where are all the seals he gave
 To every ringlet’s jetty wave,
 And where is every one he printed
 Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,—
 Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
 Oh! richer, softer, far than this!
 “And then the ring—my love! recall
 How many rings, delicious all,
 His arms around that neck have twisted,
 Twining warmer far than this did!
 Where are they all, so sweet, so many?
 Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!”

While thus I murmured, trembling too
 Lest all the nymph had vowed was true,
 I saw a smile relenting rise
 ’Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
 Like daylight o’er a sea of blue,
 While yet the air is dim with dew.
 She let her cheek repose on mine,
 She let my arms around her twine—
 Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
 In thus exchanging rings and seals!

* “There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain, which they say is the ‘sealed fountain’ to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking.”—*Maundrell’s Travels*. See also the notes to *Mr. Good’s Translation of the Song of Solomon*.

TO MISS SUSAN BECKFORD,

[ON HER SINGING.]

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
 A song like those thy lips have given,
 And it was sung by shapes of light,
 Who seemed, like thee, to breathe of heaven !

But this was all a dream of sleep,
 And I have said, when morning shone,
 "Oh ! why should fairy fancy keep
 These wonders for herself alone ?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
 Such tones to one of mortal birth ;
 I knew not then that Heaven had sent
 A voice, a form like thine on earth !

And yet, in all that flowery maze
 Through which my life has loved to tread,
 When I have heard the sweetest lays
 From lips of dearest lustre shed ;

When I have felt the warbled word
 From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
 Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
 Upon a rose's bosom lying ;

Though form and song at once combined
 Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
 My heart hath sighed, my heart hath pined,
 For something softer, lovelier still !

Oh ! I have found it all, at last,
 In thee, thou sweetest living lyre
 Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
 Its harmonizing breath of fire !

All that my best and wildest dream,
 In fancy's hour, could hear or see
 Of music's sigh or beauty's beam,
 Are realized, at once, in thee !

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.*

Già era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
 Dell' acqua Dante.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet ; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

And as I marked the woods of pine
 Along his mirror darkly shine,
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
 Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
 And as I viewed the hurrying pace
 With which he ran his turbid race,
 Rushing, alike untired and wild,
 Through shades that frowned and flowers that smiled,
 Flying by every green recess
 That woo'd him to its calm caress,
 Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
 As if to leave one look behind,—
 Oh ! I have thought, and thinking sighed—
 How like to thee, thou restless tide !
 May be the lot, the life of him,
 Who roams along thy water's brim !
 Through what alternate shades of woe,
 And flowers of joy my path may go !
 How many an humble, still retreat
 May rise to court my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest !
 But, urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destined falls,
 I see the world's bewildering force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the lost current cease to run !
 Oh may my falls be bright as thine !
 May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !

CHLORIS AND FANNY.

CHLORIS ! if I were Persia's king,
 I'd make my graceful queen of thee ;
 While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
 Should but thy humble handmaid be.
 There is but *one* objection in it—
 That, verily, I'm much afraid
 I should, in some unlucky minute,
 Forsake the mistress for the maid !

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla
Ovid. Metam. lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour hot and damp,
 Shed by day's expiring lamp,

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and

Through the misty ether spreads
 Every ill the white man dreads ;
 Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
 Fitful ague's shivering chill !
 Hark ! I hear the traveller's song,
 As he winds the woods along !
 Christian ! 'tis the song of fear ;
 Wolves are round thee, night is near,
 And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
 Oh ! 'twas once the Indian's home ! *

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
 Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
 By the creeks, or by the brakes,
 Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
 And the cayman † loves to creep,
 Torpid, to his wintry sleep :
 Where the bird of carrion flits,
 And the shuddering murderer sits, ‡
 Lone beneath a roof of blood,
 While upon his poisoned food,
 From the corpse of him he slew,
 Drops the chill and gory dew !

Hither bend you, turn you hither
 Eyes that blast and wings that wither !
 Cross the wandering Christian's way,
 Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
 Many a mile of maddening error
 Through the maze of night and terror,
 Till the morn behold him lying
 O'er the damp earth, pale and dying !
 Mock him, when his eager sight
 Seeks the cordial cottage light ;
 Gleam then, like the lightning-bug ;
 Tempt him to the den that's dug
 For the foul and famished brood
 Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood !

the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

* "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped."—*Morse's American Geography*.

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

‡ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons :—"They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself, but on his food."

Or unto the dangerous pass
 O'er the deep and dark morass.
 Where the trembling Indian brings
 Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
 Tributes, to be hung in air,
 To the Fiend presiding there ! *
 Then, when, night's long labour past,
 Wildered, faint, he falls at last,
 Sinking where the causeway's edge
 Moulders in the slimy sedge,
 There let every noxious thing
 Trail its filth and fix its sting ;
 Let the bull-toad taint him over,
 Round him let mosquitoes hover,
 In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
 With his blood their poison mingling,
 Till, beneath the solar fires,
 Rankling all, the wretch expires !

TO MRS. HENRY TIGHE,
 ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
 For never has my heart or ear
 Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
 So pure to feel, so sweet to hear !

Say, Love ! in all thy spring of fame,
 When the high heaven itself was thine ;
 When piety confessed the flame,
 And even thy errors were divine, —

Did ever Muse's hand so fair,
 A glory round thy temples spread ?
 Did ever lip's ambrosial air
 Such perfume o'er thy altars shed ?

One maid there was who round her lyre
 The mystic myrtle wildly wreathed —
 But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
 The myrtle withered as she breathed !

* "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c., by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls ; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places."—See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*.

Father Hennepin, too, mentions this ceremony ; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi."—See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America*.

O you that love's celestial dream
 In all its purity would know,
 Let not the senses' ardent beam
 Too strongly through the vision glow!

Love sweetest lies, concealed in night,
 The night where Heaven has bid him lie;
 Oh! shed not there unhallowed light,
 Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly!

Dear Psyche! many a charmed hour,
 Through many a wild and magic waste,
 To the fair fount and blissful bower
 Thy mazy foot my soul hath traced!

Where'er thy joys are numbered now,
 Beneath whatever shades of rest
 The Genius of the starry brow
 Has chained thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
 Along whose verge our spirits stray,
 Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
 Half brightened by the eternal ray,*

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
 Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
 The twilight walk of many a soul
 Through sunny good and evil dark;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
 The song whose dulcet tide was given
 To keep her name as fadeless here
 As nectar keeps her soul in heaven!

IMPROMPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valetæ cœtûs!
Catullus.

No, never shall my soul forget
 The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
 Dear shall be the day we met,
 And dear shall be the night we parted!

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
 Must with the lapse of time decay,
 Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
 Fill high to him that's far away!

* By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence,

Long be the flame of memory found
 Alive, within your social glass ;
 Let that be still the magic round
 O'er which oblivion dares not pass !

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

Nec venit ad duos musa vocata getas.

Ovid. ex Ponto, lib. i. ep. 5.

From Buffalo, upon Lake Erie.

THOU oft has told me of the fairy hours
 Thy heart has numbered, in those classic bowers
 Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
 'Mid cowl and cardinals profanely flit,
 And Pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaïd,
 Haunt every stream, and sing through every shade !
 There still the bard who (if his numbers be
 His tongue's light echo) must have talked like thee,
 The courtly bard from whom thy mind has caught
 Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
 In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
 Warm without toil, and brilliant in repose,—
 There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
 How modern monks with ancient rakes agree ;
 How mitres hang where ivy wreaths might twine,
 And heathen Massic's damned for stronger wine !
 There too are all those wandering souls of song
 With whom thy spirit hath communed so long,
 Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
 By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
 But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,
 As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
 No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays ;
 No classic dream, no star of other days
 Has left that visionary glory here,
 That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
 Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
 The humblest shed, where genius once has been !

All that creation's varying mass assumes
 Of grand or lovely here aspires and blooms ;
 Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
 Bright lakes expand and conquering* rivers flow ;

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league ; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore without mixing them : afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea."—Letter xxvii.

Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
 The world's a wilderness and man but clay,
 Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
 Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows !
 Take Christians, mohawks, democrats, and all
 From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
 From man the savage, whether slaved or free,
 To man the civilized, less tame than he !
 'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife,
 Betwixt half-polished and half-barbarous life ;
 Where every ill the ancient world can brew
 Is mixed with every grossness of the new ;
 Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
 And nothing's known of luxury but vice !

Is this the region, then, is this the clime
 For golden fancy ? for those dreams sublime
 Which all their miracles of light reveal
 To heads that meditate and hearts that feel ?
 No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
 O'er every scene ; she walks the forest maze,
 And climbs the mountain ; every blooming spot
 Burns with her step, yet man regards it not !
 She whispers round, her words are in the air,
 But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
 Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
 One ray of heart to thaw them into song !

Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few !
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;
 Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,
 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave ! *
 Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
 The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
 When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
 One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind !
 Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
 The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
 The manly polish and the illumined taste,
 Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
 My foot has wandered, O you sacred few !
 I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
 Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
 O'er your fair country, and corrupts its sons ;

* In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate as I ought the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value as I do the spirit with which they defy it ; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
 Those fields of freedom where your sires were born.
 Oh ! if America can yet be great,
 If neither chained by choice, nor damned by fate
 To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
 She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
 Of single majesty, can grandly place
 An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
 For the fair capital that flowers above !—
 If yet, released from all that vulgar throng,
 So vain of dulness and so pleased with wrong,
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
 Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
 She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along !—
 It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is given.
 Oh ! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done ;
 Rank without ripeness, quickened without sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er !

Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours
 Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
 That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home !
 And looks I met, like looks I loved before,
 And voices too, which as they trembled o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone
 Of kindness there in concord with their own !
 Oh ! we had nights of that communion free,
 That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
 So oft, so warmly ; nights of mirth and mind,
 Of whims that taught, and follies that refined !
 When shall we both renew them ? when, restored
 To the pure feast and intellectual board,
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
 Those whims that teach, those follies that refine ?
 Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
 I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
 I sigh for England—oh ! these weary feet
 Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet !

A WARNING TO — —.

OH ! fair as heaven and chaste as light !
 Did Nature mould thee all so bright,

That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
 O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
 O'er shame extinguished, honour fled,
 Peace lost, heart withered, feeling dead?
 No, no! a star was born with thee,
 Which sheds eternal purity!
 Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
 So fair a transcript of the skies,
 In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
 That man should read them and adore!
 Yet have I known a gentle maid
 Whose early charms were just arrayed
 In Nature's loveliness like thine,
 And wore that clear celestial sign
 Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
 For destiny's peculiar care;
 Whose bosom, too, was once a zone,
 Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
 Whose eyes were talismans of fire
 Against the spell of man's desire;—
 Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
 Her charms have shed their radiant flower;
 The gem has been beguiled away;
 Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
 The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
 The smiles that from reflection came,
 All, all have fled, and left her mind
 A faded monument behind!
 Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
 To memory raised by hands unknown,
 Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
 Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
 To tell the traveller, as he crossed,
 That there some loved friend was lost!
 Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
 Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

TO ———.

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
 While yet my soul is something free;
 While yet those dangerous eyes allow
 One moment's thought to stray from thee!
 Oh! thou art every instant dearer—
 Every chance that brings me nigh thee
 Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,
 I am lost, unless I fly thee!
 Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
 Wish me not so soon to fall;
 Duties, fame, and hopes await me,—
 Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
 As ever yet allured or swayed,
 And wouldst without a sigh behold
 The ruin which thyself had made !

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
 That eye but once would smile on me,
 Good Heaven ! how much, how far beyond
 Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be !

Oh ! but to win it, night and day,
 Inglorious at thy feet reclined,
 I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
 The world for thee forgot, resigned !

But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
 Never to meet, no, never, never—
 O woman ! what a mind and heart
 Thy coldness has undone for ever !

FROM THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLLO TO A
 VIRGIN OF DELPHI.

Cum digno digna . . . *Sulpicia.*

“WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
 With eyēs of fire and feet of air,
 Whose harp around my altar swells,
 The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

'Twas thus the deity who treads
 The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
 Day from his eyelids—thus he spoke,
 As through my cell his glories broke.

“Who is the maid, with golden hair,
 With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 Whose harp around my altar swells,
 The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
 With eyes of fire and golden hair,
 Aphelia's are the airy feet,
 And hers the harp divinely sweet ;
 For foot so light has never trod
 The laurelled caverns of the god,
 Nor harp so soft has ever given
 A strain to earth or sigh to heaven !

“Then tell the virgin to unfold,
 In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
 And bid those eyes with fonder fire
 Be kindled for a god's desire ;

Since he who lights the path of years—
 Even from the fount of morning's tears,
 To where his setting splendours burn
 Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
 Cannot, in all his course, behold
 Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold !
 Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
 His lip yet sparkling with the tide
 That mantles in Olympian bowls,
 The nectar of eternal souls !
 For her, for her he quits the skies,
 And to her kiss from nectar flies.
 Oh ! he would hide his wreath of rays,
 And leave the world to pine for days,
 Might he but pass the hours of shade
 Imbosomed by his Delphic maid ;
 She more than earthly woman blest,
 He more than god on woman's breast."

There is a cave beneath the steep,
 Where living rills of crystal weep
 O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
 That ever spring begemmed with dew.
 There oft the green bank's glossy tint
 Is brightened by the amorous print
 Of many a faun and naiad's form,
 That still upon the dew is warm,
 When virgins come, at peep of day,
 To kiss the sod where lovers lay.
 "There, there," the god, impassioned, said,
 "Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
 And the dim orb of lunar souls
 Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
 There shall we find our bridal bed ;
 And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
 Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers
 A bridal bed so blest as ours !

"Tell the imperial god, who reigns
 Sublime in oriental fanes,
 Whose towering turrets paint their pride
 Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide ;
 Tell him, when to his midnight loves
 In mystic majesty he moves,
 Lighted by many an odorous fire,
 And hymned by all Chaldæa's choir—
 Oh ! tell the godhead to confess,
 The pompous joy delights him less
 (Even though his mighty arms enfold
 A priestess on a couch of gold)
 Than when, in love's unholier prank,
 By moonlight cave or rustic bank,

Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
 Exhaling from her lip and eyes
 The flame and incense of delight,
 To sanctify a dearer rite,
 A mystery more divinely warmed
 Than priesthood ever yet performed !"

Happy the maid whom Heaven allows
 To break for Heaven her virgin vows !
 Happy the maid !—her robe of shame
 Is whitened by a heavenly flame,
 Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
 Shines through and deifies her race !

O virgin ! what a doom is thine !
 To-night, to-night a lip divine
 In every kiss shall stamp on thee
 A seal of immortality !
 Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly ;
 There lose the world and wed the sky !
 There all the boundless rapture steal
 Which gods can give or woman feel !

WOMAN.

AWAY, away—you're all the same,
 A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !
 Oh ! by my soul I burn with shame,
 To think I've been your slave so long !

Slow to be warmed and quick to rove,
 From folly kind, from cunning loth,
 Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
 Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
 More joy it gives to woman's breast
 To make ten frigid coxcombs vain
 Than one true manly lover blest !

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
 Oh ! blot me from the race of men,
 Kind, pitying Heaven ! by death or worse,
 Before I love such things again !

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW, by the smoke that so gracefully curled
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And " Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
 " With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die !

" By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sighed on by any but mine !"

TO ———.

Νοσει τα φιλτατα.

Euripides.

1803.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
 Upon the gathering ills we see ;
 Oh ! take the harp, and let me lose
 All thoughts of ill in hearing thee !

Sing to me, love !—though death were near,
 Thy song could make my soul forget—
 Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
 All may be well, be happy yet !

Let me but see that snowy arm
 Once more upon the dear harp lie,
 And I will cease to dream of harm,
 Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh !

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
 We used to love long, long ago,
 Before our hearts had known as much
 As now, alas ! they bleed to know !

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
 Of all that looked so rapturous then,
 Now withered, lost—oh ! pray thee, cease,
 I cannot bear those sounds again !

Art thou, too, wretched ? yes, thou art ;
 I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
 Come, come to this devoted heart,
 'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'TWAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
 The venerable man ; a virgin bloom

Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
 That towered upon his brow ; as when we see
 The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
 Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
 'Twas language sweetened into song—such holy sounds
 As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
 Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
 When death is nigh ! and still, as he unclosed
 His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
 As ocean breezes gather from the flowers
 That blossom in elysium, breathed around !
 With silent awe we listened, while he told
 Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
 O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of time
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And half the goddess beamed in glimpses through it ;
 Of magic wonders that were known and taught
 By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
 Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,
 Nor let the living star of science sink
 Beneath the waters which ingulphed the world !—
 Of visions by Calliope revealed
 To him who traced upon his typic lyre
 The diapason of man's mingled frame,
 And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven !
 With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
 Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
 Told to the young and bright-haired visitant
 Of Carmel's sacred mount !—Then, in a flow
 Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
 Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
 Through many a system where the scattered light
 Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
 From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
 Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,
 And bright through every change !—he spoke of
 Him,

The lone, eternal One, who dwells above,
 And of the soul's untraceable descent
 From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
 Of intellectual being, till it mix
 With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark ;
 Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
 Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
 Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still !
 As some bright river, which has rolled along
 Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
 When poured at length into the dusky deep,
 Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
 But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
 The balmy freshness, of the fields it left !

And here the old man ceased—a wingèd train
 Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
 The fair illusion fled ! and, as I waked,
 I knew my visionary soul had been
 Among that people of ærial dreams
 Who live upon the burning galaxy !

TO ———.

THE world had just begun to steal
 Each hope that led me lightly on ;
 I felt not as I used to feel,
 And life grew dark and love was gone !
 No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
 No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
 No tongue to call me kind and dear—
 'Twas gloomy, and I wished for death !
 But when I saw that gentle eye,
 Oh ! something seemed to tell me then
 That I was yet too young to die,
 And hope and bliss might bloom again !
 With every beamy smile that crossed
 Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
 Some feeling which my heart had lost,
 And peace, which long had learned to roam !
 'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
 Hope looked so new and Love so kind,
 That, though I weep, I still forgive
 The ruin which they've left behind !
 I could have loved you—oh so well !—
 The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,
 Is but a bright beguiling spell,
 Which only lives while passion glows :
 But, when this early flush declines,
 When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
 You know not then how close it twines
 Round the first kindred soul it meets !
 Yes, yes, I could have loved, as one
 Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
 Finds something dear to rest upon,
 Which pays him for the loss of all !

DREAMS.

TO ———.

IN slumber, I prithee, how is it
 That souls are oft taking the air,
 And paying each other a visit,
 While bodies are—Heaven knows where ?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talked and they kissed the time through,
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no knowing what they mayn't do !

And *your* little Soul, Heaven bless her !
Had much to complain and to say
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prisoned all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
Just venture abroad on a sigh ;

"In an instant she frightens me in
With some phantom of prudence or terror,
For fear I should stray into sin,
Or, what is still worse, into error !

"So, instead of displaying my graces
Through look and through words and through mien,
I am shut up in corners and places
Where truly I blush to be seen !"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter ;

"But to-morrow, sweet Spirit !" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady's in bed,
And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whispered a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And—just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO MRS. ———.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling Dear !
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,

That life, without this cheering ray,
 Which came, like sunshine, every day,
 And all my pain, my sorrow chased,
 Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
 Where are the chords she used to touch?
 Where are the songs she loved so much?
 The songs are hushed, the chords are still,
 And so, perhaps, will every thrill
 Of friendship soon be lulled to rest,
 Which late I waked in Anna's breast !
 Yet no—the simple notes I played
 On memory's tablet soon may fade ;
 The songs which Anna loved to hear
 May all be lost on Anna's ear ;
 But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
 Shall ever in her heart remain ;
 Nor memory lose nor time impair
 The sympathies which tremble there !

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.*

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—Quintilian.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadian. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
 Deux cavaliers très bien montés ;

And the *refrain* to every verse was

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
 A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling ; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.*
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawas tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

From the banks of the St. Lawrence.

NOT many months have now been dreamed away
Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
Saw me where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or lovèd mistress, sigh in every leaf !
There listening, Lady ! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolished lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellowed number ! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sighed along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh ! I have wondered, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own !
I dreamed not then that, ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe ; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurled

* "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers."—*Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.*

In one vast volume down Niagara's-steep,
 Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
 Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
 Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed !—
 Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
 Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
 Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
 Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
 For consolation might have weeping trod,
 When banished from the garden of their God !
 O Lady ! these are miracles, which man
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pygmy plan
 Can scarcely dream of ; which his eye must see
 To know how beautiful this world can be !

~ But soft !—the tinges of the west decline,
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
 Is rocked to rest, the wind's complaining note
 Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes ;
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,*
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night !
 Here as along this shadowy bank I stray,
 And the smooth glass-snake,† gliding o'er my way,
 Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
 Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
 Some Indian Spirit warble words like these :

From the clime of sacred doves,‡
 Where the blessed Indian roves
 Through the air on wing as white
 As the spirit-stones of light §
 Which the eye of morning counts
 On the Appalachian mounts !
 Hither oft my flight I take
 Over Huron's lucid lake,
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,

* Anburey, in his *Travels*, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence.—Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

‡ "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove."—Charlevoix upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tome i. p. 402.

§ "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistered in the sun, and were called by the Indians 'manetoe aseniah,' or spirit-stones."—*Mackenzie's Journal*.

Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air !*

Then, when I have strayed awhile
Through the Manataulin isle,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-Bird † I fly,
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves
Which the weeping lily weaves. ‡
Then I chase the floweret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring ;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink
Thirsting for his balmy drink :
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip !
Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread § loves to creep ;
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,

* I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes :—"When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn ; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium at the rocks below without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

† "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the Bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence ; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit."—*Morse*.

‡ The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

§ "The gold-thread is of the vine-kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—*Morse*.

Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers !

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes ;
When the grey moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day ;
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feathered round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,
Virgins who have wandered young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest !

Thus have I charmed, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away ;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams !
Once more, embarked upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurled,
Coasted the dim shores of another world !

Yet oh ! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every floweret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new,
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remembered well,

Or breeze or echo or some wild flower's smell,
 (For who can say what small and fairy ties
 The memory flings o'er pleasure as it flies?)
 Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
 I once indulged by Trent's inspiring stream;
 Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
 On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
 When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
 With him, the polished warrior, by thy side,
 A sister's idol and a nation's pride;
 When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
 In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
 Turn to the living hero, while it read,
 For pure and brightening comments on the dead;
 Or whether memory to my mind recalls
 The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
 When guests have met around the sparkling board,
 And welcome warmed the cup that luxury poured;
 When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
 With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
 Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
 But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
 Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
 Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
 Whatever hue my recollections take,
 E'en the regret, the very pain they wake,
 Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
 Lady! adieu—my heart has lingered o'er
 These vanished times, till all that round me lies,
 Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

IMPROMPTU

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ———, OF MONTREAL.

'TWAS but for a moment—and yet in that time
 She crowded the impressions of many an hour:
 Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
 Which waked every feeling at once into flower!

Oh! could we have stolen but one rapturous day,
 To renew such impressions again and again,
 The things we should look, and imagine and say,
 Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
 We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
 And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
 As others would take a millennium in feeling!

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,
Late in the evening, September 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor the morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,
October 1804.

Νοστου προφασις γλυκερου.
Pindar. Pyth. 4.

WITH triumph this morning, O Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the Flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me that I was but ill-prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand
 Is the last I shall tread of American land.
 Well—peace to the land ! may the people, at length,
 Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength ;
 That though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
 Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
 Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
 Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
 Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
 That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight !

Farewell to the few I have left with regret.
 May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
 That communion of heart and that parley of soul
 Which has lengthened our nights and illumined our bowl,
 When they've asked me the manners, the mind, or the mien,
 Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
 Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored,
 Whose name often hallowed the juice of their board !
 And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
 I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
 They have listened and sighed that the powerful stream
 Of America's empire should pass like a dream,
 Without leaving one fragment of genius, to say
 How sublime was the tide which had vanished away !
 Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
 On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
 To think that, whenever my song or my name
 Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
 I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful and blest,
 Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow depressed !

But, Douglas ! while thus I endear to my mind
 The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
 I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
 As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
 That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
 And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
 Dear Douglas ! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
 With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
 There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
 Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
 Not a track of the line, not a barbarous shore,
 That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore !
 Oh ! think then how happy I follow thee now,
 When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
 And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
 Takes me nearer the home, where my heart is enshrined ;
 Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
 And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain !
 Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
 And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part !—

But see !—the bent topsails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell !

TO LADY H——,

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

Tunbridge-Wells, August 1805.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay gallant isles ;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walked,
At eve they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talked,
And lovely Stewart smiled like you !

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying “yes,”
Because as yet she knew no better !

Each night they held a coterie,
Where every fear to slumber charmed,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarmed !

They called up all their school-day pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords showed wit, and ladies teeth.

As—“Why are husbands like the Mint?”
Because, forsooth, a husband’s duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

“Why is a garden’s wildered maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?”
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds which “have no business there !”

And thus they missed, and thus they hit,
And now they struck, and now they parried,
And some lay in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

’Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing.

From whence it can be fairly traced
 Through many a branch and many a bough,
 From twig to twig, until it graced
 The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you,
 O Tunbridge ! and your springs ironical,
 I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue,
 To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
 Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
 And Charles's love in Heathcote live,
 And Charles's bards revive in Rogers !

Let no pedantic fools be there,
 For ever be those fops abolished,
 With heads as wooden as thy ware,
 And, Heaven knows ! not half so poiished.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
 The few who know the rare delight
 Of reading Grammont every day,
 And acting Grammont every night !

TO ———.

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prosés,
 You want not antiquity's stamp,
 The lip that's so scented by roses
 Oh ! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
 Have long set the loves at defiance,
 Now, done with the science of blisses,
 May fly to the blisses of science !

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
 Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
 Condemned but to read of enjoyments
 Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
 O Fanny ! they're pitiful sages
 Who could not in *one* of your looks
 Read more than in millions of pages !

Astronomy finds in your eye
 Better light than she studies above,
 And Music must borrow your sigh
 As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
 In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels ;
 Oh ! show but that mole on your neck,
 And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
 When to kiss and to count you endeavour ;
 But Eloquence glows on your lip
 When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
 Of arts is assembled in you—
 A course of more exquisite science
 Man never need wish to go through !

And oh ! if a fellow like me
 May confer a diploma of hearts,
 With my lip thus I seal your degree,
 My divine little Mistress of Arts !

SONG.

SWEETEST love ! I'll not forget thee,
 Time shall only teach my heart
 Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
 Lovely, gentle as thou art !
 Farewell, Bessy !

Yet, oh ! yet again we'll meet, love,
 And repose our hearts at last :
 Oh ! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
 Calm to think on sorrows past.
 Farewell, Bessy !

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
 When I think I stray from thee,
 Round the world that quiet seeking
 Which I fear is not for me !
 Farewell, Bessy !

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
 Can it, dearest ! must it be ?
 Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
 He for ever loses thee !
 Farewell, Bessy !

DID NOT.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
 Than we had dared to own before,

Which then we hid not ;
 We saw it in each other's eye,
 And wished, in every half-breathed sigh,
 To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassioned touch ;
 'Twas the first time I dared so much,
 And yet she chid not ;
 But whispered o'er my burning brow,
 "Oh ! do you doubt I love you now ?"
 Sweet soul ! I did not.

AT NIGHT.*

AT night, when all is still around,
 How sweet to hear the distant sound
 Of footstep, coming soft and light !
 What pleasure in the anxious beat
 With which the bosom flies to meet
 That foot that comes so soft at night !

And then, at night, how sweet to say
 "'Tis late, my love !" and chide delay,
 Though still the western clouds are bright ;
 Oh ! happy, too, the silent press,
 The eloquence of mute caress,
 With those we love exchanged at night !

DEAR FANNY.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool ;
 She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so :"
 Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
 And 'tis not the first time I have thought so ;
 Dear Fanny,
 'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely ; then love her, nor let the bliss fly ;
 'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season :"
 Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
 That Love reasons much better than Reason ?
 Dear Fanny,
 Love reasons much better than Reason.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted :
 Here's the harp she used to touch—
 Oh how that touch enchanted !

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "At Night" written over him.

Roses now unheeded sigh ;
 Where's the hand to wreath them ?
 Songs around neglected lie ;
 Where's the lip to breathe them ?
 Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;
 Time, that once so fleetly moved,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days when here she strayed,
 Days were moments near her ;
 Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
 Nor pity wept a dearer !
 Here's the bower, &c.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear
 O'er hills and vales of snow
 Nor told my fleet rein-deer
 The track I wished to go.
 But quick he bounded forth ;
 For well my rein-deer knew
 I've but one path on earth—
 That path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
 How soon the heart forgets,
 When summer brings, at last,
 Her sun that never sets !
 So dawned my love for you ;
 And chasing every pain,
 Than summer sun more true,
 'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once in a dark shade,
 Where man ne'er had wandered nor sun-beam played ;
 "Why thus in darkness lie," whispered young Love ;
 "Thou whose gay hours in sunshine should move ?"
 "I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun ;
 So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
 And placed her where heaven's beam warmly played.
 There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
 While, all marked with sunshine, her hours flew by.
 "Oh how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
 That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade ?"



But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er.
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
 Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
 Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
 That Love had but numbered a few sunny hours,
 And left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
 That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between 'em.
 In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full well can spare 'em;
 So, loitering in his lady's bower,
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
 Then is Time's hour of play;
 Oh how he flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow;
 If Time to-day has had its flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
 Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
 The saddest and most trying,
 When one begins to limp again,
 And t'other takes to flying.
 Then is Love's hour to stray;
 Oh how he flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
 And bless the silken fetter,
 Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
 With Love and Time much better.
 So well she checks their wanderings,
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings
 And Time for ever wears 'em.
 This is Time's holiday;
 Oh how he flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
 Oh if to love thee more
 Each hour I number o'er—
 If this a passion be
 Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee

Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee, —

Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;

Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,

Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm

In love, to banish harm—

If pleasure's truest spell

Be to love well,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee

Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WANDERING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

LOVE, wandering through the golden maze

Of my beloved's hair,

Traced every lock with fond delays,

And, doting, lingered there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly ;

His heart was close confined,

And every curlet was a tie—

A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,

Merrily oh !

Where the song of freedom soundeth,

Merrily oh !

There the warrior's arms

Shed more splendour ;

There the maiden's charms

Shine more tender ;

Every joy the land surroundeth,

Merrily oh ! merrily oh !

Wearily every bosom pineth,

Wearily oh !

Where the bond of slavery twineth

Wearily oh !

There the warrior's dart

Hath no flectness ;

There the maiden's heart
 Hath no sweetness—
 Every flower of life declineth,
 Wearily oh ! wearily oh !

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily oh !
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily oh !
 If a glorious death,
 Won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath,
 Sighed in slavery,
 Round the flag of freedom rally,
 Cheerily oh ! cheerily oh !

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

OH remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
 When our moments so blissfully flew ;
 When you called me the flower of Castilian maids,
 And I blushed to be called so by you ;
 When I taught you to warble the gay seguedille,
 And to dance to the light castanet ;
 Oh never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
 Every hour a new passion can feel,
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove ;
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
 That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

THE white sail caught the evening ray,
 The wave beneath us seemed to burn,
 When all my weeping love could say
 Was " Oh soon return !"
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown ;
 Now chilled beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunned by summer's zone :
 Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
 When evening bid the west wave burn,
 I thought I heard her faintly say,
 " Oh soon return !"

If ever yet my bosom found
 Its thoughts one moment turned from thee,
 'Twas when the combat raged around,
 And brave men looked to me.
 But though 'mid battle's wild alarm
 Love's gentle power might not appear,
 He gave to glory's brow the charm
 Which made even danger dear.
 And then, when victory's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
 I heard that farewell voice once more,
 "Oh soon return!"

LOVE THEE.

OH, yes!—so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Were worthless without thee.
 Though brimmed with blessings pure and rare
 Life's cup before me lay,
 Unless thy love were mingled there,
 I'd spurn the draught away.
 Love thee?—so well, so tenderly,
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, how joylessly
 All glory's meeds I see,
 And even the wreath of victory
 Must owe its bloom to thee.
 Those worlds for which the conqueror sighs
 For me have now no charms;
 My only world those radiant eyes—
 My throne those circling arms!
 Oh, yes!—so well, so tenderly,
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Whole realms of light and liberty
 Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
 First I sighed for thee;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breathed thee then,
 Oh how blissful life would be!

Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys that lie in slumber cold—
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

Oh there's nothing left us now
 But to mourn the past !
 Vain was every ardent vow—
 Never yet did Heaven allow
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.
 Not even hope could now deceive me—
 Life itself looks dark and cold :
 Oh thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,
 With timid ray resembling
 Affection's early look.
 Thus love begins—sweet morn of love !

The noontide ray ascended,
 And o'er the valley's stream
 Diffused a glow as splendid
 As passion's riper dream.
 Thus love expands—warm noon of love !

But evening came, o'er shading
 The glories of the sky,
 Like faith and fondness fading
 From passion's altered eye.
 Thus love declines—cold eve of love !

THE SONG OF WAR.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's lingering chains ;
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
 No ! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall smiling say,
 " Your cloud of foes hath passed away,
 And Freedom comes with new-born ray,

To gild your vines and light your fountains."
 Oh never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
 Was the floweret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
 Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
 And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
 Prolonged by the breath she will borrow from thee ;
 For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN midst the gay I meet
 That blessed smile of thine,
 Though still on me it turns most sweet,
 I scarce can call it mine :
 But when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 O then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them while they flow.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile with many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh then, the smile is warmed away,
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
 Upon the rosy sea, love,

I watch the star whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love.
 And thou too, on that orb so dear,
 Ah dost thou gaze at even,
 And think, though lost for ever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see, love,
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When, friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
 May turn to smiles in heaven.

FANNY, DEAREST.

OH ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
 Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh ;
 And every smile on my cheek should turn
 To tears when thou art nigh.
 But between love, and wine, and sleep,
 So busy a life I live,
 That even the time it would take to weep
 Is more than my heart can give.
 Then bid me not to despair and pine,
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
 The Love that's ordered to bathe in wine
 Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
 Fanny, dearest, thy image lies ;
 But oh, the mirror would cease to shine,
 If dimmed too often with sighs.
 They lose the half of beauty's light
 Who view it through sorrow's tear ;
 And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
 That I keep my eye-beam clear.
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
 Fanny, dearest—the hope is vain ;
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain.

SIGH NOT THUS.

SIGH not thus, oh simple boy,
 Nor for woman languish ;
 Loving cannot boast a joy
 Worth one hour of anguish.

Moons have faded fast away,
 Stars have ceased their shining;
 Woman's love, as bright as they,
 Feels as quick declining.

Then, love, vanish hence!
 Fye, boy, banish hence
 Melancholy thoughts of Cupid's lore;
 Hours soon fly away,
 Charms soon die away;
 Then the silly dream of the heart is o'er.

'TIS LOVE THAT MURMURS.

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
 And makes me shed the secret tear;
 Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
 For night and day his voice I hear.

Oh bird of love, with song so drear,
 Make not my soul the nest of pain!
 Oh let the wing which brought thee here
 In pity waft thee hence again!

YOUNG ELLA.

YOUNG Ella was the happiest maid
 That ever hailed the infant spring,
 Her carol charmed the blissful shade,
 Love taught his favourite nymph to sing.
 But ah! that sorrow's preying worm
 Should nip the tender buds of peace;
 Now wan with woe is Ella's form,
 And all her notes of rapture cease.
 Alas, poor Ella!

Oh! she was like the silver rose
 That drinks the early tears of heaven,
 Bright as the dewy star that glows
 Upon the blushing brow of even!
 How couldst thou, faithless Edmund, leave
 A nymph so true, so brightly fair,
 In horror's darkling cell to weave
 The gloomy cypress of despair?
 Alas, poor Ella!

No longer now the hamlet train
 Her beauty, life, and sense admire,
 Bewildered is her aching brain,
 And quenched is all that lively fire.

Where shadows veil the mountain height,
 And fiends of darkness murmur low,
 On every sobbing breeze of night
 Is heard the maniac's plaint of woe.
 Alas, poor Ella !

Fond maid, when from these ills severe
 Death steals thee to his lonely bower,
 Pity shall drop her angel tear,
 And twine thy grave with many a flower.
 The story of thy hapless doom
 Shall deck the rustic poet's lay;
 And as they pass thy simple tomb,
 The village hinds shall weeping say,
 Alas, poor Ella !

THE PILGRIM.

HOLY be the pilgrim's sleep,
 From the dreams of terror free ;
 And may all who wake to weep
 Rest to-night as sweet as he.
 "Hark ! hark, did I hear a vesper swell ?
 It is, my love, some pilgrim's prayer !"
 "No, no, 'tis but the convent bell,
 That tolled upon the midnight air !"

"Now, now again, the voice I hear,
 Some holy man is wandering near :
 O pilgrim, where hast thou been roaming ?
 Dark is the way, and midnight's coming !"
 "Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain !"

"And, pilgrim, say where art thou going ?
 Dark is the way, the winds are blowing !"
 "Weary with wandering, weak, I falter,
 To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar !"
 Strew then, oh strew his bed of rushes,
 Here he shall rest till morning blushes !

(Dirge heard from the convent within.)

Peace to them whose days are done,
 Death their eyelids closing ;
 Hark ! the burial rite's begun,
 'Tis time for our reposing.

(Pilgrim throwing off his disguise.)

"Here, then, my pilgrim's course is o'er."

"'Tis my master, 'tis my master,
 Welcome ! welcome home once more !"

WILT THOU SAY FAREWELL, LOVE?

“WILT thou say farewell, love,
And from Zelinda part?
Zelinda’s tears will tell, love,
The anguish of her heart.”

“I’ll still be thine, and thou’lt be mine,
I’ll love thee though we sever;
Oh! say, can I e’er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love?—oh never.”

“Wilt thou think of me, love,
When thou art far away?”

“Oh! I’ll think of thee, love,
Never, never stray!”

“Let not other wiles, love,
Thy ardent heart betray;
Remember Zelinda’s smile, love,
Zelinda, far away!”

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT.

CEASE, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love,
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.

All its joys and pains
To others I resign;
But be the vacant heart,
The careless bosom, mine.

Say, oh say no more,
That lovers’ pains are sweet;
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

Weeping day and night,
Consuming life in sighs;
This is the lover’s lot,
And this I ne’er could prize.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is followed by a tear.

Fare thee well ! oh fare thee well !
 Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell ;
 Oh ! I ne'er can love again
 The girl whose faithless art
 Could break so dear a chain,
 And with it break my heart !

Once when truth was in those eyes,
 How beautiful they shone ;
 But now that lustre flies,
 For truth, alas, is gone !

Fare thee well ! oh fare thee well !
 How I've loved my hate shall tell.
 Oh how lorn, how lost, would prove
 Thy wretched victim's fate,
 If, when deceived in love,
 He could not fly to hate !

MY MARY.

LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee,
 On thy cheek his bed I see ;
 No, that cheek is pale with care,
 Love can find no roses there.

'Tis not on the cheek of rose
 Love can find the best repose ;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see,
 There he lives, and lives for thee !

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
 While he makes that eye his home ;
 No, the eye with sorrow dim
 Ne'er can be a home for him.

Yet, 'tis not in beaming eyes
 Love for ever warmest lies ;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see,—
 Here he lives, and lives for thee !

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the warrior wave his sword afar,
 For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
 And the sun shall blush with war.

Victory sits on the Christian's helm,
 To guide her holy band ;
 The Knight of the Cross this day shall whelm
 The men of the Pagan land.

Oh, blest who in the battle dies !
God will enshrine him in the skies !

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom ;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns ;
High flames the sword in his hand once more :
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
Oh then comes the harp, when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom ;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay lulled on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
But when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame :
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;
While, to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
But then came the light harp when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lulled the War-God to rest ;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.





IRISH MELODIES.

PREFATORY LETTER ON MUSIC.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth, (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated;) and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in *The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose*, (1660.) Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

George II. that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, "*decantare loca dolentia*." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceanans, cries,* &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise†—that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks‡—or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.§

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with the counterpoint,|| and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited with much more plausibility to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;¶ yet I believe

* Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

† See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

‡ O'Halloran, vol. i., part i., chap. vi.

§ Id. ib., chap. vii.

|| It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne, (*Preliques de l'Harmonie*, quest. 7,) that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, (*Observations on Florid Song*, chap. i., § 16,) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the pianoforte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

¶ The words *ποικιλία* and *ἐτεροφωνία*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in fragment, lib. ii., *De Republ.*, induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily, ("Examen d'un Passage de Platon," in the third volume of *Histoire de l'Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*) that what Cicero says of the music of the

it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the "light of song" through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting)* must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp† were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,‡ our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music

spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle, *Περὶ Κοσμοῦ—Μουσικὴ δὲ ὄξει ἀμα καὶ βαρεῖς, κ. τ. λ.*

* Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his *Introduction to Harmony*, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

† A singular oversight occurs in an Essay on the Irish Harp by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to *Walker's Historical Memoirs*, "The Irish," says he, "according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing." How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia citharâ, tubis et chorâ Hibernici, tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam." (*Hist. Anglic. Script.*, p. 1075.) I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last work, has adopted it implicitly.

‡ The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint-stealer."

has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,* and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget,"† the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathises with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,‡ and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image

* Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception, perhaps, of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation, (*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie*.) The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

† Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204.

‡ See Letters, under the signatures of "Timæus," &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility towards England—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that Demophon of old who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered! *—to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many among the more wise and tolerant who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be now and then alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured† and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed as

* "This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοπολος) to Alexander the Great."—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.*, lib. i.

† The word "chromatic" might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonised shape with new claims upon our interest and attention and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

T. M.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee ;

But while fame elates thee,

Oh ! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest

To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh ! then remember me.

Other arms may press thee,

Dearer friends caress thee,

All the joys that bless thee

Sweeter far may be ;

But when friends are nearest,

And when joys are dearest,

Oh ! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest

By the star thou lovest,

Oh ! then remember me.

Think, when home returning,

Bright we've seen it burning,

Oh ! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,

On its lingering roses,

Once so loved by thee,

Think of her who wove them,

Her who made thee love them :

Oh ! then remember me.

When around thee dying

Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh ! then remember me.

And, at night, when gazing

On the gay hearth blazing,

Oh ! still remember me.

Then should music, stealing

All the soul of feeling,

To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee ;

Then let memory bring thee

Strains I used to sing thee—

Oh ! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.*

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er ;
 Though lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora‡ no more.
 That star of the field, which so often hath poured
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there ?
 No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood §
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirred not, but conquered and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ;—
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise.

* Brien Borohme, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The palace of Brien.

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance relating to the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops ; never was such another sight exhibited." - *History of Ireland*, book 12, chap. i.

Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in Heaven's sight
 One arch of peace !

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name ; let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid ;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned ?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
 Every thought of my reason was thine ;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet ; 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made ;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night that oh ! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet ; the fount that played
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near,
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?

OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now :
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No ;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile :—
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear !

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows !
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined ;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
 But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed ;
 And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl ; while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW
 I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me ;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.†

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

† This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote :—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example



But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting :

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray ;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain ;
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ; †
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 10.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.*

"OH ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see ;
 And I have sworn this sainted sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"O Father ! send not hence my bark,
 Through wintry winds and billows dark ;
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer :
 Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint !
 The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurned ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark returned ;
 But legends hint that had the maid
 Till morning's light delayed,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer :—

Cui præsul, quid fœminis
 Commune est cum monachis ?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* p. 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still ;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require ;
But oh ! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair ;
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home ;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 Oh bear my heart to my mistress dear!
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door
 Where weary travellers love to call.*
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blessed.
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried!
 How oft has death united
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love!
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

We're fallen upon gloomy days!†
 Star after star decays,
 Every bright name that shed
 Light o'er the land is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth:
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

* In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran*.

† I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Quenched are our beacon lights—
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights !*
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung !†
 Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept
 That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
 Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
 Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just bids her off, and then bids her good-bye.
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he looked when he left the shore.

* This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero in a poem by O'Grive, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433:—"Con. of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

† Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH ! weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds passed soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away
 Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.
 The white snow lay
 On the narrow pathway
 When the Lord of the Valley crossed over the moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Showed the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.
 The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there's a light above
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her ;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold *
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ; †
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

* " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

† " Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland : long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.†

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter,
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furled?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;

Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—*O'Halloran's Introduction*, &c., part i. chap. 5.

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."—*Topogr. Hib.*, dist. ii. c. 9.

† To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

This moment's a flower too fair and brief
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue ;
 But, while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
 The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
 No, perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this !

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west ;
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor oh be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
 And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain,
 Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright ;
 And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

God prosper the cause !—oh it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
 Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die !
 The finger of Glory shall point where they lie ;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain !

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear ;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

ERIN, O ERIN !

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,*
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin ! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set :
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.†
Thus Erin, O Erin ! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions : — "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant ; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solícite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materiâ, fovant et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* dist. ii. c. 34.

† Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone ;
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, which might pass?
 She answered, he who could,
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do :
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines
 But oh ! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What good could never buy.

OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

OH ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame ;—

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burned with a holier flame;
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;*
 And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire
 Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never can heal;
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.†

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in his songs;
 Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turned,
 To look at orbs, that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burned.
 But *too* far
 Each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere

* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. the Lord Grandison.

† See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Ἐν μυρτοὶ κλαδί το ξίφος φορηρῶ*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

Which near our planet smiling came ;*
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumed all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Played o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 On many brooks ;
 The brook can see no moon but this ;"†
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon ;
 And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she looked in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses, ‡
 Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brushed him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—
 "Ah ! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was
 growing,
 She culled some, and kissed off its night-fallen dew ;

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—*Whiston's Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, "Non mille quod absens."

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works :—"The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night flowers see but one moon."

‡ An emblem of the soul.

And a rose further on looked so tempting and glowing
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning ~
 Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost :
 " Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sighed at its mean-
 ing),
 " That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost ! "

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh ! remember life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free !
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years—
 But oh ! how blessed they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers
 Where we tamed his tyrant might !
 Never let him bind again
 A chain like that we broke from then.
 Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round ! *

Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—
 But oh ! how blessed that hero's sleep
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimmed, for ever crossed—

* " The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker*.

Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?
 The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near! *
 The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.
 'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too;
 And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS. †

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my
 way,
 Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worst physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

† Meaning allegorically the ancient church of Ireland.

The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned ;
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned ;
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honoured, whilst thou wert wronged and scorned,
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorned ;
 She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less pale ;
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 Oh ! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too ! *

ON MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love,
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept !
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers
 Is the grateful breath of song
 That once was heard in happier hours ;
 Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music ! oh, how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are even more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—*St. Paul*, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.
 Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
 From the image he left there in dying !

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee.
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
 And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.
 But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.
 Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame ;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.
 Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
 Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away !

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH ! the days are gone when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove ;
 When my dream of life from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream :
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.
 Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past ;
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last ;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.
 No—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced ;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed ;
 'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream :
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers :
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain,
 And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink.
 Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.
 Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal !
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true ;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards who blight
 Your fame, your right,

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Killkenny.

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The standard of Green
 In front would be seen—
 Oh ! my life on your faith ! were you summoned this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffered too much to forget :
 And hope shall be crowned, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray,
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,—
 And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more.
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warned in vain ;—
 O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruined aisle
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove ;
 And, while your tyrants joined in hate,
 You never joined in love.
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profaned what God had given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to Heaven."

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold ;
But all so close the nymph hath laced it
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined ;
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina,

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary !

Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary !
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary ! *

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.†

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,‡
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
“ Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“ Woman ne'er shall find my bed.”
* Ah ! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue !
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, “ Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse ! ”

† This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

‡ There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
 Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there.
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be:
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had tracked his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat;
 And, when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And, with rude repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
 Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourned her fate.
 When he said "Heaven rest her soul!"
 Round the Lake light music stole;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking;—
 Ah! little they think who delight in her strains
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret;

Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul ;
 The spell of those eyes,
 The balm of thy sighs,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds
 That drank of the floods
 Distilled by the rainbow decline and fade ;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed
 All blushed into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin*
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed—
 For every fond eye he hath wakened a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri ; or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The Death of the Children of Touran,' 'The Death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Denans), and this 'The Death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." At the commencement of these Melodies will also be found a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear, or Lir ; "Silent, O Moyle !" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.



By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,*
 When Ulad's † three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them !—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head !

Yes, monarch ! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall ;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
 When he looks for honey-dew,
 Through the leaves that close embower it,
 That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
 Is to waves that wander near,
 Whispering kisses, while they're going,
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
 Who will fly when sweets are gone ;
 And, when once the kiss is over,
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
 If sunny banks *will* wear away,
 'Tis but right that bees and brooks
 Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

" HERE we dwell in holiest bowers,
 Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend ;
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
 Do not disturb our calm, O Love !
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listened,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;

* "Oh Naisi ! view the cloud that I here see in the sky ! I see over Eman
 green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deirdri's Song*.

† Ulster.

His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glistened ;
 His rosy wing turned to heaven's own tint.
 " Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
 " That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED WITH PLEASURES
 AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread
 That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried ;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

O THE SHAMROCK!

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wandered,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright

* *Proposito florem prætulit officio.*—*Propert.* lib. i. eleg. 20.

A thousand arrows squandered ;
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass*
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emerald seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning !"—
 Says Love, " No, no,
 For me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning."
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, " Oh ! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather !
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom !
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand."

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
 When our voices, commingling, breathed, like one, on the ear;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls,*
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crowned by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
 Is always so slow to come forth
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's nappy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah! never doth time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun looked in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright,
 And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finished, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh ! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up ;
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.
 So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love ;
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,*
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
 Then awake !—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

* "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake !—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song !" said the warrior-bard
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"
 The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery !"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind ;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
 That saddened the joy of my mind.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran :—"The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II. "Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

I looked for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim returned ;
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead ;—
Ah would it were death, and death only !
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought* !
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame !
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward !—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day ;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,

And with hope, like the Bee,
 Living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturbed the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,

Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toiled through winds and rains,
 Till William at length in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"--
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at the close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there ;
 The wind blows cold, and the hour is late :"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bowed as they passed the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaimed the youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all !"
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed and wed ;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too ;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me;
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks around in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the Free,

Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.)

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,*
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But, if in pursuit we go deepe'
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,†
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;

* Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Knights, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear :—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awakening from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full choir of heaven is near—
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind through some wreathèd shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell !—
 'Twas whispered balm—'twas sunshine spoken !—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE..

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver ! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story ;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver ! go.—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few who loved thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost for ever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's name !
 "Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
 For though Heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallowed they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame ;—
 But oh ! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name !

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me;
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite*
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! the endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun, but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, "O'Donnell") has given a very different account of that goblin.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouched, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is plucked to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Looked upward, and blessed the pure ray, ere it fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
 Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world,
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once like a Sun-burst* her banner unfurled.
 Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid—
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
 Then vanished for ever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remembered, pure, bright, and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning!
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

* "The Sun-Burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions :—
So we, Sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit ?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.—
But oh, his joy ! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure ;
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mixed their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us ;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,*
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine :
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
 Thy cooling evening showers,
 Thy fragrant breath at morn.
 When May-flies haunt the willow,
 When May-buds tempt the bee,
 Then, o'er the shining billow,
 My love will come to me.

From Eastern isles, she wingeth
 Through watery wiles her way,
 And on her cheek she bringeth
 The bright sun's orient ray !
 Oh ! come and court her hither,
 Ye breezes mild and warm ;
 One winter's gale would wither
 So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
 Are blessed with endless light ;
 With zephyrs always playing
 Through gardens always bright.

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line :—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a "celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almham, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks."—See also the *Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni*, in *Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

Then now, O May! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before ;
Let sighs from roses meet her,
When she comes near our shore.

DUET.

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

He.—Love, my Mary, dwells with thee,
On thy cheek his bed I see.

She.—No, that cheek is pale with care—
Love can find no roses there.

Both.—'Tis not on the bed of rose
Love can find the best repose :
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

He.—Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.

She.—No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him.

Both.—Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes
Love for ever warmest lies ;
In my heart his home thou'lt see ;
There he lives, and lives for thee.





A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste, and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them, if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term Monopoly." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude ; with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue" I mean that mixture of recitation and music which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad, in the *Athalie* of Racine.

T. M.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC—*Haydn*.

There breathes the language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone ;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known :—

From those meridian plains
 Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
 The soft Peruvian poured his midnight strains,
 And called his distant love (with such sweet power
 That when she heard the lonely lay,
 Not worlds could keep her from his arms away *)
 To the bleak climes of polar night,
 Where, beneath a sunless sky,
 The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
 And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
 As blithe as if the blessed light
 Of vernal Phœbus burned upon his brow.
 O Music ! thy celestial claim
 Is still resistless, still the same !
 And faithful as the mighty sea,
 To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
 The spell-bound tides
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

GREEK AIR.

LIST ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
 While from Illissus' silvery springs
 She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;
 And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
 Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
 When Athens nursed her olive bough
 With hands by tyrant power unchained,
 And braided for the Muse's brow
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstained :—
 When heroes trod each classic field,
 Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
 When every arm was Freedom's shield,
 And every heart was Freedom's altar.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPET.

HARK ! 'tis the sound that charms
 The war-steed's wakening ears !—
 Oh ! many a mother folds her arms
 Round her boy-soldier, when that call she hears,
 And though her fond heart sink with fears,
 Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
 With valour's fervour at the sound !

* A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried " For God's sake, sir, let me go : for that pipe which you hear in yonder tower calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons ; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife and he my husband."—*Garcilasso de la Vega, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.*

See ! from his native hills afar,
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gushed for ever !
O Music ! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an air which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks :
Oh ! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears that ask him why
He wandered from his hut for scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar ;
Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears,
And the stern eyes, that looked for blood before,
Now melting mournful lose themselves in tears !

SWISS AIR.

BUT wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men !
O War ! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallowed form,
And like heaven's lightning sacredly destroys !
Nor, Music ! through thy breathing sphere
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty !

SPANISH AIR.

HARK ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruined streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's glory !

But ah ! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded ;
Of buried hopes, remembered well,
Of ardour quenched and honour faded ?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine ?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave ?
O Erin ! thine !

IRISH AIR—*Gramachree*.





SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

AIR—*Unknown*.*

"The day is thine, the night also is thine : thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.¹AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
 There's nothing true but Heaven !

II.

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven !

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

AIR—*Martini.*

I.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel !
 Silence is o'er thy plains ;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from heaven which led thee
 Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem ;—
 Once, she was all thy own ;

Her love thy fairest heritage,*
 Her power thy glory's throne,†
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree;‡--
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma ;—
 Then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness §
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers
 Where Baal reigned as God!

IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements, ||
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter ¶
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

WHO IS THE MAID? **

AIR—*Beethoven.*

I.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks,
 Through cold reproof and slander's blight,
 Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
 Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
 No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer
 Are the pale looks of her I love;

* "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—Jer. xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—Jer. xiv. 21.

‡ "The Lord called thy name, A green olive-tree, fair, and of goodly fruit," &c.—Jer. xi. 16.

§ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—Jer. xvii. 6.

|| "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—Jer. v. 10.

¶ "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place."—Jer. vii. 32.

** These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the Matron Paula:—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata."—*Epist.* "Si tibi putem."

Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly decked,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a brodered veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty still is frail.*

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

AIR—*Beethoven.*

I.

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,†
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

* Οὐ γὰρ χρυσοφορεῖν τὴν δακρυοῦσαν δεῖ.—*Chrysost. Homil. 8, in Epist. ad Tim.*

† The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

AIR—*Haydn.*

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."
 Psalm cxlvii. 3.

I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown:
 And he who has but tears to give
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
 Is dimmed and vanished too!
 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

 WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.
AIR—*Avison.*

I.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
 Death chilled the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stained it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps, till the sunshine of heaven has unchained it,
 To water that Eden where first was its source!
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

II.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,*
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now ;
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale
 And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow ;
 Oh ! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown ;—
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own !
 Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurled,
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
 My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.†

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 E'en more than music, breathes of Thee !

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy Throne !
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne Church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after. The sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium, she sang several hymns in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly "There's nothing bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

† *Pii orant tacitè.*

V.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through !

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy deity !

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

AIR—*Avison*.*

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 20.

I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting !—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword !—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,†
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

* I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

† "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—Exod. xiv. 24.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;
 While tears that from repentance flow
 In bright exhalament reach the skies.
 Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.—
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well !
 Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT, O LORD !

AIR—*Haydn.*

I.

COME not, O Lord ! in the dread robe of splendour
 Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire ;
 Come veiled in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
 Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire !

II.

Lord ! Thou rememberest the night when thy nation*
 Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream ;
 On Egypt † thy pillar frowned dark desolation,
 While Israel basked all the night in its beam.

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel: and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these."—Exod. xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

† Instead of "On Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "On these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapped."

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
 Oh ! turn upon us the mild light of thy love !

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When o'er the faults of former years
 She wept—and was forgiven ?

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
 The precious perfume poured ;—

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone,
 Though now those gems of grief were there
 Which shine for God alone !

IV.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
 That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

V.

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh ! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much,"*—and be forgiven !

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

AIR—*Haydn.*

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee ;

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much."— St. Luke vii. 47.

My God ! silent to Thee ;
 Pure, warm, silent to Thee.—
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee !

II.

As still, to the Star of its Worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee ;
 My God ! trembling to Thee ;
 True, fond, trembling to Thee !—
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee !

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now ?*
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of His rebuke shall lie ;
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye !

II.

Then, Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again.—
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaffed,
 In peace, by all who come,
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home !

ALMIGHTY GOD.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

AIR—*Mozart.*

I.

ALMIGHTY God ! when round thy shrine
 The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,
 (Emblem of life's eternal ray,
 And love that "fadeth not away") :—

* "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—Isaiah xxv. 7.

We bless the flowers, expanded all,*
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say,—“In Eden thus
 The Tree of Life may flower for us!”

II.

When round thy cherubs, smiling calm
 Without their flames,† we wreath the palm,
 O God! we feel the emblem true,—
 Thy mercy is eternal too!
 Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
 That crown of palm which never dies,
 Are but the types of Thee, above,—
 Eternal Life and Peace and Love!

O FAIR!—O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.‡

AIR—*Moore.*

I.

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
 That flies alone to some sunny grove;
 And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear
 Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.
 Oh! be like this dove;
 O fair! O purest! be like this dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own Book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou wilt study heaven's reflected ray:—

* “And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims and palm-trees and open flowers.”—1 Kings vi. 29.

† “When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the Mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind.”—*Observations on the Palm, W. Tighe.*

‡ In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which the reader will perceive the thought of this song was taken:—“Te, soror, nunquam volo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare vivos aquarum et quasi in specule accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes,” &c. &c.—*De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

And should the foes of virtue dare
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between heaven and thee, and trembling fly !
 Oh ! be like the dove ;
 O fair ! O purest ! be like the dove.





SONGS FROM
M.P.; OR, THE BLUE-STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love lived once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourished,
For young Hope nourished
The infant buds with beams and showers ;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas ! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither !
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch, where the young god lay ;
"Oh ho !" said Love—"is it you? good-by ;"
So he oped the window, and flew away !

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why ;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by ;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none ;

To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won ;
 This is love, careless love,
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
 Through life unchilled, unmoved,
 To love in wintry age the same
 As first in youth we loved ;
 To feel that we adore
 To such refined excess
 That though the heart would break with *more*,
 We could not live with *less* ;
 This is love, faithful love,
 Such as saints might feel above.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
 In youthful hearts that hope like mine ;
 And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
 That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
 There if we find the sigh, the tear,
 They are not those to sorrow known ;
 But breathe so soft, and drops so clear,
 That bliss may claim them for her own.
 Then give me, give me, while I weep,
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe
 And teaches even our tears to keep
 The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child who sees the dew of night
 Upon the spangled hedge at morn
 Attempts to catch the drops of light,
 But wounds his finger with the thorn.
 Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
 Are lost, when touched, and turned to pain ;
 The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
 The tears they waken long remain.
 But give me, give me, &c., &c.

WHEN Leila touched the lute,
 Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
 But when the sounds were mute,
 In memory still they dwelt ;
 Sweet lute ! in nightly slumbers
 Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah how could she who stole
 Such breath from simple wire
 Be led, in pride of soul,
 To string with gold her lyre ?

Sweet lute ! thy chords she breaketh ;
Golden now the strings she waketh !

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told ?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute ! we see thee glisten,
But alas ! no more we listen !

BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens the languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray ;
The beams that flash on the oar a while,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave ;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way ;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

OH think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer !
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her ?
No heart is so guarded around
But the smile of a victor would take it ;
No bosom can slumber so sound
But the trumpet of glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him ;
For oh neither smiling nor weeping
Has power at those moments to rouse him.
But though he was sleeping so fast
That the life almost seemed to forsake him,
Even then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A Lottery, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's court there used to be ;
 Two roguish eyes
 The highest prize
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
 And kisses, too,
 As good as new,
 Which weren't very hard to win,
 For he who won
 The eyes of fun
 Was sure to have the kisses in.
 A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
 In Cupid's court went merrily,
 And Cupid played
 A Jewish trade
 In this his scheming Lottery ;
 For hearts, we're told,
 In *shares* he sold
 To many a fond believing drone,
 And cut the hearts
 In sixteen parts,
 So well each thought the whole his own.
 Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

SONG.

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
 And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
 Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
 And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
 O thou who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
 But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
 Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—
 Where thou art, O Liberty ! there is my home.
 Farewell to the land where in childhood I wandered !
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave !
 Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squandered,
 And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
 But hail to thee, Albion ! who meet'st the commotion
 Of Europe as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam !
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
 Hail, Temple of Liberty ! thou art my home.

WHEN Charles was deceived by the maid he loved,
 We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
 But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmoved,
 Though the wound in his heart was deep and lasting.

And oft at night, when the tempest rolled,
 He sung as he paced the dark deck over—
 “Blow, wind, blow ! thou art not so cold
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover.”

Yet he lived with the happy, and seemed to be gay,
 Though the wound but sunk more deep for concealing ;
 And fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
 Which, true to one anguish, he trod without feeling !
 And still, by the frowning of fate unsubdued,
 He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her—
 “Frown, fate, frown ! thou art not so rude
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover.”

At length his career found a close in death,
 The close he long wished to his cheerless roving,
 For victory shone on his latest breath,
 And he died in a cause of his heart's approving.
 But still he remembered his sorrow,—and still
 He sung till the vision of life was over—
 “Come, death, come ! thou art not so chill
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover.”

WHEN life looks lone and dreary,
 What light can expel the gloom ?
 When Time's swift wing grows weary,
 What charm can refresh his plume ?
 'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
 O'er all that we feel or see ;
 And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
 O woman !

Let conquerors fight for glory,
 Too dearly the mead they gain ;
 Let patriots live in glory—
 Too often they die in vain ;
 Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
 This world can offer to me
 No throne like beauty's bosom,
 No freedom like serving thee,
 O woman !

MR. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so !
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
 For one was B alt, and the rest G below.
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff !
 One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 My voice is for war, asked him, Which of them, pray?
 Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
 "Sinking Fund," the last words as his noddle came down.
 Oh! oh! &c.

"Help! help!" he exclaimed, in his he and she tones,
 "I help me out! help me out—I have broken my bones!"
 "I help you out?" said a Paddy who passed, what a bother!
 Why, there's two of you there, can't you help one another?"
 Oh! oh! &c.

DEAR aunt, in the olden time of love,
 When women like slaves were spurned,
 A maid gave her heart, as she would her glove,
 To be teased by a fop, and returned!
 But women grow wiser as men improve,
 And, though beaux, like monkeys, amuse us,
 Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
 As the heart, to be played with or sullied by them;
 No, dearest aunt, excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
 What impression the heart will take;
 If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
 What a poor impression 'twill make!
 Though plagued, heaven knows! by the foolish zeal
 Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
 Oh think not I'd follow their desperate rule
 Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool:
 No, dearest aunt! excuse me.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping;
 Some gay-coloured bark moving gracefully by;
 No damp on her deck but the even-tides weeping,
 No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's sigh.
 Yet who would not turn with a fonder emotion,
 To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn,
 Which often hath wafted o'er hills of the ocean,
 The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn!
 Oh! grant that of those who in life's sunny slumber
 Around us like summer-barks idly have played,
 When storms are abroad we may find in the number
 One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.



TRIFLES.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—*Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colonel M'Mahon's Appointment.*

LAST night I tossed and turned in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount Castlereagh,
And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dreamed—O frightful dream !
Fuseli has no such theme ;
—— never wrote or borrowed
Any horror half so horrid !

Methought the Prince, in whiskered state,
Before me at his breakfast sate ;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo ! the papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,

And, cutting each some different capers,
 Advanced, O jacobinic papers !
 As though they said, "Our sole design is
 To suffocate his Royal Highness !"

The leader of this vile sedition
 Was a huge Catholic Petition,
 With grievances so full and heavy,
 It threatened worst of all the bevy.
 Then Common-Hall Addresses came
 In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
 Right at the Regent's well-dressed head,
 As if *determined* to be read !
 Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
 And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high ;
 Nay, e'en Death-Warrants thought they'd best
 Be lively too, and join the rest.

But oh the basest of defections !
 His Letter about "predilections"—
 His own dear Letter, void of grace,
 Now flew up in its parent's face !
 Shocked with this breach of filial duty,
 He just could murmur "*et tu Brute?*"
 Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
 At Fox's bust, to rise no more !

I waked—and prayed with lifted hand,
 "Oh ! never may this dream prove true ;
 Though Paper overwhelms the land,
 Let it not crush the Sovereign too !"

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

AT length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
 When, with Perceval's leave, I may throw my chains by ;
 And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
 Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
 But Yarmouth and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
 To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
 With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
 For, though Hertford House had long settled the question,
 I thought it but decent, between me and you,
 That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
 Our affairs were all looking when Father went mad ;
 A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.

I was called upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching ;
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce,*
Would lose all their beauty if purified once ;
And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoiled any favourite adviser—
That Rose was grown honest, or Westmoreland wiser—
That R—d—r was, e'en by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or 'Liverpool's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be !
No ! far were such dreams of improvement from me :
And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you know,
There's such good mutton cutlets and strong curaçoa, †
That the Marchioness called me a duteous old boy,
And my Yarmouth's red whiskers grew redder for joy !

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles ;
I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have soothed her with hope—but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I
Are the last that can think the King *ever* will die !

A new era's arrived—though you'd hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which e'en Waithman attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends*?

I repeat it, "New Friends"—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this Perceval tribe.
Such capering !—Such vapouring !—Such rigour !—Such
vigour !
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure
That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old sconce.

† The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

When I think of the glory they've beamed on my chains,
 'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains !
 It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
 But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches !
 We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted ;
 But then we've got Java, an island much wanted
 To put the last lingering few who remain
 Of the Walcheren warriors out of their pain.
 Then how Wellington fights ! and how squabbles his brother !
 For Papist the one, and *with* Papists the other ;
One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,
 While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic committee !
 Oh deeds of renown !—shall I boggle or flinch,
 With such prospects before me ? by Jove, not an inch.
 No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
 We'll look after the affairs of the *Continent* still,
 And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
 Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
 I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
 My heart is a sieve, where some scattered affections
 Are just danced about for a moment or two,
 And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through :
 Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
 To mortal—except (now I think on't) Beau Brummel,
 Who threatened, last year, in a superfine passion,
 To cut *me*, and bring the old King into fashion.
 This is all I can lay to my conscience at present.
 When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
 So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
 So little encumbered by faith in my dealings—
 (And that I'm consistent the world will allow,—
 What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now),—
 When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
 I hope, like the vender of Best Patent Blacking,
 “ To meet with the generous and kind approbation
 Of a candid, enlightened, and liberal nation.”

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent letter
 (No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better),
 'Twould please me if those whom I've humbugged so long
 With the notion (good men !) that I knew right from wrong
 Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
 To let *too* much light in on me never would do ;
 But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,
 While I've Camden and Eldon to fly to for shade ;
 Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
 While there's Westmoreland near him to weaken the charm.
 As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
 Sure joining with Hertford and Yarmouth will do it !
 Between R—d—r and Wharton let Sheridan sit,
 And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit ;
 And against all the pure public feeling that glows

E'en in Whitbread himself we've a host in George Rose !
 So, in short, if they wish to have places, they may,
 And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,
 Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose),
 By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news ;
 And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
 Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P.S. A copy of this is to Perceval going—
 Good Lord ! how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing !

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan !
 Best of Plumists, if you can
 With your art so far presume,
 Make for me a Prince's Plume—
 Feathers soft and feathers rare,
 Such as suits a Prince to wear !

First, thou downiest of men !
 Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;
 Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
 As by Juno's side might stand,
 If there were no Cocks at hand !
 Seek her feathers, soft as down,
 Fit to shine on Prince's crown ;
 If thou canst not find them, stupid !
 Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
 Pluck me next an old Cuckoo
 Emblem of the happy fates
 Of easy, kind, cornuted mates :
 Pluck him well—be sure you do—
 Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
 Thus to have his plumage blest,
 Beaming on a Royal crest ?

Bravo, Plumist !—now what bird
 Shall we find for Plume the third ?
 You must get a learned Owl,
 Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,
 Foe to all that's fair and bright !
 Seize his quills (so formed to pen
 Books that shun the search of men ;
 Books that, far from every eye,
 In "sweltered venom sleeping" lie !)
 Stick them in between the two,
 Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue ;
Sullied now—alas, how much !
Only fit for Yarmouth's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done ;
Present worthy George's Son !
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I serve" and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH Manchester Square took a canter just now—
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look, oh 'twas black as the devil !
How unlucky !—*incog.* he was travelling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out !

Mem.—When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder ?
The Prince was as cheerful as if all his life
He had never been troubled with friends or a wife—
"Fine weather," says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
Answered, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he looked somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I feared they'd come off,
And then, Lord ! how Geramb would triumphantly scoff !

Mem.—To buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion !

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady Castlereagh.
My Lord loves music, and we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the Regent named
"*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"
While gentle Hertford begged and prayed
For "*Young I am and sore afraid.*"

EPIGRAM.*

WHAT news to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse—
 M—c is the Prince's Privy Purse!"—
 The Prince's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
 You mean the Prince's *Ridicule.*

KING CRACK† AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW MINISTRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings
 (At least, so his courtiers would swear to you gladly),
 But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,
 And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.
 Some broken-down Idols, that long had been placed
 In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him so much
 That he knelt down and worshipped, though—such was his
 taste!—
 They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch!
 And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack!—
 Till his people, disdaining to worship such things,
 Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
 You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings.*"
 Then, trampling the gross Idols under their feet,
 They sent Crack a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar!
 We are willing to worship, but only entreat
 That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."
 "I'll try," says King Crack.—Then they furnished him models
 Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent them all back;
 Some were chiselled too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,—
 In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack!
 So he took to his darling old Idols again,
 And, just mending their legs and new-bronzing their faces,
 In open defiance of Gods and of men,
 Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Ans. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
 That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
 And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
 In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

* This is a bon-mot, attributed, I know not how truly, to the Princess of Wales. I have merely versified it.

† One of those antediluvian princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

SAID his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?"
"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odoured Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us,
Those who rule and (some say) fool us—
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities!*

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish Gifford can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eldon's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of Liverpool!
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they suffered (what a pity)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our Castlereagh to crown,
Bring me, from the county Down,
Withered Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green
(Such as H—df—t brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day†)—

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. ix. v. 138. Plutarch, too, tells us that household gods were then, as they are now, "much given to war and penal statutes." Παντωδεις και ποινημους δαιμονας.

† Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the servants of Carlton House every St. Patrick's Day.

Stitch the garland through and through
 With shabby threads *of every hue*—
 And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
 His Lordship loves (though best of men)
 A little *torture*, now and then,
 Crimp the leaves, thou first of Sirens!
 Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—
 Had I leisure, I could say
 How the *oldest rose* that grows
 Must be plucked to deck Old Rose—
 How the Doctor's brow should smile
 Crowned with wreaths of Camomile;
 But time presses—to thy taste
 I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF
 LORD YARMOUTH'S FETE.

"I WANT the Court-Guide," said my Lady, "to look
 If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20"—
 "We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's the *Red-Book*,
 Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* Places in plenty!"

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.*

† COME, Yarmouth, my boy, never trouble your brains,
 About what your old croney,
 The Emperor Boney,
 Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;
 ‡ Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;
 Should there come famine,
 Still plenty to cram in
 You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!
 Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
 § For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away;

* This and the following are extracted from a work which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the public, entitled "Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
 Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Hadria
 Divisus objecto, remittas
 Quærere.

‡ ——— nec trepides in usum
 Poscentis ævi pauca.

§ ——— Fugit retro
 Levis Juventas et Decor.

And then people get fat,
 And infirm, and—all that,
 * And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits
 That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits ;
 † Thy whiskers, too, Yarmouth !—alas, even they,
 Though so rosy they burn,
 Too quickly must turn
 (What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers !) to Grey.
 ‡ Then why, my Lord Warden ! oh ! why should you fidget
 Your mind about matters you don't understand ?
 Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
 Because “you,” forsooth, “*have the pen in your hand!*”

Think, think how much better
 Than scribbling a letter
 (Which both you and I
 Should avoid, by the bye),
 § How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
 Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like a new one ;
 While Charley looks sulky, and frowns at me, just
 As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan !

|| To crown us, Lord Warden !
 In Cumberland's garden
 Grows plenty of *monk's-hood* in venomous sprigs ;
 • While Otto of Roses
 Refreshing all noses
 Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.
 ¶ What youth of the household will cool our noyau
 In that streamlet delicious
 That down midst the dishes,
 All full of good fishes,
 Romantic doth flow?—
 ** Or who will repair
 Unto M—— Square,
 And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?

* Pellente lascivos Amores
 Canitie.

† ——— neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
 Vultu.

‡ ———quid æternis *minorem*
 Consiliis animum fatigas?

§ Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hac
 Pinu jacentes sic temere.

|| ——— rosâ
 Canos odorati capillos,
 Dum licet, Assyriâque nardo
 Potamus uncti.

¶ ——— Quis puer ocius
 Restinguet ardentis Falerni
 Pocula *prætereunte* *lymphâ*?

** Quis ——— eliciet domo
 Lyden?

Go—bid her haste hither,
 *And let her bring with her
 The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
 †Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
 All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
 In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses for May!

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELDON.

‡ THE man who keeps a conscience pure
 (If not his own, at least his Prince's),
 Through toil and danger walks secure,
 Looks big and black, and never winces!

§ No want has he of sword or dagger,
 Cocked hat or ringlets of Geramb;
 Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
 He does not care one single damn!

|| Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
 Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
 'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
 No matter, 'tis all one to him.

¶ For instance, I, one evening late,
 Upon a gay vacation sally,

* ——— Eburna dic age cum lyrâ (qu. *liar-a*)
 Maturet.

† ——— Incomtam Lacænæ
 More comam religata nodo.

‡ Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

§ Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis
 Fusce, pharetrâ,

|| Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

The noble translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "*quæ loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes*" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

¶ Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
 Terminum curis vago expeditis
 Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome), there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the noble and learned translator has avoided touching upon the words "*curis expeditis*" (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*"), and the felicitous idea of his being "*inermis*" when "*without his wig*," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne Alley.

When lo ! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me e'en without my wig !

* Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to mass in Dublin city,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee !

† Oh ! place me 'midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara ;
Or place me where Dick M—rt—n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara ;

‡ Of Church and State I'll warble still,
Though e'en Dick M—rt—n's self should grumble ;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,
§ So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah ! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble !

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prïe,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true ;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it !

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine* !

* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias in latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

† Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ ;
Quod latus mundi, nebulae, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—rt—n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

‡ Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

§ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little allegory.

Jack fell down
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

TO ———.

Mora pur quando vuol, non è bisogno mutar nè faccia nè voce per esser un angelo.*

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given ;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for heaven !

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

—— nova monstra creavit.—*Ovid. Metamorph. lib. i. v. 437.*

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major Camac,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us ! as never decked any
Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni—
“Let's see,” says the Regent (like Titus, perplexed
“With the duties of empire), “whom *shall* I dress next?”

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair ;†
Not a single *ex-curl* on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *false*r they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?
For his Yarmouth's own Frenchified hand cut it out ;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of State,
And a grand Household Council was held on each plait !

Then whom shall he dress ? shall he new-rig his brother
Great Cumberland's Duke, with some kickshaw or other ?
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes ?

Ah ! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately packed up in new stays,
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *unpack* him again !

So, what's to be done ?—there's the Ministers, bless 'em !—
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em ?

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—See his Life.

† That model of princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—“*timore tonsoris*,” says Lampridius (*Hist. August. Scriptor.*) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See *Jul. Capitolin.*) Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—
Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and Hertford her thimble;
While Yarmouth shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls Castlereagh, and the rest
Of his Heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dressed.
While Yarmouth, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic petition
In long tailors' measures, (the Prince crying "Well done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor Eldon.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS
CALLED) "HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"LEGGE AUREA,
S'ei piace, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've Law on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got Law on their side!

'Tis a thing that in every king's reign has been done, too;
Then why should it now be decried?
If the father has done it, why shouldn't the son, too?
For so argues Law on our side!

And, e'en should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've Law on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good sir! go a little more slowly,
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little too *lowly*
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em
The people should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down de-
corum—
You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you e'en an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
 Whose heart, though it long ago died
 To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
 You still would have Law on your side!

But for *you*, sir, crim. con. is a path full of troubles ;
 By *my* advice therefore abide,
 And leave the pursuit to those princes and nobles
 Who have *such* a Law on their side !

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. STEPHEN, INTENDED TO
 HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE
 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
 We open, most thinking and right-headed nation !
 Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
 They're the best that for money just now could be had ;
 And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
 You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.
 As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
 The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set :
 And considering they all were but clerks t'other day,
 It is truly surprising how well they can play.
 Our manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
 And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,
 But on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
 Changed his note of a sudden, to *God save the King*;)
 Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
 Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
 Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
 Your devoted and long-winded proser till death !

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,
 We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
 One Mr. Vansittart, a good sort of person,
 Who's also employed for this season to play
 In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
 We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
 To get that great actor from Liverpool, Canning ;
 And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts
 Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
 If the manager should, with the help of Sir Popham,
 Get up new *diversions*, and Canning should stop 'em,
 Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
 "Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."
 Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
 There is plenty of each in this house to be had ;
 Where our manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
 For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he ;

And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
 Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
 His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
 And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
 Traps and deceptions, and shifting of scenery.
 Yarmouth and Cum are the best we can find,
 To transact all that trickery business behind.
 The former's employed too to teach us French jigs,
 Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
 A few *Seats in the House* not as yet sold away,
 May be had of the manager, Pat Castlereagh.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni.—*Tacitus*.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you, gemmen and ladies,
 They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is ;
 (Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
 In that delicate service they're rather worn out ;
 Though their owner, bright youth ! if he'd had his own will,
 Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
 You can see they've been pretty well *hacked*—and alack !
 What tool is there job after job will not hack ?
 Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
 And their temper, like Ellenb'rough's none of the best.
 But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying ;
 Were't but for their *brass* they are well worth the buying ;
 They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
 And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines !

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
 Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
 Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
 'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
 Who bids ? Gentle buyer ! 'twill turn as thou shapest—
 'Twill make a good thumbscrew to torture a Papist ;
 Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
 Of some church that old women are fearful will fall ;
 Or better, perhaps (for I'm guessing at random),
 A heavy *drag-chain* for some lawyer's old *Tandem* :
 Will nobody bid ? It is cheap, I am sure, sir—
 Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone !—it is yours, sir.
 To pay ready money you shan't be distressed,
 As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh ! 'tis here in a trice—
 This implement, gemmen, at first was a *Vice*
 (A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that will let
 Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get),

But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
 Bright enough for a prince to behold himself in !
 Come, what shall we say for it ? briskly ! bid on,
 We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone !
 God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knocked down,
 Might at last cost their owner—how much ? why a *Crown* !

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
 Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
 Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross ;
 Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,
 And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
 This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather* !
 You shall have it for nothing—then marvel with me
 At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
 Where a tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)
 Is placed by ill luck at the top of the *Budget* !

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOODED A
 LITTLE MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES ABBOT

"Arcades ambo
 Et *cant*-are pares."

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
 And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
 Whether it's within our reach
 To make up a little Speech,
 Just between little you and little I, I, I,
 Just between little you and little I !"

Then said his little Soul,
 Peeping from her little hole,
 "I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
 But, if it's not uncivil,
 Pray tell me what the devil
 Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
 Must our little, little speech be about ?"

The little Man looked big,
 With the assistance of his wig,
 And he called his little Soul to order, order, order,
 Till she feared he'd make her jog in
 To jail like Thomas Croggan
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl), to reward her, ward her, ward
 her,
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
 "Little Soul, it is no joke,
 For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,

I will tell the Prince and People
 What I think of Church and Steeple,
 And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
 And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
 Little Man and little Soul
 Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
 And the world all declare
 That this priggish little pair
 Never yet in all their lives looked so little, little, little,
 Never yet in all their lives looked so little !

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

—————suosque tibi commendat Troja PENATES
 Hos cape fatorum comites.—*Virgil.*

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
 And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should we not,
 As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
 Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
 There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
 Any men we could half so conveniently spare,
 And, though they've been helping the French for years past,
 We may thus make them useful to England at last.

Castlereagh in our sieges might save some disgraces,
 Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places* ;
 And Volunteer Canning, still ready for joining,
 Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.
 Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
 Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might be tried,
 And the Chief Justice make a *bold charge* at his side !
 While Vansittart could victual the troops *upon tick*,
 And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great Regent himself
 Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf ;—
 Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
 Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse* ?
 And though oft, of an evening, perhaps, he might prove,
 Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable to move,"*
 Yet there's *one* thing, in war of advantage unbounded,
 Which is that he could not with ease be *surrounded* !
 In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment !
 At present no more but—good luck to the shipment !

* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch.

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF
A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

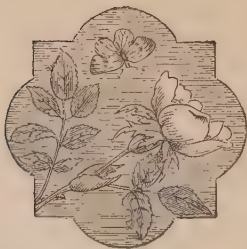
BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banished from mine.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiâdes smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

O Wellington ! long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do ;
For while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you* !





ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure ;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beamed upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly pressed
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye ;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sighed,
The fragrance of the racy tide ;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue ;
I took the braid of wanton twine,—
It breathed of him, and blushed with wine !
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah ! I feel its magic now !
I feel that e'en his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much !

ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along ;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night ;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I !

And when the cluster's mellowing dews
 Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
 Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
 And reel us through the dance's round.
 O Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
 In wild but sweet ebriety!
 And flash around such sparks of thought,
 As Bacchus could alone have taught!
 Then give the harp of epic song
 Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
 But tear away the sanguine string,
 For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
 Master of the pencil's fire!
 Sketched in painting's bold display,
 Many a city first portray;
 Many a city, revelling free,
 Warm with loose festivity.
 Picture then a rosy train,
 Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
 Piping as they roam along
 Roundelay or shepherd-song.
 Paint me next, if painting may
 Such a theme as this portray,
 All the happy heaven of love
 These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
 I do not from your labours ask
 In gorgeous panoply to shine,
 For war was ne'er a sport of mine
 No—let me have a silver bowl,
 Where I may cradle all my soul:
 But let not o'er its simple frame
 Your mimic constellations flame;
 Nor grave upon the swelling side
 Orion scowling o'er the tide.
 I care not for the glittering Wain,
 Nor yet the weeping sister train.
 But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
 Their blushing tendrils round the bowl,
 While many a rose-lipped bacchant maid
 Is culling clusters in their shade.
 Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
 Wildly press the gushing grapes;

And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets ;
While Venus to her mystic bower
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

ODE V.

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Formed for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights ;
Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which history trembles to relate !
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms ;
And all the Graces, linked with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove ;
While rosy boys disporting round
In circlets trip the velvet ground ;
But ah ! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys !

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy ; a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side ;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelmed him in the racy spring.
Oh ! then I drank the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul !
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.

THE women tell me every day
 That all my bloom has passed away.
 "Behold," the pretty wanton's cry,
 "Behold this mirror with a sigh;
 The locks upon thy brow are few,
 And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
 Whether decline has thinned my hair,
 I'm sure I neither know nor care;
 But this I know, and this I feel,
 As onward to the tomb I steal,
 That still as death approaches nearer,
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
 And had I but an hour to live,
 That little hour to bliss I'd give!

ODE VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state
 Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
 I envy not the monarch's throne,
 Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
 But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
 The fervour of my brows to shade;
 Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
 Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
 To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
 As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
 But if to-morrow comes, why then—
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
 And thus, while all our days are bright,
 Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
 Let us the festal hours beguile
 With mantling cup and cordial smile;
 And shed from every bowl of wine
 The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
 For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
 May come, when least we wish him present,
 And beckon to the sable shore,
 And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
 Give me the mighty bowl I love,
 And let me sing in wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"
 Alcmaeon once, as legends tell,

Was frenzied by the fiends of hell ;
 Orestes, too, with naked tread,
 Frantic paced the mountain head ;
 And why? a murdered mother's shade
 Before their conscious fancy played.
 But I can ne'er a murderer be,
 The grape alone shall bleed by me ;
 Yet can I rave in wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"
 The son of Jove, in days of yore,
 Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
 And brandished, with a maniac joy,
 The quiver of the expiring boy:
 And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
 Infuriate scoured the guiltless field.
 But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
 No weapon but this flask of gold ;
 The trophy of whose frantic hours
 Is but a scattered wreath of flowers ;
 Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

TELL me how to punish thee,
 For the mischief done to me!
 Silly swallow! prating thing,
 Shall I clip thy wheeling wing?
 Or, as Tereus did of old,
 (So the fabled tale is told,)
 Shall I tear that tongue away,
 Tongue that uttered such a lay?
 How unthinking hast thou been!
 Long before the dawn was seen,
 When I slumbered in a dream,
 Love was the delicious theme!
 Just when I was nearly blest,
 Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
 What in purchase shall I pay thee
 For this little waxen toy,
 Image of the Paphian boy?"
 Thus I said the other day
 To a youth who passed my way.
 "Sir," (he answered, and the while
 Answered all in Doric style,)

"Take it, for a trifle take it;
 Think not yet that I could make it;
 Pray, believe it was not I;
 No—it cost me many a sigh,
 And I can no longer keep
 Little gods who murder sleep!"
 "Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
 "Here is silver for the boy:
 He shall be my bosom guest,
 Idol of my pious breast!"
 Little Love! thou now art mine,
 Warm me with that torch of thine.
 Make me feel as I have felt,
 Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
 I must burn in warm desire,
 Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
 Roams the mount and haunted grove;
 Cybele's name he howls around,
 The gloomy blast returns the sound!
 Oft too by Claros' hallowed spring,
 The votaries of the laurelled king
 Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
 And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
 But frenzied dreams are not for me,
 Great Bacchus is my deity!
 Full of mirth, and full of him,
 While waves of perfume round me swim;
 While flavoured bows are full supplied,
 And you sit blushing by my side,
 I will be mad and raving too—
 Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL; I will; the conflict's past,
 And I'll consent to love at last.
 Cupid has long, with smiling art,
 Invited me to yield my heart;
 And I have thought that peace of mind
 Should not be for a smile resigned;
 And I've repelled the tender lure,
 And hoped my heart should sleep secure.
 But, slighted in his boasted charms,
 The angry infant flew to arms;
 He slung his quiver's golden frame,
 He took his bow, his shafts of flame,

And proudly summoned me to yield,
 Or meet him on the martial field.
 And what did I unthinking do?
 I took to arms, undaunted too;
 Assumed the corselet, shield, and spear,
 And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
 Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
 I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
 And now his arrows all were shed—
 And I had just in terrors fled—
 When, heaving an indignant sigh,
 To see me thus unwounded fly,
 And having now no other dart,
 He glanced himself into my heart!
 My heart! alas, the luckless day!
 Received the god, and died away.
 Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
 Thy lord at length is forced to yield.
 Vain, vain is every outward care;
 My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV. †

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
 Every leaf that courts the breeze;
 Count me, on the foamy deep,
 Every wave that sinks to sleep;
 Then, when you have numbered these
 Billowy tides and leafy trees,
 Count me all the flames I prove,
 All the gentle nymphs I love.
 First, of pure Athenian maids
 Sporting in their olive shades,
 You may reckon just a score,
 Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
 In the sweet Corinthian grove,
 Where the glowing wantons rove,
 Chains of beauties may be found,
 Chains, by which my heart is bound:
 There indeed are girls divine,
 Dangerous to a soul like mine!
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
 Many in Ionia smile;
 Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
 Caria too contains a host.
 Sum these all—of brown and fair
 You may count two thousand there!
 What, you gaze! I pray you, cease!
 More I'll find before I cease.
 Have I told you all my flames
 'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?

Have I numbered every one
 Glowing under Egypt's sun?
 Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
 Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
 Where the god, with festal play,
 Holds eternal holiday?
 Still in clusters, still remain
 Gades' warm, desiring train;
 Still there lies a myriad more
 On the sable India's shore;
 These, and many far removed,
 Are all loving—all are loved!

ODE XV.

"TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
 Thus your humid pinions move,
 Shedding through the air in showers
 Essence of the balmiest flowers?
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove."—
 "Curious stranger! I belong
 To the bard of Teian song;
 With his mandate now I fly
 To the nymph of azure eye;
 Ah! that eye has maddened many,
 But the poet more than any!
 Venus, for a hymn of love
 Warbled in her votive grove,
 ('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,)
 Gave me to the Bard away.
 See me now his faithful minion;
 Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
 To his lovely girl I bear
 Songs of passion through the air.
 Oft he blandly whispers me,
 'Soon, my bird, I'll set you free.'
 But in vain he'll bid me fly,
 I shall serve him till I die.
 Never could my plumes sustain
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,
 On the mountain's savage swell;
 Seeking in the desert wood
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
 Now I lead a life of ease,
 Far from such retreats as these;
 From Anacreon's hand I eat
 Food delicious, viands sweet;
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
 Sip the foamy wine with him.

Then I dance and wanton round
 To the lyre's beguiling sound ;
 Or with gently-fanning wings
 Shade the minstrel while he sings ;
 On his harp then sink in slumbers,
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers !
 This is all—away—away—
 You have made me waste the day.
 How I've chattered ! prating crow
 Never yet did chatter so."

 ODE XVI.

THOU whose soft and rosy hues
 Mimic form and soul infuse ;
 Best of painters ! come, portray
 The lovely maid that's far away.
 Far away, my soul ! thou art,
 But I've thy beauties all by heart.
 Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
 Silky twine in tendrils playing ;
 And, if painting hath the skill
 To make the spicy balm distil,
 Let every little lock exhale
 A sigh of perfume on the gale.
 Where her tresses' curly flow
 Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
 Let her forehead beam to light,
 Burnished as the ivory bright.
 Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
 In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
 Gently in a crescent gliding,
 Just commingling, just dividing.
 But hast thou any sparkles warm,
 The lightning of her eyes to form ?
 Let them effuse the azure ray
 With which Minerva's glances play,
 And give them all that liquid fire
 That Venus' languid eyes respire.
 O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and mellowed red :
 Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses !
 Sweet petitioner for kisses !
 Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing Love's invasion.
 Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 Mould her neck with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending ;

While airy charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now let a floating lucid veil
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal ;
 A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough—'tis she ! 'tis all I seek ;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak !

ODE XVII.

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth !
 Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light ;
 And there the raven's dye confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine ;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polished glow,
 Front as fair as mountain-snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon dyes, enriched by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle in his jetty glances,
 Power that awes, and love that trances ;
 Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here
 That we by turns may hope and fear !
 Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek ;
 And there let Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play ;
 Blushes, of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
 Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them !
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
 Persuasion sleeping upon roses ;
 And give his lip that speaking air
 As if a word was hovering there !
 His neck of ivory splendour trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace ;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
 With which he waves his snaky wand ;

Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
 And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
 But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
 With all that glow of young desire
 Which kindles when the wishful sigh
 Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
 Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,
 Or its enamoured touch would show
 His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in veiling shadow lies,
 Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
 Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
 I see a godlike portrait there;
 So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
 So like Bathyllus but the sun!
 Oh! let this pictured god be mine,
 And keep the boy for Samos' shrine:
 Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip,—it burns, it burns!
 Sunned by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid, I expire!
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now
 Lives upon my feverish brow;
 Every dewy rose I wear
 Sheds its tears, and withers there.
 But for you, my burning mind!
 Oh! what shelter shall I find?
 Can the bowl, or floweret's dew,
 Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
 Sweet is this embowering shade;
 Sweet the young, the modest trees,
 Ruffled by the kissing breeze!
 Sweet the little founts that weep,
 Lulling bland the mind to sleep:
 Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
 Calm persuasion to the soul!

Tell me, tell me, is not this
 All a stilly scene of bliss?
 Who, my girl, would pass it by?
 Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.

ONE day, the Muses twined the hands
 Of baby Love with flowery bands;
 And to celestial Beauty gave
 The captive infant as her slave.
 His mother comes with many a toy,
 To ransom her belovèd boy;
 His mother sues, but all in vain!
 He ne'er will leave his chains again;
 Nay, should they take his chains away,
 The little captive still would stay.
 "If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
 Who could wish for liberty!"

ODE XXI.

OBSERVE, when mother earth is dry,
 She drinks the droppings of the sky;
 And then the dewy cordial gives
 To every thirsty plant that lives.
 The vapours which at evening weep
 Are beverage to the swelling deep;
 And when the rosy sun appears,
 He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
 The moon too quaffs her paly stream
 Of lustre from the solar beam.
 Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
 Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
 I'll make the laws of nature mine,
 And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
 Was once a weeping matron's form;
 And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
 Is now a swallow in the shade.
 Oh that a mirror's form were mine,
 To sparkle with that smile divine!
 And like my heart I then should be,
 Reflecting thee, and only thee!
 Or were I, love, the robe which flows
 O'er every charm that secret glows,

In many a lucid fold to swim,
 And cling and grow to every limb !
 Oh could I, as the streamlet's wave,
 Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave !
 Or float as perfume on thine hair,
 And breathe my soul in fragrance there !
 I wish I were the zone, that lies
 Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs !
 Or like those envious pearls that show
 So faintly round that neck of snow.
 Yes, I would be a happy gem,
 Like them to hang, to fade like them.
 What more would thy Anacreon be ?
 Oh anything that touches thee !
 Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
 Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet !

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
 This warbler of my soul's desire,
 Could raise the breath of song sublime,
 To men of fame in former time.
 But when the soaring theme I try,
 Along the chords my numbers die,
 And whisper, with dissolving tone,
 "Our sighs are given to love alone !"
 Indignant at the feeble lay,
 I tore the panting chords away,
 Attuned them to a nobler swell,
 And struck again the breathing shell ;
 In all the glow of epic fire,
 To Hercules I wake the lyre !
 But still its fainting sighs repeat,
 "The tale of love alone is sweet !"
 Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
 That mad'st me follow glory's theme ;
 For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
 Shall never more in spirit part ;
 And thou the flame shalt feel as well
 As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell !

ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.
 When the majestic bull was born,
 She fenced his brow with wreathèd horn.
 She armed the courser's foot of air,
 And winged with speed the panting hare.

She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
 To trace their liquid path along;
 While for the umbrage of the grove,
 She plumed the warbling world of love.
 To man she gave the flame refined,
 The spark of heaven—a thinking mind!
 And had she no surpassing treasure
 For thee, O woman, child of pleasure?
 She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
 That every shaft of war outflies!
 She gave thee beauty—blush of fire
 That bids the flames of war retire!
 Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
 Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

 ODE XXV.

ONCE in each revolving year,
 Gentle bird! we find thee here.
 When Nature wears her summer-vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
 But when the chilling winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
 Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
 And thus thy wing of freedom roves;
 Alas! unlike the plumed loves
 That linger in this hapless breast,
 And never, never change their nest!
 Still every year, and all the year,
 A flight of loves engender here;
 And some their infant plumage try,
 And on a tender winglet fly;
 While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
 Cluster a thousand more desires;
 Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
 And some in formless embryo sleeping.
 My bosom, like the vernal groves,
 Resounds with little warbling loves;
 One urchin imps the other's feather,
 Then twin-desires they wing together,
 And still as they have learned to soar,
 The wanton babies teem with more.
 But is there then no kindly art,
 To chase these cupids from my heart?
 No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
 They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
 Or tell the tale of Theban arms ;
 With other wars my song shall burn,
 For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
 'Twas not the crested warrior's dart
 Which drank the current of my heart ;
 Nor naval arms, nor mailèd steed,
 Have made this vanquished bosom bleed ;
 No—from an eye of liquid blue
 A host of quivered cupids flew ;
 And now my heart all bleeding lies
 Beneath this army of the eyes !

ODE XXVII.

WE read the flying courser's name
 Upon his side in marks of flame ;
 And by their turbaned brows alone
 The warriors of the East are known.
 But in the lover's glowing eyes
 The inlet to his bosom lies ;
 Through them we see the small faint mark
 Where Love has dropped his burning spark !

ODE XXVIII.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
 The mate of her who nursed Desire
 Moulded the glowing steel, to form
 Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm ;
 While Venus every barb imbues
 With droppings of her honeyed dews ;
 And Love (alas the victim-heart !)
 Tinges with gall the burning dart ;
 Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
 The crested Lord of battles came ;
 'Twas from the ranks of war he rushed,
 His spear with many a life-drop blushed !
 He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
 Derision on the archer-child.
 "And dost thou smile?" said little Love ;
 "Take this dart, and thou mayst prove
 That though they pass the breeze's flight,
 My bolts are not so feathery light."
 He took the shaft—and oh ! thy look,
 Sweet Venus ! when the shaft he took—
 He sighed, and felt the urchin's art ;
 He sighed, in agony of heart,—

"It is not light—I die with pain!
 Take—take thy arrow back again."
 "No," said the child, "it must not be;
 That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

YES—loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still;
 But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
 To love, and not be loved again!
 Affection now has fled from earth,
 Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
 Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
 From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
 Gold is the woman's only theme,
 Gold is the woman's only dream.
 Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
 Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!
 Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
 Whose heart could pant, for sordid ore.
 Since that devoted thirst began,
 Man has forgot to feel for man;
 The pulse of social life is dead,
 And all its fonder feelings fled!
 War too has sullied Nature's charms,
 For gold provokes the world to arms!
 And oh! the worst of all its art,
 I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
 I fancied that I winged my flight
 On pinions fleetier than the wind,
 While little Love, whose feet were twined
 (I know not why) with chains of lead,
 Pursued me as I trembling fled;
 Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—
 Swift as the moment I was caught!
 What does the wanton fancy mean
 By such a strange, illusive scene?
 I fear she whispers to my breast
 That you, my girl, have stolen my rest:
 That though my fancy, for a while,
 Has hung on many a woman's smile,
 I soon dissolved the passing vow,
 And ne'er was caught by love till now!

ODE XXXI.

ARMED with hyacinthine rod,
 (Arms enough for such a god,)
 Cupid bade me wing my pace,
 And try with him the rapid race.
 O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
 By tangled brake and pendent steep,
 With weary foot I panting flew,
 My brow was chill with drops of dew.
 And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
 To my lip was faintly flying;
 And now I thought the spark had fled,
 When Cupid hovered o'er my head,
 And fanning light his breezy plume,
 Recalled me from my languid gloom;
 Then said, in accents half-reproving,
 "Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves,
 Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
 And while in luxury's dream I sink,
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
 In this delicious hour of joy,
 Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
 Folding his little golden vest,
 With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
 Himself shall hover by my side,
 And minister the racy tide!
 Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
 Our life is hurrying to the goal:
 A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
 Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
 Why do we shed the rose's bloom
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
 Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
 Affect the slumbering chill of death?
 No, no; I ask no balm to steep
 With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
 But now, while every pulse is glowing,
 Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
 Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
 Upon my brow its scent expire;
 And bring the nymph with floating eye,
 Oh! she will teach me how to die!
 Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
 To join the blest elysian choir,
 With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
 I'll make my own elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll ;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away :
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air !
" And who art thou," I waking cry,
" That bidd'st my blissful visions fly ?"
" O gentle sire !" the infant said,
" In pity take me to thy shed ;
Nor fear deceit : a lonely child,
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way !"
I hear the baby's tale of woe ;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow ;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimmed my lamp and oped the gate.
'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night !
I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart !
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze ;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warmed his anxious fears away ;
" I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
" I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wandered so
That much I fear, the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew ;
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;
Oh ! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came !
" Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he winged away ;
" Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relaxed my bow ;
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart !"

ODE XXXIV.

O THOU, of all creation blest,
 Sweet insect ! that delight'st to rest
 Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
 To drink the dew that morning drops,
 And chirp thy song with such a glee
 That happiest kings may envy thee !
 Whatever decks the velvet field,
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear ;
 To him thy friendly notes are dear ;
 For thou art mild as matin dew,
 And still, when summer's flowery hue
 Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
 We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;
 Thy sweet, prophetic strain we hear,
 And bless the notes, and thee revere !
 The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;
 Apollo calls thee all his own ;
 'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
 'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
 Unworn by age's dim decline,
 The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
 Melodious insect ! child of earth !
 In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth ;
 Exempt from every weak decay
 That withers vulgar frames away ;
 With not a drop of blood to stain
 The current of thy purer vein ;
 So blest an age is passed by thee,
 Thou seem'st—a little deity !

ODE XXXV.

CUPID once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head ;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee !
 The bee awaked—with anger wild
 The bee awaked, and stung the child.
 Loud and piteous are his cries ;
 To Venus quick he runs, he flies !
 " O mother !—I am wounded through
 I die with pain—in sooth I do !
 Stung by some little angry thing,
 Some serpent on a tiny wing—
 A bee it was—for once, I know,
 I heard a rustic call it so."

Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile ;
Then said, " My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah Cupid ! be
The hapless heart that's stung by thee ! "

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possessed a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore !
And every day should swell my store ;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date ?
The light of gold can ne'er illumine
The dreary midnight of the tomb !
And why should I then pant for treasures ?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures ;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends !
Mine be the nymph whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses ;
And oh ! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress !

ODE XXXVII.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warmed my swimming soul ;
As lulled in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy played !
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seemed to trace the opening lawn ;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew !
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smiled ;
Smiled indeed with wanton glee,
But, ah ! 'twas plain they envied me.



And still I flew—and now I caught
 The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
 To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
 Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
 All were gone ! “ Alas ! ” I said,
 Sighing for the illusions fled,
 “ Sleep ! again my joys restore,
 Oh let me dream them o’er and o’er ! ”

ODE XXXVIII.

LET us drain the nectared bowl,
 Let us raise the song of soul
 To him, the god who loves so well
 The nectared bowl, the choral swell !
 Him who instructs the sons of earth
 To thrud the tangled dance of mirth :
 Him who was nursed with infant Love,
 And cradled in the Paphian grove ;
 Him that the snowy Queen of Charms
 Has fondled in her twining arms.
 From him that dream of transport flows
 Which sweet intoxication knows ;
 With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
 And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
 Behold ! my boys a goblet bear,
 Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
 Where are now the tear, the sigh ?
 To the winds they fly, they fly !
 Grasp the bowl ; in nectar sinking,
 Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking !
 Oh ! can the tears we lend to thought
 In life’s account avail us aught ?
 Can we discern, with all our lore,
 The path we’re yet to journey o’er ?
 No, no ! the walk of life is dark ;
 ’Tis wine alone can strike a spark !
 Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
 And through the dance meandering glide ;
 Let me imbibe the spicy breath
 Of odours chafed to fragrant death ;
 Or from the kiss of love inhale
 A more voluptuous, richer gale !
 To souls that court the phantom Care
 Let him retire and shroud him there ;
 While we exhaust the nectared bowl,
 And swell the choral song of soul
 To him, the god who loves so well
 The nectared bowl, the choral swell !

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping wild the dance of joy !
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age !
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young !

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career ;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er
Return no more—alas ! no more ;
And all the path I've yet to go
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine ;
No, no ! the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee !
And oh ! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours ;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb !

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies !
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine ;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranced to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh ! is not this divinely sweet ?

ODE XLII.

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine !
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre ;

And while the red cup circles round,
 Mingle in soul as well as sound !
 Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
 Beside me all in blushes lie ;
 And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
 Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
 Oh ! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
 And that shall be my bliss of blisses !
 My soul, to festive feeling true,
 One pang of envy never knew ;
 And little has it learned to dread
 The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
 Away—I hate the slanderous dart
 Which steals to wound the unwary heart ;
 And oh ! I hate, with all my soul,
 Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
 Where every cordial heart should be
 Attuned to peace and harmony.
 Come, let us hear the soul of song
 Expire the silver harp along ;
 And through the dance's ringlet move,
 With maidens mellowing into love :
 Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
 Sure such a life should never cease !

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
 Blushes o'er each fervid head,
 With many a cup and many a smile
 The festal moments we beguile.
 And while the harp, impassioned, flings
 Tuneful rapture from the strings,
 Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
 Through the dance luxuriant swims,
 Waving, in her snowy hand,
 The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
 Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
 Shakes its tresses to her sighs !
 A youth the while, with loosened hair,
 Floating on the listless air,
 Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
 A tale of woes, alas ! his own ;
 And then what nectar in his sigh,
 As o'er his lip the murmurs die !
 Surely never yet has been
 So divine, so blest a scene !
 Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
 To wave his golden tresses here ?
 Oh yes ! and Venus, queen of wiles,
 And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
 All, all are here, to hail with me
 The genius of festivity !

ODE XLIV.

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep !
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine ;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower ;
Rose ! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild !
E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them round me while I sing ;
Great Bacchus ! in thy hallowed shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweetened by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in airy dance,
Commingling soul with every glance !

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear ?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye ;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep ;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way ;
Oh let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave,
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep !

ODE XLVI.

SEE the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing ;

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
 The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languished into silent sleep;
 And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
 While cranes from hoary winter fly
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away;
 And cultured field, and winding stream,
 Are sweetly tissue'd by his beam.
 Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds and flowery bells;
 Gemming shoots the olive twine,
 Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
 All along the branches creeping,
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see
 Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
 Yet I can quaff the brimming wine,
 As deep as any stripling fair,
 Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
 And if, amidst the wanton crew,
 I'm called to wind the dance's clue,
 Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
 Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
 But brandishing a rosy flask,
 The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!
 Let those who pant for Glory's charms
 Embrace her in the field of arms;
 While my inglorious, placid soul
 Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
 Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
 And bathe me in its honeyed wave!
 For though my fading years decay,
 And though my bloom has passed away.
 Like old Silenus, sire divine,
 With blushes borrowed from my wine,
 I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
 And live my follies all again!

ODE XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep.
 Every sorrow's lulled to sleep.

Talk of monarchs! I am then
 Richest, happiest, first of men:
 Careless o'er my cup I sing,
 Fancy makes me more than king;
 Gives me wealthy Cræsus' store,
 Can I, can I wish for more?
 On my velvet couch reclining,
 Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
 While my soul dilates with glee,
 What are kings and crowns to me?
 If before my feet they lay,
 I would spurn them all away!
 Arm you, arm you, men of might.
 Hasten to the sanguine fight!
 Let me, O my budding vine,
 Spill no other blood than thine!
 Yonder brimming goblet see;
 That alone shall vanquish me.
 Oh! I think it sweeter far
 To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLIX.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
 The rosy harbinger of joy,
 Who, with the sunshine of the bow,
 Thaws the winter of our soul;
 When to my inmost core he glides,
 And bathes it with his ruby tides,
 A flow of joy, a lively heat,
 Fires my brain, and wings my feet;
 'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
 Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!
 Sing, sing of love, let music's breath
 Softly beguile our rapturous death,
 While, my young Venus, thou and I
 To the voluptuous cadence die!
 Then waking from our languid trance,
 Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.

WHEN I drink, I feel, I feel,
 Visions of poetic zeal!
 Warm with the goblet's freshening dews,
 My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
 When I drink, my sorrow's o'er;
 I think of doubts and fears no more;
 But scatter to the railing wind
 Each gloomy phantom of the mind!

When I drink, the jesting boy
 Bacchus himself partakes my joy ;
 And while we dance through breathing bowers,
 Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
 In bowls he makes my senses swim,
 Till the gale breathes of nought but him !
 When I drink, I deftly twine
 Flowers, begemmed with tears of wine ;
 And, while with festive hand I spread
 The smiling garland round my head,
 Something whispers in my breast,
 How sweet it is to live at rest !
 When I drink, and perfume stills
 Around me all in balmy rills,
 Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
 In languor on my breast reposes,
 Venus ! I breathe my vows to thee
 In many a sigh of luxury !
 When I drink, my heart refines,
 And rises as the cup declines ;
 Rises in the genial flow
 That none but social spirits know,
 When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
 Dilating, mingle soul with soul !
 When I drink, the bliss is mine ;
 There's bliss in every drop of wine !
 All other joys that I have known,
 I've scarcely dared to call my own ;
 But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
 Till death o'ershadows all my joy !

 ODE LI.

FLY not thus my brow of snow,
 Lovely wanton ! fly not so.
 Though the wane of age is mine,
 Though the brilliant flush is thine,
 Still I'm doomed to sigh for thee,
 Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me !
 See, in yonder flowery braid,
 Culled for thee, my blushing maid.
 How the rose, of orient glow,
 Mingles with the lily's snow ;
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
 Just, my girl, like thee and me !

 ODE LII.

AWAY, away, you men of rules,
 What have I to do with schools ?

They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
 But would they make me love and drink?
 Teach me this, and let me swim
 My soul upon the goblet's brim;
 Teach me this, and let me twine
 My arms around the nymph divine!
 Age begins to blanch my brow,
 I've time for nought but pleasure now.
 Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
 At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
 I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
 This soul to slumber as I drink!
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
 You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
 And there's an end—for ah! you know
 They drink but little wine below!

ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train
 Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
 Memory wakes her magic trance,
 And wings me lightly through the dance,
 Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
 Cull the flower and twine the braid;
 Bid the blush of summer's rose
 Burn upon my brow of snows;
 And let me, while the wild and young
 Trip the mazy dance along,
 Fling my heap of years away,
 And be as wild, as young as they.
 Hither haste, some cordial soul!
 Give my lips the brimming bowl;
 Oh! you will-see this hoary sage
 Forget his locks, forget his age.
 He still can chant the festive hymn,
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
 He still can act the mellow raver,
 And play the fool as sweet as ever!

ODE LIV.

METHINKS, the pictured bull we see
 Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
 How fondly blest he seems to bear
 That fairest of Phœnician fair!
 How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
 And spurns the billowy surge aside!
 Could any beast of vulgar vein,
 Undaunted thus, defy the main?
 No: he descends from climes above,
 He looks the god, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.

WHILE we invoke the wreathèd spring,
 Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
 Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
 Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers ;
 Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
 The Graces love to twine the rose ;
 The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
 And flushes like Dione's kiss !
 Oft has the poet's magic tongue
 The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
 And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
 Have reared it in their tuneful shades.
 When, at the early glance of morn,
 It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
 'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
 To cull the timid floweret thence,
 And wipe with tender hand away
 The tear that on its blushes lay !
 'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
 Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
 And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
 That from the weeping buds arise.
 When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
 And Bacchus beams in every eye,
 Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
 And fill with balm the fainting gale !
 Oh ! there is nought in nature bright,
 Where roses do not shed their light !
 When morning paints the orient skies,
 Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
 The nymphs display the rose's charms,
 It mantles o'er their graceful arms ;
 Through Cytherea's form it glows,
 And mingles with the living snows.
 The rose distils a healing balm,
 The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
 Preserves the cold inurnèd clay,
 And mocks the vestige of decay :
 And when at length, in pale decline,
 Its florid beauties fade and pine,
 Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
 Diffuses odour e'en in death !
 Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung ?
 Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
 When, humid, from the silvery stream,
 Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
 Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
 Mellowed by ocean's briny dews ;

When, in the starry courts above,
 The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
 Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
 The nymph who shakes the martial lance ;
 Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
 The earth produced an infant flower,
 Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
 And wantoned o'er its parent breast,
 The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
 And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth !
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
 The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
 And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
 Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;
 And bade them on the spangled thorn
 Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.

HE who instructs the youthful crew
 To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
 And taste, uncloyed by rich excesses,
 All the bliss that wine possesses !
 He who inspires the youth to glance
 In wingèd circlets through the dance ;
 Bacchus the god, again is here,
 And leads along the blushing year ;
 The blushing year with rapture teems,
 Ready to shed those cordial streams
 Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
 Illuminate the sons of earth !
 And when the ripe and vermeil wine,
 Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
 Which now in mellow clusters swells,
 Oh ! when it bursts its rosy cells,
 The heavenly stream shall mantling flow
 To balsam every mortal woe !
 No youth shall then be wan or weak,
 For dimpling health shall light the cheek ;
 No heart shall then desponding sigh,
 For wine shall bid despondence fly !
 Thus--till another autumn's glow
 Shall bid another vintage flow !

ODE LVII.

AND whose immortal hand could shed
 Upon this disk the ocean's bed ?
 And, in a frenzied flight of soul
 Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,

Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
 The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
 Floating along the silvery sea
 In beauty's naked majesty?
 Oh! he has given the captured sight
 A witching banquet of delight;
 And all those sacred scenes of love,
 Where only hallowed eyes may rove,
 Lie, faintly glowing, half concealed,
 Within the lucid billows veiled.
 Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
 Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
 She floats upon the ocean's breast,
 Which undulates in sleepy rest,
 And stealing on, she gently pillows
 Her bosom on the amorous billows.
 Her bosom, like the humid rose,
 Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
 Illume the liquid path she traces,
 And burn within the stream's embraces!
 In languid luxury soft she glides,
 Encircled by the azure tides,
 Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
 Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
 Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
 The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
 Bearing in triumph young Desire,
 And baby Love with smiles of fire!
 While, sparkling on the silver waves,
 The tenants of the briny caves
 Around the pomp in eddies play,
 And gleam along the watery way.

 ODE LVIII.

WHEN gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
 Escapes like any faithless minion,
 And flies me (as he flies me ever),
 Do I pursue him? Never, never!
 No, let the false deserter go,
 For who would court his direst foe?
 But, when I feel my lightened mind
 No more by ties of gold confined,
 I loosen all my clinging cares,
 And cast them to the vagrant airs.
 Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
 And wake to life the dulcet shell;
 The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
 And love dissolves along the strings!
 Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
 How little gold deserves a thought,

The wingèd slave returns once more,
 And with him wafts delicious store
 Of racy wine, whose balmy art
 In slumber seals the anxious heart !
 Again he tries my soul to sever
 From love and song, perhaps for ever !
 Away, deceiver ! why pursuing
 Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing ?
 Sweet is the song of amorous fire ;
 Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre ;
 Oh sweeter far than all the gold
 The waftage of thy wings can hold !
 I well remember all thy wiles ;
 They withered Cupid's flowery smiles,
 And o'er his harp such garbage shed
 I thought its angel breath was fled !
 They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
 His bland desires and hallowed kisses
 Oh fly to haunts of sordid men,
 But rove not near the bard again !
 Thy glitter in the Muse's shade
 Scares from her bower the tuneful maid ;
 And not for worlds would I forego
 This moment of poetic glow,
 When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
 Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
 Away, away ! to worldings hence,
 Who feel not this diviner sense,
 And with thy gay, fallacious blaze,
 Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

 ODE LIX.

SABLED by the solar beam,
 Now the fiery clusters teem,
 In osier baskets, borne along
 By all the festal vintage throng
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
 Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
 Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
 And now the captive stream escapes,
 In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
 And for its bondage proudly blushing !
 While round the vat's impurpled brim,
 The choral song, the vintage hymn
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
 Steals on the cloyed and panting air.
 Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
 The orient tide that sparkling flies ;
 The infant balm of all their fears,
 The infant Bacchus, born in tears !

When he whose verging years decline
 As deep into the vale as mine,
 When he inhales the vintage-spring,
 His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
 And as he flies, his hoary hair
 Plays truant with the wanton air!
 While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
 Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
 Impassioned seeks the shadowy grove,
 Where, in the tempting guise of love,
 Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
 Whose sunny charms, but half displayed,
 Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
 Excludes the kisses of the wind!
 The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
 Allures her to the embrace of joy;
 Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread
 Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
 That laws should never bind desire,
 And love was nature's holiest fire!
 The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
 He kissed her lips, he kissed her eyes;
 The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
 They only raised his flame anew.
 And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
 That ever bloomed in any bower!
 Such is the madness wine imparts,
 Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

 ODE LX.

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
 To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
 And though no glorious prize be thine,
 No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
 Yet every hour is glory's hour
 To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
 Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
 Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
 Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
 Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
 The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
 As down Cayster's tide he floats,
 Plays with his snowy plumage fair
 Upon the wanton, murmuring air,
 Which amorously lingers round,
 And sighs responsive sound for sound!
 Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
 Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
 And hallowed is the harp I bear,
 And hallowed is the wreath I wear,

Hallowed by him, the god of lays,
 Who modulates the choral maze !
 I sing the love which Daphne twined
 Around the godhead's yielding mind ;
 I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
 From this æthereal youth of light ;
 And how the tender, timid maid
 Flew panting to the kindly shade,
 Resigned a form, too tempting fair,
 And grew a verdant laurel there ;
 Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
 In terror seemed to tremble still !
 The god pursued, with winged desire ;
 And when his hopes were all on fire,
 And when he thought to hear the sigh
 With which enamoured virgins die,
 He only heard the pensive air
 Whispering amid her leafy hair !
 But, O my soul ! no more—no more !
 Enthusiast, whither do I soar ?
 This sweetly-maddening dream of soul
 Has hurried me beyond the goal.
 Why should I sing the mighty darts
 Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
 When sure the lay with sweeter tone
 Can tell the darts that wound my own ?
 Still be Anacreon, still inspire
 The descant of the Teian lyre :
 Still let the nectared numbers float,
 Distilling love in every note !
 And when the youth, whose burning soul
 Has felt the Paphian star's control,
 When he the liquid lays shall hear,
 His heart will flutter to his ear,
 And drinking there of song divine,
 Banquet on intellectual wine !

 ODE LXI.

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled ;
 Hoary locks deform my head.
 Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
 All the flowers of life decay.
 Withering age begins to trace
 Sad memorials o'er my face ;
 Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
 All the future must be gloom !
 This awakes my hourly sighing ;
 Dreary is the thought of dying !

Pluto's is a dark abode,
 Sad the journey, sad the road :
 And, the gloomy travel o'er,
 Ah ! we can return no more !

ODE LXII.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught
 As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed ;
 But let the water amply flow,
 To cool the grape's intemperate glow ;
 Let not the fiery god be single,
 But with the nymphs in union mingle.
 For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
 O be it ne'er the birth of madness !
 No, banish from our board to-night
 The revelries of rude delight !
 To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
 Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses !
 And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
 Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
 Beguiling every hour along
 With harmony of soul and song !

ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
 I touch the harp in descant wild ;
 To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
 The boy who breathes and blushes flowers !
 To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
 And gods and mortals bow before him !

ODE LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose wingèd spear
 Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer !
 Dian, Jove's immortal child,
 Huntress of the savage wild !
 Goddess with the sun-bright hair !
 Listen to a people's prayer.
 Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
 There thy vanquished people mourn !
 Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
 There thy people's peace restore.
 Thine their hearts, their altars thine ;
 Dian ! must they—must they pine ?

ODE LXV. ¹

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
 Maid of Thrace ! thou fly'st my courting.
 Wanton filly ! tell me why
 Thou tripp'st away, with scornful eye,
 And seem'st to think my doting heart
 Is novice in the bridling art ?
 Believe me, girl, it is not so ;
 Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
 The reins upon that tender form,
 However wild, however warm !
 Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
 And turn and wind thee in the course.
 Though wasting now thy careless hours,
 Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
 Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
 And tremble at the wished-for goal !

ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
 Fairest of all that fairest shine ;
 To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
 Who rul'st the world with darts of fire !
 And O thou nuptial Power ! to thee
 Who bear'st of life the guardian key ;
 Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
 And weaving wild my votive lays,
 For thee, O Queen ! I wake the lyre,
 For thee, thou blushing young Desire !
 And oh ! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
 Come, and illume this genial hour.
 Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy !
 And while thy lambent glance of joy
 Plays over all her blushing charms,
 Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
 Before the lovely, trembling prey,
 Like a young birdling, wing away !
 O Stratocles, impassioned youth !
 Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
 And dear to her whose yielding zone
 Will soon resign her all thine own ;
 Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
 Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh !
 To those bewitching beauties turn ;
 For thee they mantle, flush, and burn !
 Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
 Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
 Than she unrivalled bloom discloses,
 The sweetest rose, where all are roses !

Oh may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed ;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee !

ODE LXVII.

GENTLE youth ! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why, repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues ?
Thou little know'st the fond control
With which thy virtue reins my soul !
Then smile not on my locks of gray ;
Believe me, oft with converse gay
I've chained the ears of tender age,
And boys have loved the prattling sage !
For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure ;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefined,
Nature has never formed to see
The beauties of simplicity !
Simplicity, the flower of heav'n,
To souls elect, by nature given !

ODE LXVIII.

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn !
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own ;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears,
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity !

ODE LXIX.

Now Neptune's sullen month appears ;
The angry night-cloud swells with tears ;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven !
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illumine :
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine !

ODE LXX.

THEY wove the lotus band to deck,
And fan with pensile wreath their neck ;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread ;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief !
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Poured the rich weepings of the grape !

ODE LXXI.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat :
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire !
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee !

ODE LXXII.

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antlered mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind !

ODE LXXIII.

FARE thee well, perfidious maid !
My soul, too long on earth delayed,
Delayed, perfidious girl ! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here !

ODE LXXIV.

I BLOOMED awhile, a happy flower,
Till love approached one fatal hour,

And made my tender branches feel
 The wounds of his avenging steel.
 Then, then I fell, like some poor willow
 That tosses on the wintry billow !

ODE LXXV.

MONARCH Love ! resistless boy,
 With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
 And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
 Disporting tread the mountain-dew ;
 Propitious oh receive my sighs !
 Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
 That thou wilt whisper to the breast
 Of her I love thy soft behest ;
 And counsel her to learn from thee
 The lesson thou hast taught to me.
 Ah ! if my heart no flattery tell,
 Thou'lt own I've learned that lesson well !

ODE LXXVI.

SPIRIT of Love, whose tresses shine
 Along the breeze, in golden twine ;
 Come, within a fragrant cloud,
 Blushing with light, thy votary shroud ;
 And, on those wings that sparkling play,
 Waft, oh waft me hence away !
 Love ! my soul is full of thee,
 Alive to all thy luxury.
 But she, the nymph for whom I glow,¹
 The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe ;
 Smiles at the hoar and silvered hues
 Which Time upon my forehead strews.
 Alas ! I fear she keeps her charms
 In store for younger, happier arms !

ODE LXXVII.

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
 Come and teach thy votary old
 Many a golden hymn divine,
 For the nymph with vest of gold.
 Pretty nymph, of tender age,
 Fair thy silky locks unfold ;
 Listen to a hoary sage,
 Sweetest maid with vest of gold !

ODE LXXVIII.

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnished ivory fair ;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear !

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold !

ODE LXXIX.

WHEN Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eagle's flight,
And flitting on he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day !"

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way ;
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing !

LET me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
To sooth my misery !

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host ;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassioned care ;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there !

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep :
And there I'll float to waves resigned,
For Love intoxicates my mind !

MIX me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine :
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul !





EPIGRAMS OF THE ANTHOLOGIA.

[AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work ; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety—a frequent recurrence of the same thought within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom ; but designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.]

AROUND the tomb, O Bard divine !

Where soft thy hallowed brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour her waste of roses !

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers ;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure !

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou mayst, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming !

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade ;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart which lived but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire !

And yet, O Bard ! thou art not mute in death :
 Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath,
 And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
 Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb !

Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
 Still, still it lights thee through the Elysian grove ;
 And dreams are thine, that bless the elect alone,
 And Venus calls thee even in death her own !

O STRANGER ! if Anacreon's shell
 Has ever taught thy heart to swell
 With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
 In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
 And drop thy goblet's richest tear
 In exquisite libation here !
 So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
 With visions of enjoyment still.
 I cannot even in death resign
 The festal joys that once were mine,
 When Harmony pursued my ways,
 And Bacchus wantoned to my lays.
 Oh ! if delight could charm no more,
 If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
 When fate had once our doom decreed,
 Then dying would be death indeed !
 Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
 Divinity itself divine !

At length thy golden hours have winged their flight,
 And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth ;
 Thy harp, that whispered through each lingering night,
 Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth !
 She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
 The purest nectar of its numbers,
 She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
 And with her blest Anacreon slumbers !
 Farewell ! thou hadst a pulse for every dart,
 That Love could scatter from his quiver ;
 And every woman found in thee a heart,
 Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her !

REMARKS ON ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes, who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and supplying

the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged what they call a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance, and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where everything respired voluptuousness. The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ, and he flourished at that remarkable period when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious; but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions, of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the muses and the loves were wafted with him to Athens.

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone; and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:—

Then, hallow'd Sage, those lips which poured along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!
But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expired his rosy breath;
Thy god himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity. They are all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him that we sympathise even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment. The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birthday entertainment.

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity. The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recan-

tatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the 7th ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day, as a literary imposition. In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world, accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781, published at Rome a facsimile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the odes of Anacreon.

Monsieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting.





THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

EDITED BY

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,

AUTHOR OF THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.—
CASTIGLIONE

PREFACE.

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C—gh, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq., he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—dm—th, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organised.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—dm—th, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bob Fudge's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.—but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that Bentley "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they

have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ *apas*
Εδῆσαμην μετωπῶ.

I can only add that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245 Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria persona*, that I am—his, or her, very obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———, OF CLONSKILTY,
IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating

His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,

I sit down to write you a line—only think!—

A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;

No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,

But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;

And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,

I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!

In vain, at Dessein's, did I take from my trunk

That divine fellow, Sterne, and fall reading "The Monk;"

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,

And remember the crust and the wallet—alas!

No monks can be had now for love or for money,

(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel Boney;)

And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive

Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch

Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.

At the sight of that spot, where our darling Dixhuit

Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,*

(Modelled out so exactly, and—God bless the mark!

'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand a Monarque*)

* To commemorate the landing of Louis le Desiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

He exclaimed "Oh mon Roi!" and, with tear-dropping eye,
 Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,
 Muttered out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
 "Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King;
 And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say
 Dat de foot look mosh better, if turned toder way."
 There's the pillar, too—Lord! I had nearly forgot—
 What a charming idea!—raised close to the spot;
 The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
 To build tombs over legs,* and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occurred sentimental as yet;
 Except, indeed, some little flower-nymphs we've met,
 Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
 Flinging flowers in your path, and then—bawling for *sous*!
 And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
 To recall the good days of the *ancien regime*,
 All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
 And as thin as they were in the time of dear Sterne.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
 Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.
 You remember how sheepish Bob looked at Kilrandy,
 But, Lord! he's quite altered—they've made him a Dandy;
 A thing, you know, whiskered, great-coated, and laced,
 Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
 Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
 With heads so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
 That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
 To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!
 In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
 And Bob's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:
 An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
 And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
 Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows pat,
A la braise, *petits pâtés*, and—what d'ye call that
 They inflict on potatoes?—oh! *maître d'hôtel*—
 I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
 As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
 Though a bit of them Bobby has never touched yet;
 But just knows the names of French dishes and coöks,
 As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind it's all *entre nous*,
 But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—
 Why, he's writing a book—what! a tale? a romance?
 No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France;
 At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
 Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—stl—r—gh,
 Who said, "My dear Fudge ——" I forget the exact words,
 And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;

* Ci-git la jambe de &c. &c.

But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
 A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
 To expound to the world the new—thingummie—science,
 Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy Alliance,
 And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
 Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, Dolly).
 "There's none," said his Lordship, "if I may be judge,
 Half so fit for this great undertaking as Fudge!"

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*,
 (The *first* stage your tourists now usually go)
 Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
 Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases—
 "Scott's Visit," of course—in short, every thing *he* has
 An author can want, except words and ideas:—
 And lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
 Is Phil. Fudge at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better
 Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter
 You owe to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*,
 Which Bobby *would* have, and is hard at it yet.—
 What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
 Young Connor:—they say he's so like Bonaparte,
 His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather dreads,
 As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads
 That resemble old Nap's, and who knows but their honours
 May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor Connor's?
Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well enough,
 Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
 A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job,
 (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma)
 And for charity made private tutor to Bob—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how liberal of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;
 But Bob's *déjeuner*'s done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

POSTSCRIPT.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
 Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
 And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
 Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
 But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be joy,
 And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame le Roi!*

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C———H.

Paris.

AT length, my Lord, I have the bliss
 To date to you a line from this

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

"Demoralized" metropolis ;
 Where, by plebeians low and scurvy
 The throne was turned quite topsy-turvy,
 And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
 "Stood prostrate" at the people's feet.
 Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
 The *level* of obedience *slopes*
 Upward and downward, as the *stream*
 Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam* !*
 Where the poor palace changes masters,
 Quicker than a snake its skin,
 And Louis is rolled out on castors,
 While Boney's borne on shoulders in :—
 But where, in every change, no doubt,
 One special good your Lordship traces,—
 That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
 The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C——gh,
 I've thought of thee upon the way,
 As in my *job* (what place could be
 More apt to wake a thought of thee ?)
 Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
 Upon my dickey, (as is fitting
 For him who writes a Tour, that he
 May more of men and manners see,)
 I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
 Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories !
 Reflecting how thy fame has grown
 And spread, beyond man's usual share,
 At home, abroad, till thou art known,
 Like Major Semple, every where !
 And marvelling with what powers of breath
 Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
 Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
 Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears,—and when
 All Sovereigns else were dozed, at last
 Speech'd down the Sovereign† of Belfast.
 Oh ! mid the praises and the trophies
 Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis ;
 Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
 There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly pleased at—

* This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B——, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said—"He put his hand in his breeches pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c. &c.

† The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "*studium immane loquendi*" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent !"

That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C——gh's the thing now sneezed at !

But hold, my pen !—a truce to praising—
Though even your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing ;
But time and ink run short, and now,
(As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,) *I*
I must *embark* into the *feature*

On which this letter chiefly *hinges* ; *—
My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And *will*, so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the Fudges !—
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant :
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding—
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
Passeth all human understanding :
That France prefers her go-cart King
To such a coward scamp as Boney—
Though round, with each a leading-string,
There standeth many a Royal crony,
For fear the chubby, tottering thing
Should fall, if left there *loney-poney* :
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets ;
And that the Irish, grateful nation !

Remember when by *thee* reigned over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
As Heloisa did her lover ! †
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
Upon the side-board, snug reposes ;
While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
And Norway "on a bed of roses !" *That*,
as for some few million souls,
Transferred by contract, bless the clods !
If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,
And Frenchmen—'twouldn't make much odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones ;
So Ferdinand embroiders gaily,
And Louis eats his *salmi* ‡ daily ;
So time is left to Emperor Sandy
To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy ;

* Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—"And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

† See her Letters.

‡ Οψα τε, δια εδουσι διοτρεφεις βασιλῆες.

HOMER ODYS. 3.

And G——ge the R—g—t (who'd forget
 That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
 Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
 For dragons, after Chinese models,
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
 Might come and nine times knock their noddles!—
 All this my Quarto'll prove—much more
 Than Quarto ever proved before—
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply,
 My jokes V—ns—t, P—le my sense,
 And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penned by fits and starts,
 On Biddy's back or Bobby's shoulder,
 (My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
 Who longs to be a small place-holder)
 Is—though *I* say't, that shouldn't say—
 Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
 To show its spirit, and I've done.

“*Jul. thirty-first.*—Went, after snack,
 To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
 Sighed o'er the Kings of ages back,
 And—gave the old Concierge a penny!
 (*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much famed, 'tis said,
 For making Kings and gingerbread.)
 Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
 A little Bourbon, buried lately,
 Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
 Though only twenty-four hours old!*
 Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins;
 Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!
 If Royalty, but aged a day,
 Can boast such high and puissant sway,
 What impious hand its power would fix,
 Full fledged and wigged† at fifty-six!”

The argument's quite new, you see,
 And proves exactly Q. E. D.—
 So now, with duty to the R—g—t,
 I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

P. F.

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.

Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;

* So described on the coffin: “très haute et puissante Princesse, âgée d'un jour.”

† There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities:—“nonne longè lateque Principem ostentant?”

But Biddy said she thought 'twould look
 Genteeler thus to date my Book,
 And Biddy's right—besides, it curries
 Some favour with our friends at Murray's,
 Who scorn what any man can say,
 That dates from Rue St. Honoré !*

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

OH DICK ! you may talk of your writing and reading,
 Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding ;
 And *this* is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
 Of all places on earth—the head-quarters of Prog !
 Talk of England—her famed Magna Charta, I swear, is
 A humbug, a flam, to the Carte† at old Véry's ;
 And as for your Juries—who would not set o'er 'em
 A Jury of Tasters,‡ with woodcocks before 'em ?
 Give Cartwright his Parliaments, fresh every year—
 But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here ;
 And, let Romilly speak as he will on the question,
 No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion !

By the by, Dick, *I* fatten—but *n'importe* for that,
 'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always get fat.
 There's the R—g—t, there's Louis—and Boney tried too,
 But, though somewhat imperial in paunch, 'twouldn't do :—
 He improved, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,
 But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head*.

Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris !—but stay—
 As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
 As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
 All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne, §
 That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
 Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,
 And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream-ice* ;
 Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields ;

* See the *Quarterly Review* for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

† The Bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

‡ Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Arcestratus has given an account in his "*Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année*," p. 78.

§ The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise* ; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—*Duchat*.

Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
 And the geese are all born with a liver complaint !*
 I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—
 For a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick, like me,
 Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt
 of it—

Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of it*.
 With whiskers well oiled, and with boots that “hold up
 The mirror to nature”—so bright you could sup
 Off the leather like china ; with coat, too, that draws
 On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause !—
 With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
 And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
 I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
 Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.
 There, Dick, what a breakfast !—oh, not like your ghost
 Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast ;
 But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
 Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
 One's *paté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
 One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
 One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
 Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne !
 Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, mayhap,
Chambertin,† which you know's the pet tippie of Nap,
 And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
 Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar.—
 Your coffee comes next, by prescription ; and then, Dick,'s
 The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
 (If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,
 I'd swallow even W—tk—ns', for sake of the end on't) ;
 A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
 Just as if bottled velvet ‡ tipped over one's lips !

This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd !

Till a man's used to paying, there's something so queer
 in't !)—

The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,

And the world enough aired for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
 We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick, the phyzzes,
 The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes !

Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
 With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1 ;

* The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique* :—“ On déplume l'estomac des oies ; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie,” &c., p. 206.

† The favourite wine of Napoleon.

‡ *Velours en bouteille*.

A laced hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul !
 A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole ;
 Just such as our Pr——e, who nor reason nor fun dreads,
 Inflicts, without even a court-martial, on hundreds.*
 Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
 (Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by) ;
 And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
 In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
 There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick ! unlike some ones
 We've seen about White's—the Mounseers are but rum ones ;
 Such hats !—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs. Draper
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper :
 And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
 They'd club for old B—m—I, from Calais, to dress 'em !
 The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
 That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lobbing nation,
 To leave there behind them a snug little place
 For the head to drop into, on decapitation !
 In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and friseurs,
Some mummies by trade, and the rest amateurs—
 What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
 Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
 And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
 There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats !

From the Boulevards—but hearken !—yes—as I'm a sinner,
 The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner :
 So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
 My Day must be finished some other fine morning.
 Now, hey for old Beauvilliers' † larder, my boy !
 And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
 Were to write “Come and kiss me, dear Bob !” I'd not budge—
 Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is

R. FUDGE.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

“RETURN !”—no, never, while the withering hand
 Of bigot power is on that hapless land ;
 While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
 Even in the fields where free those fathers trod,
 I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
 In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
 Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there ‡—

* It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, “Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chrétiété ensemble.”—What would he say now?

† A celebrated Restaurateur.

‡ “They use to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the forementioned verse of the Psalmist (‘If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,’ &c.) or the words—‘The memory of the desolation.’”—*Leo of Modena*.

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
 The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
 No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
 See nought but food for factions and harangues;
 Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
 And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores;
 * Still let your

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
 Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—
 Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
 In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
 Countless reflections of the Oppressor's face!
 Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
 Are served up victims to the vile and few;
 While E——, everywhere—the general foe
 Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
 Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

Oh, E——! could such poor revenge atone
 For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;
 Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
 The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
 To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
 Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
 Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
 Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
 Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
 Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
 Hears maledictions ring from every side
 Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
 Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
 That low and desperate envy, which to blast
 A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
 That monster, Self, too gross to be concealed,
 Which ever lurks behind thy proffered shield;—
 That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
 Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
 Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gained,
 Back to his masters, ready gagged and chained!
 Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
 That royal, ravening flock, whose vampire wings
 O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
 And fan her into dreams of promised good,
 Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!
 If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
 That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,—

* I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
 Made thee the fallen and tarnished thing thou art ;
 That, as the Centaur * gave the infected vest
 In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
 We sent thee C——gh :—as heaps of dead
 Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
 So hath our land breathed out—thy fame to dim,
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
 Her worst infections all condensed in him !

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
 Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
 That shall behold them rise, erect and free
 As Heaven and Nature meant mankind should be !
 When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now ;
 Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth ;
 Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's mirth,
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans ;—
 But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven !

When will this be?—or, oh ! is it, in truth,
 But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
 In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things !
 And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
 Be all given up?—and are *they* only right,
 Who say this world of thinking souls was made
 To be by Kings partitioned, trucked, and weighed
 In scales that, ever since the world begun,
 Have counted millions but as dust to one ?
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
 The rights, the freedom to which man was born ;
 Who

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour ;
 Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
 And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's !
 If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there !—

* Membra et Herculeos toros

Urit lues Nessea.
 Ille, ille victor vincitur.

Senec. Hercul. Œt.

Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
 For Liberty, which once awaked my strings,
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
 The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
 Who, bolder even than He of Sparta's land,
 Against whole millions, panting to be free,
 Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny !
 Instead of him, the Athenian bard, whose blade
 Had stood the onset which his pen pourtrayed,
 Welcome

And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day
 Such names should mingle !—welcome C——gh !

Here break we off, at this unhallowed name,
 Like priests of old, when words ill-omened came.
 My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
 Thoughts that

Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser far
 To leave still hid and burning where they are !

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

WHAT a time since I wrote !—I'm a sad, naughty girl—
 Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
 Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
 Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
 But, Lord, such a place ! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
 My gowns, so divine !—there's no language expresses,
 Except just the *two* words “superbe,” “magnifique,”
 The trimmings of that which I had home last week !
 It is called—I forget—*à la*—something which sounded
 Like *alicampagne*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
 And bothered, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
 (Bob's) cookery language, and Madame le Roi's:
 What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
 Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
 One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
 And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
 I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,
 Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*.—
 But, in short, dear, I'm tricked out quite *à la Française*,
 With my bonnet—so beautiful !—high up and poking,
 Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—
 This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting,
 But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting ?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears !

Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night, was a true one ;—
 "This *must* be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,

For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one !"

Pà says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out

'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)

That this passion for roaring has come in of late,

Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.—

What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm !

What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it,
 If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old Laïs,* and chose to make use of it !

No—never was known in this riotous sphere

Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.

So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,

Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic

For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,

And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic !

But, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de ça*—

There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.

Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance !

Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has

One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance

Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias !

Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature !—you'd swear,

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,

That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,

And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.

And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels

Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,

Oh ! who does not envy those rude little devils,

That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven ?

Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,

So divinely—oh, Dolly ! between you and I,

It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh

To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can judge

What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy Fudge !

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart in)

They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin ;†

Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly

To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,

When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,

The Testament turned into melo-drames nightly ;

* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

† The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, "*coulcur de feu d'Opéra* !" —*Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris*.

And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.

Here Daniel, in pantomime,* bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuffed lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it ;—
Here Bégrand,† who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!

But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,‡ a place where—I doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll,—you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether

You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together.

Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch ! §
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remarked
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embarked,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright, —
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
A fine fallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher !
Up he came, Doll, to me, and, uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike !) in bad English said;
“ Ah ! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course ”—though I scarce understood

* A piece very popular last year, called “ Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions.” The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes :—“ *Scene 20.*—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu ‘Jehovah’ au centre d’un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l’Eternel.”

† Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in “ Susanna and the Elders.”—*L’Amour et la Folie*, &c. &c.

‡ The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by “ F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris,” &c. &c.

§ According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

What he wished me to do, I said, thank him, I would,
 Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
 My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
 For 'twas like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming together,—
 Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.

And oh! as I gazed on the features and air
 Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
 I could fancy almost he and I were a pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
 Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
 Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achieved, through the gardens * we sauntered about,
 Saw the fire-works, exclaimed "magnifique!" at each
 cracker,
 And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
 With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere folly—
 But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?
 Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
 Who's here now incog.†—he, who made such a fuss, you
 Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff,
 When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off!
 Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
 (Not taking things now as he used under Boney)
 Which suits with our friend; for Bob saw him, he swore,
 Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
 Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
 (Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
 Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
 Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
 Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief

Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push—
 Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
 By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think
 If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink
 With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
 And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
 When they read that Count Ruppín, to drive away vapours,
 Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—
 For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
 In the way he went poisoning and managed to tower
 So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci."—P. 22.

† His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppín, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER TIM. FUDGE, ESQ., BARRISTER
AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th received just now—
Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother
'Tis truly pleasing to see how
We, Fudges, stand by one another.
But never fear—I know my chap,
And he knows *me* too—*verbum sap.*
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets ;
Both fashioned, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of places ;—
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
Called “Down with Kings, or, Who'd have thought it?”
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—
Not even the Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I played in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better ;—
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful !

Reynolds and I—(you know Tom Reynolds—
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days ;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—d——th wants a death or two ;)
Reynolds and I, and some few more,
All men, like us, of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As *under-saviours* of the nation*—
Have formed a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation ;
Tracing it up to great King Midas,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most asinine,
Was yet no more, in fact historical,
Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant ;
And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,

* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

Meaning Informers, kept at high rent*—
 Gem'men, who touched the Treasury glisteners,
 Like us, for being trusty listeners ;
 And picking up each tale and fragment,
 For royal Midas's green bag meant.
 "And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
 "Should not the R—g—t too have ears,†
 To reach as far, as long and wide as
 Those of his model, good King Midas?"
 This speech was thought extremely good,
 And (rare for him) was understood—
 Instant we drank "The R—g—t's Ears,"
 With three times three illustrious cheers,
 That made the room resound like thunder—
 "The R—g—t's Ears, and may he ne'er
 From foolish shame, like Midas, wear
 Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!"‡
 This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
 Made us as merry all as grigs.

In short, (I'll thank you not to mention
 These things again) we get on gaily ;
 And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
 Our little Club increases daily.
 Castles, and Oliver, and such,
 Who don't as yet full salary touch,
 Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
 Houses and lands, like Tom and I,
 Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*,§
 But merely serve the Club as waiters.
 Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days
 (For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase)
 When, in our new costume adorned,—
 The R—g—t's buff-and-blue coats *turned*—
 We have the honour to give dinners

* This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann :—*Hâc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quâcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice.*"

† Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

"Midas, le Roi Midas a des oreilles d'Ane,"

tells us, that "M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi." I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

‡ It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages :

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.

OVID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P—e R—g—t together.

§ Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

To the chief Rats in upper stations ;*
 Your W——ys, V——ns—half-fledged sinners,
 Who shame us by their imitations ;
 Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that ?
 Give me the useful *peaching* Rat ;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
 Whose wooden heads are all they've brought ;
 Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
 But too faint-hearted to betray,
 Are, after all their twists and bends,
 But souls in Limbo, damned half way.
 No, no,—we nobler vermin are
 A *genus* useful as we're rare ;
 'Midst all the things miraculous
 Of which your natural histories brag,
 The rarest must be Rats like us,
 Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
 Yet still these Tyros in the cause
 Deserve, I own, no small applause ;
 And they're by us received and treated
 With all due honours—only seated
 In the inverse scale of their reward,
 The merely *promised* next my Lord ;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
 Rat after rat, they graduate
 Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
 To Chancellorship and Marquisate.
 This serves to nurse the ratting spirit ;
 The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure ;
 My Lord, you know, 's an amateur†—
 Takes every part with perfect ease,
 Though to the Base by nature suited,
 And, formed for all, as best may please,
 For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
 Turns from his victims to his glee's,
 And has them both well *executed*.
 H——t——d, who, though no Rat himself,
 Delights in all such liberal arts,
 Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
 And superintends the *Corni* parts.
 While C——nn——g,‡ who'd be *first* by choice,

* This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be—
 “*verè dulce sodalitiū.*”

† His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career,
 took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

‡ This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with
 Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the follow-
 ing arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion :—

Says Clarinda, “*Though tears it may cost,
 It is time we should part, my dear Sue ;
 For your character's totally lost,
 And I have not sufficient for two !*”

Consents to take an *under* voice ;
 And G——s,* who well that signal knows,
 Watches the *Volti Subitos*.†

In short, as I've already hinted,
 We take, of late, prodigiously ;
 But as our Club is somewhat stinted
 For *Gentlemen*, like Tom and me,
 We'll take it kind if you'll provide
 A few *Squireens*‡ from t'other side ;—
 Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
 (We often tell the tale with laughter)
 Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
 Then hang the fools who found them after.
 I doubt not you could find us, too,
 Some Orange Parsons that would do ;
 Among the rest, we've heard of one,
 The Reverend—something—Hamilton,
 Who stuffed a figure of himself
 (Delicious thought !) and had it shot at,
 To bring some Papists to the shelf,
 That couldn't otherwise be got at—
 If *he'll* but join the Association,
 We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
 This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
 I've gone into this long detail,
 Because I saw your nerves were shaken
 With anxious fears lest I should fail
 In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
 But, bless your heart ! you need not doubt—
 We, Fudges, know what we're about.
 Look round, and say if you can see
 A much more thriving family.
 There's Jack, the Doctor—night and day
 Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
 You'd swear that all the rich and gay
 Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
 And while they think, the precious ninnies,
 He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
 The rogue but counts how many guineas
 He's fobbed, for that day's work, already.
 I'll ne'er forget the old maid's alarm.
 When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
 Said, as he dropped her shrivelled arm,
 "Damned bad this morning—only thirty!"

* The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

† *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.

‡ The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Your dowagers, too, every one,
 So generous are, when they call him in,
 That he might now retire upon
 The rheumatisms of three old women.
 Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
 He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—
 Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
 Your head-ache is a *hemi-cranium* :—
 His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
 The grace with which, most mild of men,
 He begs them to put out their tongues,
 Then bids them—put them in again !
 In short, there's nothing now like Jack ;—
 Take all your doctors, great and small,
 Of present times and ages back,
 Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,
 Counsellor Tim ! to thee we bow ;
 Not one of us gives more eclat to
 The immortal name of Fudge than thou.
 Not to expatiate on the art
 With which you played the patriot's part,
 Till something good and snug should offer ;—
 Like one, who, by the way he acts
 The *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
 The manager's keen eye attracts,
 And is promoted thence by him
 To strut in robes, like thee, my Tim !—
 Who shall describe thy powers of face,
 Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
 Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
 (As suits thy calling) in the former—
 Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
 In puzzling all that's clear and right,
 Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
 Improves so with a wig and band on,
 That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
 And leave her not a leg to stand on.—
 Thy patent, prime, morality,—
 Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
 Thy candour, when it falls to thee
 To help in trouncing for a libel ;—
 “God knows, I, from my soul, profess
 To hate all bigots and benighters !
 God knows, I love, to even excess,
 The sacred Freedom of the Press,
 My only aim's to—crush the writers.”
 These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
 The briefs into thy bag so fast ;
 And these, oh Tim—if Law be Law—
 Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,—
 But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
 How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
 Are all our precious family.
 And, should affairs go on as pleasant
 As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
 Should we but still enjoy the sway
 Of S—dm—h and of C——gh,
 I hope, ere long, to see the day
 When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
 Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges !

Good bye—my paper's out so nearly,
 I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
 A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.
 When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
 Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length ;—
 When, loosed, as if by magic, from a chain
 That seemed like Fate's, the world was free again,
 And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
 The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right ;—
 Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
 Who sighed for justice—liberty—repose,
 And hoped the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
 Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
 And all was bright with promise ;—Kings began
 To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
 And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
 Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
 And heard, like accents thawed in Northern air,
 Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there !

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
 When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
 Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heaven looked on,
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone ;—
 That that rapacious spirit, which had played
 The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,
 And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
 Would blush, and deviate into right at last ?
 But no—the hearts, that nursed a hope so fair,
 Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare ;
 Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
 The only *quite* untameable are Kings !
 Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
 The instincts of their race broke out anew ;

Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
 And "Rapine!—rapine!" was the cry again.
 How quick they carved their victims, and how well,
 Let Saxony, let injured Genoa tell,—
 Let all the human stock that, day by day,
 Was at that Royal slave-mart trucked away,—
 The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
 Were split to fractions,* bartered, sold, or given
 To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
 And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more!
 How safe the faith of Kings let France decide;—
 Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried,—
 Her Press enthralled—her Reason mocked again
 With all the monkery it had spurned in vain—
 Her crown disgraced by one, who dared to own
 He thanked not France but England for his throne—
 Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
 Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
 And now returned, beneath her conquerors' shields,
 Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
 To tread down every trophy of her fame,
 And curse that glory which to them was shame!—
 Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
 Were dared through Europe, cry aloud to men,
 With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
 Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
 And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
 The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
 The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
 Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last—these horrors *could* not last—
 France would herself have risen, in might, to cast
 The insulters off—and oh! that then, as now,
 Chained to some distant islet's rocky brow,
 Napoleon ne'er had come to force, to blight,
 Ere half matured, a cause so proudly bright;—
 To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
 And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;—
 To rush into the lists, unasked, alone,
 And make the stake of *all* the game of *one*!
 Then would the world have seen again what power
 A people can put forth in Freedom's hour:
 Then would the fire of France once more have blazed;—
 For every single sword, reluctant raised
 In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
 Millions would then have leaped forth in her own;

* "Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws; but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c.—*Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia*. The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

And never, never had the unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgraced her shores again !

But fate decreed not so—the Imperial Bird,
Thât, in his neighbouring cage, unfeared, unstirred,
Had seemed to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watched the moment for a daring spring ;—
Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade ;
Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more :—
Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,
From steeple on to steeple* winged its flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a Royal craven just had flown ;
And resting there, as in its aerie, furled
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world !

What was your fury then, ye crowned array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth !
Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—
"Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
The vile, the faithless, outlawed, low-born man !"
"Faithless!"—and this from *you*—from *you*, forsooth,
Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried ;
Whose true Swiss zeal had served on every side ;
Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy !
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong—
The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state ;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry !
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murdered 'mong yourselves ;
Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what then?
A Holy League would set all straight again ;
Like Juno's virtue, which a dip or two
In some blessed fountain made as good as new !†
Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er
Could plunder best, and give him amplest share ;

* "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame."—
Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

† Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperâsse
ingitur.

Who, even when vanquished, sure to gain his ends,
 For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*,*
 And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
 When foes were stript of all, then fleeced relations!†
 Most mild and saintly Prussia—steeped to the ears
 In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
 And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
 O'er severed Saxony's devoted head!
 Pure Austria too—whose history nought repeats
 But broken leagues and subsidised defeats;
 Whose faith, as Prince, extinguished Venice shows,
 Whose faith, as man, a widowed daughter knows!
 And thou, oh England—who, though once as shy
 As cloistered maids, of shame or perfidy,
 Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C——gh,
 In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
 The escape from Elba frightened into fits;—
 Such were the saints, who doomed Napoleon's life,
 In virtuous frenzy, to the assassin's knife!
 Disgusting crew!—*who* would not gladly fly
 To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny,
 To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
 From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
 Their canting crimes and varnished villanies;—
 These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
 Of faith and honour, when they've stained them most;
 From whose affection men should shrink as loath
 As from their hate, for they'll be fleeced by both;
 Who, even while plundering, forge Religion's name
 To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
 Call down the Holy Trinity‡ to bless
 Partition leagués, and deeds of devilishness!
 But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage
 O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—
 So, here I pause—farewell—another day
 Return we to those Lords of prayer and prey,
 Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
 Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than mine!

* At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

† The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

‡ The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the Churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old Donaldson's * mending my stays,—
Which I *know* would go smash with me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our desert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—
Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,
“D—m my eyes, Bob, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've *missed*
stays.” †

So, of course, as no gentlemen's seen out without them,
They're now at the Schneider's ‡—and, while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop—
Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?
Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun:
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly knows whether
'Tis country or town, they're so messed up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclined under trees;
Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,
Enjoying their news and *groseille*§ in those arbours,
While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice|| round them are purling.

Here, Dick, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil “God-dems” by the way,—
For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've wasted our
wealth

And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old King for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take physic;—

* An English tailor at Paris.

† A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

‡ The dandy term for a tailor.

§ “Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers.”—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, Book 6.

|| These gay, portable fountains, from which the *groseille* water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

Yet, spite of our good-natured money and slaughter,
 They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy-water!
 But who the deuce cares, Dick, as long as they nourish us
 Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
 Long as, by bayonets protected, we, Natties,
 May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés*?
 And, truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
 To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city:
 Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown
 The whole batch to old Nick—and the *people*, I own,
 If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,
 Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their Cooks!
 As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,
 For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spinage;
 But think, Dick, their Cooks—what a loss to mankind!
 What a void in the world would their art leave behind!
 Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders—
 Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,
 All vanished for ever—their miracles o'er,
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle** bubbling no more!
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,

Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money—
 But leave them, oh leave them their *Perigieux* pies,
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny!†
 Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
 Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
 Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
 Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?‡

You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
 "Coquin Anglais," et cætera—how generous I am!
 And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
 Which will take us all night to get through in this way)
 From the *Boulevards* we saunter through many a street,
 Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
 Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
 And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—
Here, a *Louis Dix-huit*—*there*, a *Martinmas* goose,
 (Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use)—
Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
 But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—
St. Tony, who used all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;

* "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons."—*Alman. de Gourmands, Quartridme Année*, p. 152.

† Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon. "La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets."—*Cours Gastronomique*, p. 252.

‡ The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

While *there* St. Venecia* sits hemming and frilling her
 Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—
 Saint Austin's the "outward and visible sign
 Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;
 While St. Denys hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
 And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,†
 Takes an interest in Dandies, who've got—next to none!

Then we stare into shops—read the evening's *affiches*—
 Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
 Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
 As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick,)
 To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Panoramas*‡
 We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
 Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
 One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
 We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one* day,
 The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandais,§
 That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—tt,
 His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;
 Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,—
 Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
 Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
 To regenerate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
 Who've lapsed into snacks—the perdition of dinners.
 And here, Dick—in answer to one of your queries,

About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion—
 I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,
 And think, for *digestion*,|| there's none like the Russian
 So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—

It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
 That take whom you please—take old L—s D—x—h—t,

* Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

† St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—"Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

‡ Off the Boulevards Italiens

§ In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gaufres.

|| Doctor Cottrel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them "*une médecine aérienne, couleur de rose*;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully:—

Memoranda—The Swiss little notice deserves,
 While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
 And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)
 The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stewed lampreys,*
 So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,
 That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,
 The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
 And the regicide lampreys † be foiled of their prey!

Such, Dick, are the classical sports that content us,
 Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
 That epoch—but woa! my lad—here comes the Schneider,
 And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider—
 Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy!
 But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by—
 As we've Massinot's ‡ eloquent *carte* to eat still up,
 An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.
 So—not to lose time, Dick—here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,
 That my life, like “the Leap of the German,” § may be,
 “Du lit à la table, d'la table au lit!”

R. F.

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—GH.

My Lord, the Instructions, brought to-day,
 “I shall in all my best obey.”
 Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
 And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—
 Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel the inquiries in your letter
 About my health and French most flattering;
 Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,
 Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering:—
 Nothing, of course, that can compare
 With his who made the Congress stare,
 (A certain Lord we need not name)
 Who, even in French, would have his trope,
 And talk of “*batir un système*”
 Sur *l'équilibre de l'Europe*!
 Sweet metaphor!—and then the Epistle,
 Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,
 That tender letter to “Mon Prince,” ||

* A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

† They killed Henry I. of England:—“a food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution.”

‡ A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.

§ An old French saying;—“Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit.”

|| The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see “no moral or political objection” to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as “not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals.”

Which showed alike thy French and sense ;—
 Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do
 Or say *un-English* things like you ;
 And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
 Could but a vent congenial seek,
 And use the tongue that suits them best,
 What charming Turkish would'st thou speak !
 But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
 At Congress never born to stammer,
 Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
 Fallen Monarchs, out of Chambaud's grammar—
 Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
 How far a little French will go ;
 For all one's stock, one need but draw
 On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha !
 They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
 I sent you from my Journal lately,
 (Enveloping a few laced caps
 For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
 Her flattering speech—"what pretty things
 One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages !"
 Is praise which (as some poet sings)
 Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flattered, I presume to send
 A few more extracts by a friend ;
 And I should hope they'll be no less
 Approved of than my last MS.—
 The former ones, I fear, were creased,
 As Biddy round the caps *would* pin them ;
 But these will come to hand, at least
 Unrumped, for—there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man,*
 Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
 Of Discord here full riot ran,
 He, like the rest, was guillotined ;—
 But that when, under Boney's reign,
 (A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
 The heads were all restored again,
 He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.
 Accordingly, he still cries out
 This strange head fits him most unpleasantly ;

* This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the *Dicêtre*. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

And always runs, poor devil, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly !

While to his case a tear I dropt,
And sauntered home, thought I—ye Gods !
How many heads might thus be swopped,
And, after all, not make much odds !
For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's head—
(" Tam *carum*" * it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's † shoulders,
The effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders :
Except that while, in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—dm—h, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So while the hand signed *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out "What is trumps?"—
The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on ;
And, *vice versa*, take the pains
To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so !

'Twas thus I pondered on, my Lord ;
And, even at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snored,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf !
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em !
And slept, and dreamt that I was—Bottom.

Aug. 21.

Walked out with daughter Bid—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,

* Tam cari capitis.—HORAT.

† A celebrated pickpocket.

Whose velvet cushion's just the same *
 Napoleon sat on—what a shame !
 Oh, can we wonder, best of speeches !
 When Louis seated thus we see,
 That France's "fundamental features"
 Are much the same they used to be?
 However,—God preserve the Throne,
 And *cushion* too—and keep them free
 From accidents, which *have* been known
 To happen even to Royalty ! †

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall, (for oft one pops
 On something at these stalls and shops,
 That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
 A classical and knowing look.—
 Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
 A course of stalls improves me greatly.)
 'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
 A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter ;
 And once in every year, at least,
 He's weighed—to see if he gets fatter : ‡
 Then, if a pound or two he be
 Increased, there's quite a jubilee ! §
 Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
 To treat such things with levity—
 But just suppose the R—g—t's weight
 Were made thus an affair of state ;
 And, every sessions, at the close,—
 'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
 Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
 We were to try how heavy *he* is.
 Much would it glad all hearts to hear
 That, while the Nation's Revenue
 Loses so many pounds a year,
 The P——e, God bless him ! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
 I see the Easterns weigh their Kings ;—

* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal ; "*exitium misère apibus*," like the angry nymphs in Virgil :—but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet ?

† I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—é, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

‡ "The 3rd day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care."—*F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat*, &c.

§ "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a Prince a joulter head is invaluable."—*Oriental Field Sports*.

But, for the R—g—t, my advice is,
 We should throw in much *heavier* things :
 For instance ————'s quarto volumes,
 Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them ;
Dominie St—dd—t's Daily columns,
 "Prodigious !"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
 Letters, that C—rtw——t's pen indites,
 In which, with logical confusion,
 The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
 And never comes to a *Conclusion* :—
 Lord S—m—rs' pamphlet—or his head—
 (Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead !)
 Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
 The Speeches of Sir John C—x H—pp—sly ;
 That Baronet of many words,
 Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
 To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
 Unto their wigs in whispering goes,
 That you may always know him by
 A patch of powder on his nose !—
 If this won't do, we in must cram
 The "Reasons" of Lord B—ck—gh—m ;
 (A Book his Lordship means to write,
 Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting :")
 Or, should these prove too small and light,
 His ——'s a host—we'll bundle *that* in !
 And, *still* should all these masses fail
 To stir the R—g—t's ponderous scale,
 Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
 Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
 The whole of R—gl—y's beauteous Dame—
 If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't !

Aug. 31.

Consulted Murphy's Tacitus
 About those famous spies at Rome,*
 Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
 Describe as much resembling us,†
 Informing gentlemen, at home.
 But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
 To say Lord S—dm—th's like Tiberius !
 What ! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
 Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman !—
 'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
 All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.

* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo ; —"qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea celebrem miseræ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt."—*Tacit. Annal. i. 74.*

† They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents :—"*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) *libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluribus indiciis inligaret.*"

'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
 And deal in perjury—*ditto* Tib's.
 'Tis true, the Tyrant screened and hid
 His rogues from justice*—*ditto* Sid.
 'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
 At moral speeches—*ditto* Tib.†
 'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
 Were in his dotage—*ditto* Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
 'Twixt Tib and Sid goes vastly well ;
 But there are points in Tib that strike
 My humble mind as much more like
Yourselſ, my dearest Lord, or him
 Of the India Board—that soul of whim !
 Like him, Tiberius loved his joke,‡
 On matters, too, where few can bear one ;
E.g. a man, cut up, or broke
 Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one !
 Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
 Are nothing to such wholesale wits ;
 But, let the sufferer gasp for life,
 The joke is then worth any money ;
 And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—
 Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.
 In this respect, my Lord, you see
 The Roman wag and ours agree :
 Now as to *your* resemblance—mum—
 This parallel we need not follow ; §
 Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
 Your Lordship beats Tiberius hollow ;
 Whips, chains—but these are things too serious
 For me to mention or discuss ;
 Whene'er your Lordship acts Tiberius,
 Phil. Fudge's part is *Tacitus* !

Was thinking, had Lord S—dm—th got
 Up any decent kind of Plot
 Against the winter-time—if not,
 Alas, alas, our ruin's fated ;
 All done up, and *spiflicated* !

* "Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat. Nam ut quis districtior accusator velut sacrosanctus erat." Annal. Lib. 4. 36.—Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy:—"This daring accuser had the *curses* of the *people* and the *protection* of the *Emperor*. *Informers*, in proportion as they rose in guilt, *became sacred characters*."

† Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a *good private character*:—"egregium vitæ famâque *quoad privatus*."

‡ "*Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus*."

§ There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned—"suspensa semper et obscura verba."

Ministers and all their vassals,
 Down from C—tl—gh to Castles,—
 Unless we can kick up a riot,
 Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!
 What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;
 But even *that* brought gibes and mockings
 Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never
 Keep ammunition in old stockings;
 For fear some wag should in his curst head
 Take it to say our force was *worsted*.
Mem. too—when Sid. an army raises,
 It must not be “incog.” like *Bayes's*:
 Nor must the General be a hobbling
 Professor of the art of Cobbling;
 Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
 Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
 He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,*
 A *Wellington's* great soul within!
 Nor must an old Apothecary
 Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
 With (what these wags would call, so merry)
Physical force and *phial*-ence!
 No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
 Next time contrived more skilfully.
 John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
 So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
 So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
 'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in*.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
 In China, and was sorely nettled;
 But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
 Till all this matter's fairly settled;
 And here's the mode occurs to *me*:—
 As none of our Nobility
 (Though for their *own* most gracious King
 They would kiss hands, or—any thing)
 Can be persuaded to go through
 This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou*;
 And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
 Without some mumming exhibition,
 Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
 Grimaldi to them on a mission:
 As *Legate* Joe could play his part,
 And if, in diplomatic art,
 The “*volto sciolto*” †'s meritorious,
 Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious!
 A *title* for him's easily made;
 And, by the by, one Christmas time,

* Short boots, so called.

† The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

If I remember right, he played
 Lord Morley in some pantomime ; *—
 As Earl of M—rl—y then gazette him,
 If *t'other* Earl of M—rl—y 'll let him.
 (And why should not the world be blest
 With *two* such stars, for East and West ?)
 Then, when before the Yellow Screen
 He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
 Of etiquette would be that scene
 Of Joe in the Celestial Presence !—
 He thus should say :—" Duke Ho and Soo,
 I'll play what tricks you please for you,
 If you'll, in turn, but do for me
 A few small tricks you now shall see.
 If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
 At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
 He then should give them nine such grins,
 As would astound even Mandarins ;
 And throw such somersets before
 The picture of King George (God bless him !)
 As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
 Would, by Confucius, *much* distress him !

I start this merely as a hint,
 But think you'll find some wisdom in't ;
 And, should you follow up the job,
 My son, my Lord, (you *know* poor Bob)
 Would in the suite be glad to go
 And help his Excellency, Joe ;—
 At least, like noble Amh—rst's son,
 The lad will do to *practise* on.†

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

WELL, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear creature !
 But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz in't—
 For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
 He *might* be a King, Doll, though, hang him, he isn't.
 At first, I felt hurt, for I wished it, I own,
 If for no other cause but to vex Miss Malone,—
 (The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's here,
 Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere,‡

* Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H—rr—s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span-new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

† See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

‡ See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear !)
 But says Pa, after deeply considering the thing,
 "I am just as well pleased it should *not* be the King ;
 As I think for my Biddy, so *gentille* and *jolie*,
 Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way fetch,
 That a Brandenburg"—(what *is* a Brandenburg, Dolly?)—
 "Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
 If the R—g—t indeed—" added he, looking sly—
 (You remember that comical squint of his eye)
 But I stopped him with "La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
 When the R—g—t loves none but old women, you know!"
 Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen,
 And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen ;
 And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
 As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told
 That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
 And was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
 What a frisky old girl ! but—to come to my lover,
 Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear,—
 You shall hear all that's happened, just briefly run over,
 Since that happy night, when we whisked through the air !

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—
 From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss ;
 When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
 Whose journey, Bob says, is so like Love and Marriage,
 "Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
 And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"*
 Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
 And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
 With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet
 I set out with Papa, to see Louis Dix-huit
 Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
 Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Roi*—
 And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
 Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses !
 The gardens seemed full—so, of course, we walked o'er 'em,
 'Mong orange-trees, clipped into town-bred decorum,
 And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
 There staring, with not even a stitch on them, at you !
 The ponds, too, we viewed—stood awhile on the brink
 To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
 "Live bullion," says merciless Bob, "which, I think,
 Would, if *coined*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious !"

But *what*, Dolly, what is the gay orange-grove,
 Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her love ?
 In vain did I wildly explore every chair
 Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sate there !
 In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
 At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,

* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
 But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
 As the lock that, Pa says, * is to Mussulmen given,
 For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!"—
 Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
 And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
 Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-day,"—
 Thought of the words of T—m M—re's Irish Melody,
 Something about the "green spot of delight,"†
 (Which, you know, Captain Macintosh sung to us one day):
 Ah Dolly, *my* "spot" was that Saturday night,
 And its verdure, how fleeting, had withered by Sunday!
 We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say?
 If Bob was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear;
 Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
 And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.
 Fine Bob (for he's really grown *super-fine*)
 Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
 Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
 And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty.
 Indeed, Doll, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,
 I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;
 And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same, *quite*—
 "My sighs," said he, "ceased with the first glass I drank
 you;
 The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,
 And—now that all's o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank
 you!"

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
 For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate
 About singing and cookery—Bobby, of course,
 Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
 And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
 The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well over it—
 What with old Laïs and Véry, I'm curst
 If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
 And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
 When, sudden, it struck me—last hope of my soul—

* For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," &c. The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of hair, (on the crown of the head) worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

† The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines:—

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
 Which First Love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On Memory's waste!

That some angel might take the dear man to Tortoni's!*

We entered—and, scarcely had Bob, with an air,
 For a *grappe à la jardinière* called to the waiters,
 When, oh Doll! I saw him—my hero was there,
 (For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather
 gaiters)

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,†
 And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
 Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are!

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
 As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,

As when safe at Tortoni's o'er iced currant-water!

He joined us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy—
 Joined by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
 Bob wished to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,
 But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
 And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirled)
 Were, to *him*, “on de top of all Ponch in de world.”—
 How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
 Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to me.
 But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
 And happier still, when 'twas fixed, ere we parted,
 That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
 We all would set off, in French buggies, together,
 To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
 Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.
 His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creased—
 But 'twas Calicot—something—a Colonel, at least!
 After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
 Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
 Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw
 A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—“how do you do!”‡

But, lord,—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vexed—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
 That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly drest,
 And—*so* providential!—was looking my best;
 Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills,
 You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the bills)
 And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
 Colonel Calicot eyeing the cambric, my dear.
 Then the flowers in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
 So, good-by, my sweet Doll—I shall soon write again.

B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
 Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

* A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

† “You eat your ice at Tortoni's,” says Mr. Scott, “under a Grecian group.”

‡ Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

P.S.—I've just opened my letter to say,
 In your next you must tell me (now *do*, Dolly, pray,
 For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to quiz)
 What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

YES—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
 As ever hero died to vindicate—
 A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
 And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
 Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
 Hung trembling on Napoleon's single brow;
 Such the sublime arbitrement, that poured,
 In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
 A glory then, which never, since the day
 Of his young victories, had illumed its way!

Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
 Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
 When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye,
 As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,*
 Denounced against the land, that spurned his chain,
 Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
 Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
 Through your best blood his path of vengeance back,
 When Europe's Kings, that never yet combined
 But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoined,
 Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,
 Gathered around, with hosts from every shore,
 Hating Napoleon much, but Freedom more,
 And, in that coming strife, appalled to see
 The world yet left one chance for liberty!—
 No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
 Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret
 Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
 When every hope was in his speed and might—
 To waste the hour of action in dispute,
 And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot,
 When your Invader's axe was at the *root*!
 No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
 Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
 How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
 All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—
 Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
 I would have followed, with quick heart and hand,

* See *Ælian*, Lib. 5, cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles—
διαπετοῦντα σιῶπῶντες.

Napoleon, Nero—ay, no matter whom—
 To snatch my country from that damning doom,
 That deadliest curse that on the conquered waits—
 A Conqueror's satrap, throned within her gates !

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—
 Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—
 Had, by a genius, formed for nobler things
 Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,
 But raised the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
 With tortoises aloft into the sky—
 To dash them down again more shatteringly !
 * All this I own—but still

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

AT last, Dolly,—thanks to a potent emetic,
 Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
 Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
 Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses*—
 I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
 To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
 How agog you must be for this letter, my dear !
 Lady Jane, in the novel, less languished to hear
 If that elegant cornet she met at Lord Neville's
 Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.
 But Love, Dolly, Love is the theme I pursue ;
 With Blue Devils, thank heaven, I have nothing to do—
 Except, indeed, dear Colonel Calicot spies
 Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,
 Which he stares at till I, Doll, at *his* do the same ;
 Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
 If I knew but the French for it, “ Lord, Sir, for shame ! ”

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
 For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—
 Had we ordered it, dear, of the best poet going,
 It scarce could be furnished more golden and glowing.
 Though late when we started, the scent of the air
 Was like Gattie's rose-water—and, bright, here and there,
 On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
 Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet !
 And the birds seemed to warble as blest on the boughs,
 As if *each* a plumed Calicot had for her spouse ;
 And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time ; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
 With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose*;
 And, ah, I shall ne'er, lived I ever so long, see
 A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we started,
 The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
 How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
 He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with Bob;
 And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
 That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*.
 For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of Boney's—
 Served with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were cronies—
 So martial his features! dear Doll, you can trace
 Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
 As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,*
 Which the poor Duc de B—ri must hate so to pass!
 It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
 About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
 For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
 He confounded Jack Castles with Lord C——gh;
 And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—
 Fancied the *present* Lord C—md—n the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
 'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
 And, oh, had you heard, as together we walked
 Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talked;
 And how perfectly well he appeared, Doll, to know
 All the life and adventures of Jean Jacques Rousseau!—
 " 'Twas there," said he—not that his *words* I can state—
 'Twas a gibberish that Cupid alone could translate;—
 But "there," said he (pointing where, small and remote,
 The dear Hermitage rose), "there his Julie he wrote,—
 Upon paper gilt-edged,† without blot or erasure;
 Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
 And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—
 Tied the leaves up together with *nompareille* blue!"
 What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions
 From sand and blue ribbons are conjured up here!
 Alas, that a man of such exquisite‡ notions
 Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

" 'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel Calicot said—
 As down the small garden he pensively led—

* The column in the Place Vendome.

† "Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la *nompareille* bleue."—*Les Confessions*, Part 2, liv. 9.

‡ This word, "*exquisite*," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:—

"I'd fain praise your Poem—but tell me, how is it
 When I cry out "*Exquisite*," Echo cries "*quizz it?*"

(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
 With rage not to find there the loved periwinkle)*
 " 'Twas here he received from the fair D'Epinay,
 (Who called him so sweetly *her Bear*,† every day,)
 That dear flannel petticoat, pulled off to form
 A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm!"‡

Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections we pondered,
 As, full of romance, through that valley we wandered.
 The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)
 Led us to talk about other commodities,
 Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,
 For the sun was then hastening in pomp to its set,
 And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
 When he asked me, with eagerness,—who made my gown?
 The question confused me—for, Doll, you must know,
 And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
 That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ §
 That enchanting *couturière*, Madame le Roi,
 But am forced, dear, to have Victorine, who—deuce take
 her!—

It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
 I mean of *his party*—and, though much the smartest,
 Le Roi is condemned as a rank Bonapartist. ||
 Think, Doll, how confounded I looked—so well knowing
 The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glowing;
 I stammered out something—nay, even half named
 The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaimed,
 "Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
 It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, Victorine!"
 What a word for a hero!—but heroes *will* err,
 And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.
 Besides, though the word on good manners entrench,
 I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon passed away,
 And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
 The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo us,—
 The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—
 That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
 And what Bob calls the "Twopenny-Post of the Eyes"—

* The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

† "*Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle—et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?"—&c. &c.

‡ "Un jour, qu'il geloit très fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

§ Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi*."

|| Le Roi, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion. and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, Victorine.

Ah Doll! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractised these things to explain.
They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
By her who has wandered, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seized with a fancy for church-yard reflections;
And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting off for Montmartre—"for *there* is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the Vêrys!"
Long, long have I wished, as a votary true,
O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
And, to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue
For the *flesh* of the Vêrys—I'll visit their *bones*!"
He insists upon *my* going with him—how teasing!
This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall lie
Unsealed in my drawer, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—good-bye.
B. F.

Four o'clock.

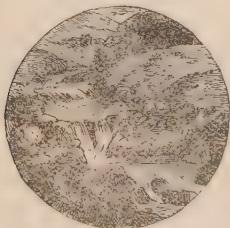
Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruined for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coaxed brother Bob so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly ordered the coach,
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove)
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sighed for, my love,—
(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—
And one's name in the corner embroidered so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I entered the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—
There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric, before him rolled out,
And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand!

* It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—"Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles."

Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
 'Twas a *shopman* he meant by a “Brandenburgh,” dear !
 The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
 And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
 As a hero had worshipped—vile, treacherous thing—
 To turn out but a low linen-draper at last !
 My head swam around—the wretch smiled, I believe,
 But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—
 I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seemed to wither—
 And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither !
 I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
 With cruel facetiousness said—“curse the Kiddy !
 A staunch Revolutionist always I’ve thought him,
 But now I find out he’s a *Counter* one, Biddy !”

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
 To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone !
 What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever !
 What laughs and what quizzing she’ll have with the men !
 It will spread through the country—and never, oh, never
 Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again !
 Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—
 And, ah ! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
 One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge
 To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene—I’m sure you will hear, with delight,
 That we’re going, all three, to see Brunet to-night.
 A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
 (Do you know him?) has got us the Governor’s box !





FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Eripe.	Tu Regibus alas	VIRGIL, <i>Georg.</i> lib. iv.
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.	—Clip the wings	DRYDEN'S <i>Translation.</i>

TO LORD BYRON.

DEAR LORD BYRON,—Though this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am, my dear Lord ever faithfully yours,

T. B.

PREFACE.

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the “painful pre-eminence” of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c.—but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the “Transactions of the Poco-curante Society,” I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either “Nancy Dawson” or “He stole away the Bacon.”

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being thereby brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in three words "Non curat Hippoclidēs," (meaning, in English, "Hippoclidēs does not care a fig,") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,*
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is—
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnished all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy—and designed
To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprisoned there,
Be checked and chilled, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.

And all were pleased, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination—
Admired the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.

* "It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice on the Neva. in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect."—*Pinkerton*.

Much too the Czar himself exulted,
 To all Plebeian fears a stranger,
 For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
 Had pledged her word there was no danger.
 So, on he capered, fearless quite,
 Thinking himself extremely clever,
 And waltzed away with all his might,
 As if the Frost would last for ever.
 Just fancy how a bard like me,
 Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled,
 To see that goodly company,
 At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
 My loyal soul, at all unfounded—
 For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy
 Were seized with an ill-omened dripping,
 And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
 Their Holinesses took to slipping.
 The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
 Could scarce get on for downright stumbling;
 And Prussia, though to slippery ways
 So used, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the floor most,
 Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.—
 And now, to an Italian air,
 This precious brace would, hand in hand, go;
 Now—while old Louis, from his chair,
 Intreated them his toes to spare—
 Called loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,
 At which they all set to, like mad—
 Never were Kings (though small the expense is
 Of wit among their Excellencies)
 So out of all their princely senses.
 But, ah, that dance—that Spanish dance—
 Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
 When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance
 Shot from an angry Southern sun,
 A light through all the chambers flamed,
 Astonishing old Father Frost,
 Who, bursting into tears, exclaimed,
 “A thaw, by Jove—we're lost, we're lost!
 Run, France—a second *Waterloo*
 Is come to drown you—*sauve qui peut!*”

Why, why will monarchs caper so
 In palaces without foundations?—
 Instantly all was in a flow,
 Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations—
 Those Royal Arms, that looked so nice,

Cut out in the resplendent ice—
 Those Eagles, handsomely provided
 With double heads for double dealings—
 How fast the globes and sceptres glided
 Out of their claws on all the ceilings!
 Proud Prussia's double bird of prey
 Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;
 While—just like France herself, when she
 Proclaims how great her naval skill is—
 Poor Louis' drowning fleur-de-lys
 Imagined themselves *water-lilies*.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
 But—still more fatal execution—
 The Great Legitimates themselves
 Seemed in a state of dissolution.
 The indignant Czar—when just about
 To issue a sublime Ukase,
 “Whereas all light must be kept out”—
 Dissolved to nothing in its blaze.
 Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
 And, while his lips illustrious felt
 The influence of this southern air,
 Some word, like “Constitution”—long
 Congealed in frosty silence there—
 Came slowly thawing from his tongue.
 While Louis, lapsing by degrees,
 And sighing out a faint adieu
 To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese
 And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,
 Himself, into a *fondu* too;—
 Or like that goodly King they make
 Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,
 When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
 It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute,
 Ere the bright dome, and all within it,
 Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone—
 And nothing now was seen or heard
 But the bright river, rushing on,
 Happy as an enfranchised bird,
 And prouder of that natural ray,
 Shining along its chainless way—
 More proudly happy thus to glide
 In simple grandeur to the sea,
 Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,
 'Twas decked with all that kingly pride
 Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream—and, I confess,
 I tremble at its awfulness.

That Spanish dance—that southern beam—
 But I say nothing—there's my dream—
 And Madame Krudener, the she prophet,
 May make just what she pleases of it.

FABLE II.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

PROEM.

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections
 Raised to the Throne, 'tis strange to see
 What different and what odd perfections
 Men have required in Royalty.
 Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
 Have chosen their Sovereigns by the weight;—
 Some wished them tall, some thought your dumpy,
 Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.*
 The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
 Prefer what's called a jolter-head :†
 The Egyptians weren't at all particular,
 So that their Kings had *not* red hair—
This fault not even the greatest stickler
 For the blood royal well could bear.
 A thousand more such illustrations
 Might be adduced from various nations.
 But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
 Touching the acquired or natural right
 Which some men have to rule their fellows,
 There's one, which I shall here recite :—

FABLE.

There was a land—to *name* the place
 Is neither now my wish nor duty—
 Where reigned a certain Royal race,
 By right of their superior beauty.
 What was the cut legitimate
 Of these great persons' chins and noses,
 By right of which they ruled the state,
 No history I have seen discloses.
 But so it was—a settled case—
 Some Act of Parliament, passed snugly,
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
 And all their faithful subjects ugly.

* The Goths had a law to choose always a short, thick man for their King.—
Munster, Cosmog. lib. iii. p. 164.

† "In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable."—*Oriental Field Sports.*

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
But all your *common* people, gorgons!

Of course, if any knave had hinted
That the King's nose was turned awry,
Or that the Queen (God save us!) squinted—
The judges doomed that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurred,
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord, the very thought was treason!

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We ne'er so much in earnest labour,
As when the face attacked's our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believing—
(As crowds well-governed always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke, they thought it true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end—and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there,—
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out,
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, established mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards:—

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had looked—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)
They popped a mirror to his Grace:—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is called an ancient line,
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes they passed to regal phizzes,
Compared them proudly with their own,
And cried “How *could* such monstrous quizzes
In Beauty’s name usurp the throne!”—

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon Cosmetical Economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were levelled,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-deviled
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks’ sensations;
Besides, what followed is the tale
Of all such late enlightened nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses,
A whit diviner than their own.

FABLE III.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn ;—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see ;—
While Fancy whispered in my ear,
“ That torch they pass is Liberty ! ”

And, each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray ;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing !

And, when she fired her altar high
It flashed into the reddening air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare !

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leaped at the torch—but, ere the spark
That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quenched—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—*not* quenched—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies :
Again her living light looked forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame ? alas,
Unworthy Naples—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames !

Scarce had her fingers touched the torch,
 When, frightened by the sparks it shed,
 Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
 She dropped it to the earth—and fled.

And fallen it might have long remained !
 But Greece, who saw her moment now,
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stained,
 And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,
 Fair, laurelled spirits seemed to soar,
 Who thus in song their voices blended :

“Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
 Divinest gift of Gods to men !
 From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
 To Greece thy ray returns again,

“Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
 When dimmed, revive, when lost, return,
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,
 On which thy glories shall not burn !”

FABLE IV.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

PROEM.

OF all that, to the sage's survey,
 This world presents of topsy-turvy,
 There's nought so much disturbs one's patience,
 As little minds in lofty stations,
 'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,
 Which slight and pigmy columns under
 Enormous arches, give beholders ;—
 Or those poor Caryatides,
 Condemned to smile and stand at ease,
 With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
 Small minds are *born* into such places—
 If they are there, by Right Divine,
 Or any such sufficient reason,
 Why—Heaven forbid we should repine !—
 To wish it otherwise were treason ;
 Nay, even to see it in a vision,
 Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

Sir Robert Filmer saith—and he,
 Of course, knew all about the matter—
 “Both men and beasts love Monarchy ;”
 Which proves how rational—the *latter*.

Sidney, indeed, we know, had quite
 A different notion from the Knight.
 Nay, hints a King may lose his head,
 By slipping awkwardly his bridle:—
 But this is Jacobin, ill-bred,
 And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
 In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no—it isn't foolish Kings,
 (Those fixed inevitable things—
 Bores paramount, by right of birth)
 That move my wrath—'tis your pretenders,
 Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
 Who—not, like t'others, crowned offenders,
 Regular *gratid Dei* blockheads,
 Born with three Kingdoms in their pockets,—
 Nor, leaving on the scale of mind,
 These Royal Zeros far behind,
 Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
 Push up into the loftiest stations,
 And, though too dull to manage shops,
 Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,
 And stirs up spleen, and bile, and all,
 While other senseless things appear
 To know the limits of their sphere—
 While not a cow on earth romances
 So much as to conceit she dances—
 While the most jumping frog we know of,
 Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off—
 Your —s, your —s dare,
 Pigmy as are their minds, to set them
 To *any* business, *any* where,
 At *any* time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things—
 My business is, just now, with Kings;
 To whom, and to their right-line glory,
 I dedicate the following story:—

FABLE.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
 And, even when they most condescended to teach,
 They packed up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
 In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

They were also, good people much given to Kings—
 Fond of monarchs and of crocodiles, monkeys and mystery;
 Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things—
 As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis),
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw* a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine ;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabbed at the foot of the shrine.

Surprised at such doings, he whispered his teacher—
“If ’tisin’t impertinent, may I ask why
Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
Be thus offered up to a blue-bottle Fly?”

“No wonder”—said t’other—“you stare at the sight,
But *we* as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—
That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
And that Bullock, the People, that’s sacrificed to it.”

FABLE V.

CHURCH AND STATE.

PROEM.

‘The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men’s interests ; and, if connected, it must inevitably be prevented by them.’—SOAME JENYNS.

THUS did Soame Jenyns—though a Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations ;
Feel how Religion’s simple glory
Is stained by State associations.

When Catherine, after murdering Poles
Appealed to the benign Divinity ;
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made fractions of their very souls†—
All in the name of the blessed Trinity ;
Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty Northern salamander,‡
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Puts every fire of Freedom out—
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Panagia’s praises—
When he, of royal Saints the type,
In holy water dips the sponge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would all human rights expunge ;

* According to Ælian, it was in the island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony—*θεῖον βοῶν τὰς μυῖαις*.—*De Animal.* lib. ii. cap. 8.

† *Ames demi-âmes*, &c.

‡ The salamander is supposed to have the power of extinguishing fire by its natural coldness and moisture.

When Louis (whom as King, and eater,
 Some name *Dix-huit* and some *Des-huitres*,)
 Calls down "St. Louis' God" to witness
 The right, humanity, and fitness
 Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
 Sages, with muskets and laced coats,
 To cram instruction, nolens volens,
 Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats—
 I can't help thinking, (though to Kings
 I must, of course, like other men, bow,)
 That when a Christian monarch brings
 Religion's name to gloss these things—
 Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow!*

Or—not so far for facts to roam,
 Having a few much nearer home—
 When we see Churchmen, who, if asked,
 "Must Ireland's slaves be tithed, and tasked.
 And driven like Negroes or Croäts,
 That *you* may roll in wealth and bliss?"
 Look from beneath their shovel hats
 With all due pomp, and answer "Yes!"
 But then, if questioned, "Shall the brand
 Intolerance flings throughout that land,
 Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
 Suffering nor peace nor love to grow,
 Be ever quenched?"—from the same shovels
 Look grandly forth, and answer "No."—
 Alas, alas! have *these* a claim
 To merciful Religion's name?
 If more you want, go see a bevy
 Of bowing parsons at a levee—
 (Choosing your time, when straw's before
 Some apoplectic bishop's door,)
 Then, if thou can'st, with life, escape
 That sweep of lawn, that press of crape,
 Just watch their rev'rences and graces,
 Should'ring their way on, at all risks,
 And say, if those round, ample faces
 To heaven or earth most turn their disks?

This, this it is—Religion, made,
 'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade—
 This most ill-matched, unholy *Co.*,
 From whence the ills we witness flow;
 The war of many creeds with one—
 The extremes of *too* much faith, and none—
 The qualms the fumes of sect and sceptic,—
 And all that Reason, grown dyspeptic
 By swallowing forced or noxious creeds,
 From downright indigestion breeds;

* A well-known publisher of irreligious books.

Till, 'twixt old bigotry and new,
 'Twixt Blasphemy and Cant—the two
 Rank ill with which this age is curst—
 We can no more tell *which* is worst,
 Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
 In various plagues, determine which
 She thought most pestilent and vile,
 Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
 Croaking their native mud-notes loud
 Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
 Of pluralists, obesely lowering,
 At once benighting and devouring !

This—this it is—and here I pray
 Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
 Who make us poor, dull authors say,
 Not what we mean, but what they choose ;
 Who to our most abundant shares
 Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
 And are to poets just such evils
 As caterpillars find those flies,*
 Which, not content to sting like devils,
 Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—
 To guard against such foul deposits
 Of other's meaning in my rhymes,
 (A thing more needful here, because it's
 A subject, ticklish in these times)—
 I, here, to all such wits make known,
 Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,
 'Tis *this* Religion—this alone
 I aim at in the following story :—

FABLE.

When Royalty was young and bold,
 Ere, touched by Time, he had become,
 If 't isn't civil to say *old*,
 At least, a *ci-devant* *jeune homme* ;

One evening, on some wild pursuit
 Driving along, he chanced to see
 Religion, passing by on foot,
 And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,
 The humblest and the best of men
 Who ne'er had notion or desire
 Of riding in a coach till then.

* "The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body—at every dart they depose an egg."—*Goldsmith*.

"I say"—quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoyed a masquerading joke—
"I say, suppose, my good old father,
You lend me, for a while, your cloak."

The Friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head ;
Besides, was rather tempted too
By a laced coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash
Scamp'ring like mad about the town ;
Broke windows, shivered lamps to smash,
And knocked whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they; whose heads were broke
Learn of the "why" or the "wherefore,"
Except that 'twas Religion's cloak,
The gentleman who cracked them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar whose head was turned
By the laced coat, grew frisky too ;
Looked big—his former habits spurned—
And stormed about, as great men do :

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—
Said "d—mn you" often, or as bad—
Laid claim to other people's purses—
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbefitting,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summoned the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As Courts must wrangle to decide well,)
Religion to St. Luke's was sent,
And Royalty packed off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be
Restored, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to ;
And Royalty to crack his joke,—
But *not* to crack poor people's heads too.

FABLE VI.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

PROEM.

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,
 The daughter of a learned Law Doctor,*
 Who had with all the subtleties
 Of old and modern jurists stocked her,
 Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
 And over hearts held such dominion,
 That when her father, sick in bed,
 Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
 To lecture on the Code Justinian,
 She had a curtain drawn before her,
 Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
 Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
 And quite forget their jurisprudence.†
 Just so it is with Truth, when *seen*,
 Too fair and bright,—'tis from behind
 A light, thin allegoric screen,
 She thus can safest teach mankind.

FABLE.

In Thibet once there reigned, we're told,
 A little Lama, one year old—
 Raised to the throne, that realm to bless,
 Just when his little Holiness
 Had cut—as near as can be reckoned—
 Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.
 Chronologers and Nurses vary,
 Which proves historians should be wary.
 We only know the important truth,
 His Majesty *had* cut a tooth.‡
 And much his subjects were enchanted,—
 As well all Lama's subjects *may* be,
 And would have given their heads, if wanted,
 To make tee-totums for the baby.
 As he was there by Right Divine—
 (What Lawyers call *Jure Divino*,
 Meaning a right to yours, and mine,
 And everybody's goods and rhino,)
 Of course, his faithful subjects' purses

* Andreas.

† Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyoit Novelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en charge, et, afin que la biauté d'elle n'empêchât la pensée des oyants, elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle.—*Christ. de Pise, Cité des Dames*, p. 11. cap. 36.

‡ See Turner's Embassy to Thibet for an account of his interview with the Lama.—“Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing *dignity* and decorum.”

Were ready with their aids and succours ;
Nothing was seen but pensioned Nurses,
And the land groaned with bibs and tuckers.
Oh ! had there been a Hume or Bennet,
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,
Ye Gods, what room for long debates
Upon the Nursery Estimates !
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes
And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles !
What calls for papers to expose
The waste of sugar-plums and rattles !
But no—if Thibet *had* M. P.'s,
They were far better bred than these ;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,
During the Monarch's whole dentition.
But short this calm ;—for, just when he
Had reached the alarming age of three,
When Royal natures, and, no doubt,
Those of *all* noble beasts break out—
The Lama, who till then was quiet,
Showed symptoms of a taste for riot ;
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for Church or State,
Made free with whosoe'er came nigh ;
Tweaked the Lord Chancellor by the nose,
Turned all the Judges' wigs awry,
And trod on the old Generals' toes :
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
Rode cockhorse on the City maces,
And shot from little devilish guns,
Hard peas into his subjects' faces.
In short, such wicked pranks he played,
And grew so mischievous, God bless him !
That his Chief Nurse—though with the aid
Of an Archbishop—was afraid,
When in these moods, to comb or dress him.
And even the persons most inclined
For Kings through thick and thin to stickle,
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,
Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot Lords—a breed
Of animals they have in Thibet,
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit—
Some patriot lords, seeing the length
To which things went, combined their strength,
And penned a manly, plain and free
Remonstrance to the Nursery ;
In which protesting that they yielded
To none, that ever went before 'em,
In loyalty to him who wielded

The hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em ;
 That, as for treason, 'twas a thing
 That made them almost sick to think of—
 That they and theirs stood by the King,
 Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,
 When others, thinking him consumptive,
 Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive !—
 But, still—though much admiring Kings
 (And chiefly those in leading-strings),
 They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
 There was no longer now the wise
 And constitutional control
 Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes ;
 But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,
 And freaks occurred the whole day long,
 As all, but men with bishopricks,
 Allowed, in even a King, were wrong.
 Wherefore it was they humbly prayed
 That Honourable Nursery,
 That such reforms be henceforth made,
 As all good men desired to see ;—
 In other words (lest they might seem
 Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme
 For putting all such pranks to rest,
 And in its bud the mischief nipping—
 They ventured humbly to suggest
 His Majesty should have a whipping !

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,
 Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
 E'er equalled the tremendous shock it
 Produced upon the Nursery benches.
 The Bishops, who of course had votes,
 By right of age and petticoats,
 Were first and foremost in the fuss—
 "What, whip a Lama ! suffer birch
 To touch his sacred — infamous !
 Deistical !—assailing thus
 The fundamentals of the Church !—
 No—no—such patriot plans as these,
 (So help them Heaven—and their Sees !)
 They held to be rank blasphemies."

The alarm thus given, by these and other
 Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
 Spread through the land, till, such a pother,
 Such party squabbles, far and wide,
 Never in history's page had been
 Recorded, as were then between
 The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.
 Till, things arriving at a state,
 Which gave some fears of revolution,

The patriot lords' advice, though late,
 Was put at last in execution,
 The Parliament of Thibet met—
 The little Lama, called before it,
 Did, then and there, his whipping get,
 And (as the Nursery Gazette
 Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some
 Lament that Royal martyrdom
 (Please to observe, the letter D
 In this last word's pronounced like B),
 Yet to the example of that Prince
 So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
 That her long line of Lamas, since,
 Have all behaved themselves *much* better.

FABLE VII.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,
 The natural allies of Courts,
 Woe to the Monarch, who depends
 Too *much* on his red-coated friends ;
 For even soldiers sometimes *think*—
 Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*,—
 And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
 Or red, or blue, are on the brink
 (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
 As fond of liberty as Mina ;
 Else—woe to kings, when Freedom's sever
 Once turns into a *Scarletina* !
 For then—but hold 'tis best to veil
 My meaning in the following tale :—

FABLE.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,
 Just come into a large estate,
 Was shocked to find he had, for neighbours,
 Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
 Whose fires, beneath his very nose,
 In heretic combustion rose.
 But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,
 Do what they will—so, one fine morning,
 He turned the rascal Ghebers out,
 First giving a few kicks for warning.
 Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
 He knocked their Temple to the ground,

Blessing himself for joy to see
 Such Pagan ruins strewed around.
 But much it vexed my Lord to find,
 That, while all else obeyed his will,
 The fire those Ghebers left behind,
 Do what he would, kept burning still.
 Fiercely he stormed, as if his frown
 Could scare the bright insurgent down ;
 But, no—such fires are headstrong things,
 And care not much for Lords or Kings.
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive,
 The flashes in *one* place to smother
 Before—hey presto !—all alive,
 They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and damns,
 'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,
 His stewards came, with low *salam*s,
 Offering by *contract*, to provide him
 Some large Extinguishers, (a plan,
 Much used, they said, at Ispahan,
 Vienna, Petersburg—in short,
 Wherever Light's forbid at court,)
 Machines no Lord should be without,
 Which would, at once, put promptly out
 All kinds of fires,—from staring, stark
 Volcanos to the tiniest spark ;
 Till all things slept as dull and dark,
 As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,
 'Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies
 Of these Extinguishers were furnished
 (All of the true Imperial size),
 And there, in rows, stood black and burnished,
 Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
 Of light or fire, to be clapped on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,
 In trusting to extinguishers !
 One day, when he had left all sure,
 (At least, believed so) dark, secure—
 The flame, at all its exits, entries,
 Obstructed to his heart's content,
 And black extinguishers, like sentries,
 Placed over every dangerous vent—
 Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,
 His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,
 He found not only the old blaze,
 Brisk as before, crackling and burning,
 Not only new, young conflagrations,
 Popping up round in various stations—

But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
 The Extinguishers themselves on fire !^{*}
 They, they—those trusty, blind machines
 His Lordship had so long been praising,
 As, under Providence, the means
 Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
 Were now, themselves—alas, too true
 The shameful fact—turned blazers too,
 And, by a change as odd as cruel,
 Instead of dampers, served for fuel !

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
 “What,” said the great man, “must be done ?”
 All that, in scrapes like this, is left
 To great men is—to cut and run.
 So run he did ; while to their grounds,
 The banished Ghebers blest returned ;
 And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,
 And all abroad now wildly burned,
 Yet well could they, who loved the flame,
 Its wandering, its excess reclaim ;
 And soon another, fairer Dome
 Arose to be its sacred home,
 Where, cherished, guarded, not confined,
 The living glory dwelt enshrined,
 And, shedding lustre strong, but even,
 Though born of earth, grew worthy heaven.

MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers
 Is, that such Lords are simple elves,
 In trusting to Extinguishers,
 That are combustible themselves.

FABLE VIII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

THE money raised—the army ready—
 Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
 Valiantly braying in the van,
 To the old tune “*Eh, eh, Sire Ane !*”[†]—
 Nought wanting, but some *coup* dramatic,
 To make French *sentiment* explode,

^{*} The idea of this Fable was caught from one of those brilliant *mots* which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the “*Letters to Julia*,”—a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.

[†] They celebrated in the dark ages, at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the Ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar and they sung before him this elegant anthem, “*Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane, eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane.*”—*Warton's Essay on Pope*.

Bring in, at once, the *gôit* fanatic,
 And make the war "*la dernière mode*"—
 Instantly, at the *Pavillon Marsan*,
 Is held an Ultra consultation—
 What's to be done, to help the farce on?
 What stage-effect, what decoration,
 To make this beauteous France forget,
 In one grand, glorious *pirouette*,
 All that she swore to but last week,
 And, with a cry of "*Magnifique!*"
 Rush forth to this, or *any* war,
 Without inquiring once—"What for?"

After some plans proposed by each,
 Lord Châteaubriand made a speech,
 (Quoting, to show what men's rights are,
 Or rather what men's rights *should be*,
 From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the Czar,
 And other friends to Liberty;)
 Wherein he—having first protested
 'Gainst humouring the mob—suggested
 (As the most high-bred plan he saw
 For giving the new War *état*)
 A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,
 To be got up at Notre-Dame,
 In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness!
 Had by his *hilt* acquired such fame,
 'Twas hoped that he as little shyness
 Would show, when to *the point* he came,)
 Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,
 Be christened *Hero*, ere he started;
 With power, by Royal Ordonnance,
 To bear that name—at least in France.
 Himself—the Viscount Châteaubriand—
 (To help the affair with more *esprit* on)
 Offering, for this baptismal rite,
 Some of his own famed Jordan water*—
 (Marie Louise not having quite
 Used all that, for young Nap, he brought her,)
 The baptism, in *this* case, to be
 Applied to that extremity,
 Which Bourbon heroes most expose;
 And which (as well all Europe knows)
 Happens to be, in this Defender
 Of the true Faith, extremely tender.†

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme
 Too rash and premature should seem—

* Brought from the river Jordan by M. Châteaubriand, and presented to the French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.

† See the Duke's celebrated letter to Madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says, "J'ai le postérieur légèrement endommagé."

If thus discounting heroes, *on tick*—
 This glory, by anticipation,
 Was too much in the *genre romantique*
 For such a highly classic nation,
 He begged to say, the Abyssinians
 A practice had in their dominions,
 Which, if at Paris got up well,
 In full *costume*, was sure to tell.
 At all great epochs, good or ill,
 They have, says Bruce (and Bruce ne'er budes
 From the strict truth), a grand Quadrille
 In public danced by the Twelve Judges*—
 And, he assures us, the grimaces,
 The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces
 Of dancers, so profound and stately,
 Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

"Now (said the Viscount), there's but few
 Great Empires, where this plan would do :
 For instance, England ;—let them take
 What pains they would—'twere vain to strive—
 The twelve stiff Judges there would make
 The worst Quadrille-set now alive.
 One must have seen them, ere one could
 Imagine properly Judge Wood,
 Performing, in his wig, so gaily,
 A *queue-de-chat* with Justice Bailey !
 French Judges, though, are, by no means,
 This sort of stiff, be-wigged machines !
 And we, who've seen them at *Saumur*,
 And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure
 They'd dance quadrilles, or anything,
 That would be pleasing to the King—
 Nay, stand upon their heads, and more *do*,
 To please the little Duke de Bordeaux !"

After these several schemes there came
 Some others—needless now to name,
 Since that, which Monsieur planned, himself,
 Soon doomed all others to the shelf,
 And was received *par acclamation*,
 As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)
 That Louis the Fourteenth,—that glory,
 That *Coryphée* of all crowned pates,—
 That pink of the Legitimates—
 Had, when, with many a pious prayer, he
 Bequeathed unto the Virgin Mary

* "On certain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure-dance," &c.
 —Book v.

His marriage deeds, and *cordon bleu*,*
 Bequeathed to her his State Wig too—
 (An offering which, at Court, 'tis thought
 The Virgin values as she ought)—
 That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,
 The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,
 To watch and tend whose curls adored,
 Re-build its towering roof, when flat,
 And round its rumpled base, a Board
 Of sixty Barbers daily sat,†
 With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,
 Well pensioned from the Civil List :—
 That wond'rous Wig, arrayed in which
 And formed alike to awe or witch,
 He beat all other heirs of crowns,
 In taking mistresses and towns,
 Requiring but a shot at *one*,
 A smile at *t'other*, and 'twas done !—

'That Wig' (said Monsieur, while his brow
 Rose proudly,) "is existing now ;—
 That Grand Perruque, amid the fall
 Of every other Royal glory,
 With curls erect survives them all,
 And tells in every hair their story.
 Think, think, how welcome at this time
 A relic, so beloved, sublime !
 What worthier standard of the Cause
 Of Kingly Right can France demand ?
 Or who among our ranks can pause
 To guard it, while a curl shall stand ?
 Behold, my friends"—(while thus he cried,
 A curtain, which concealed this pride
 Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)
 See that august Perruque—how big
 With recollections for the world—
 For France—for us—Great Louis' Wig
 By Hippolyte‡ new frizzed and curled—
New frizzed ! alas, 'tis but too true,
 Well may you start at that word *new*—
 But such the sacrifice, my friends,
 The Imperial Cossack recommends ;

* "Louis XIV. fit présent à la Vierge de son cordon bleu, que l'on conserve soigneusement, et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat de Mariage et le *Traité des Pyrénées*, magnifiquement relié."—*Mémoires, Anecdotes pour servir*, &c.

† The learned author of *Recherches Historiques sur les Perruques* says that the Board consisted but of Forty—the same number as the Academy. "Le plus beau tems des perruques fut celui où Louis XIV. commença à porter, lui-même, perruque ; . . . On ignore l'époque où se fit cette révolution ; mais on sait qu'elle engagea Louis le Grand à y donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en 1656, quarante charges de perruquiers, suivant la cour ; et en 1673, il forma un corps de deux cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris."—P. III.

‡ A celebrated *Coffeur* of the present day.

Thinking such small concessions sage,
To meet the spirit of the age,
And do what best that spirit flatters,
In Wigs—if not in weightier matters.
Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show
That *we* too, much-wronged Bourbons, know
What liberalism in Monarchs is,
We have conceded the New Friz !
Thus armed, ye gallant Ultras, say,
Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fray?
With this proud relic in our van,
And D'Angoulême our worthy leader,
Let rebel Spain do all she can,
Let recreant England arm and feed her,—
Urged by that pupil of Hunt's school,
That Radical, Lord Liverpool—
France can have nought to fear—far from it—
When once astounded Europe sees
The wig of Louis, like a Comet,
Streaming above the Pyrenees,
All's o'er with Spain—then on, my sons,
On, my incomparable Duke,
And, shouting for the Holy Ones,
Cry *Vive la guerre—et la Perruque!*





RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING
MEMBER OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose.—Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c.—Writing in Bed—in the Fields.—Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore.—Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs.—Madame de Staël.—Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.

WHAT various attitudes and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing !
While some write sitting, some, like Bayes,
Usually stand, while they're inditing.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride ;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.*
Herodotus wrote most in bed ;
And Richerand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult Montaigne† and Pliny on
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion
That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields ;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
At home may, at their counters, stop ;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.

* *Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit. —Paravicin. Singular.*

† "Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis."—*Montaigne.* Animus eorum qui
in aperto aere ambulant, attollitur. —*Pliny.*

And, verily, I think they're right—
 For, many a time, on summer eves,
 Just at that closing hour of light,
 When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
 For distant war his Haram bowers,
 The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
 Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
 Tid all the glory of his going !—
 Even I have felt, beneath those beams,
 When wandering through the fields alone,
 Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
 Which, far too bright to be my own,
 Seemed lent me by the Sunny Power,
 That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,
 The few, whom genuine Genius warms ;
 Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,
 Graven with Beauty's countless forms ;—
 The few upon this earth, who seem
 Born to give truth to Plato's dream,
 Since in their souls, as in a glass,
 Shadows of things divine appear,
 Reflections of bright shapes that pass
 Through fairer worlds, beyond our sphere !

But this reminds me I digress ;—
 For Plato, too, produced, 'tis said,
 (As one, indeed, might almost guess,)
 His glorious visions all in bed.*
 'Twas in his carriage the sublime
 Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme ;
 And (if the wits don't do him wrong)
 'Twixt death † and epics passed his time,
 Scribbling and killing all day long—
 Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,
 Now warbling forth a lofty song,
 Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
 Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains
 And horrors of exenteration,
 Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look,
 You'll find preserved, with a translation,
 By Bartholinus in his book.‡

* The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin Poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says :—

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
 Desedit totos heic Plato sæpe dies.

† Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet.

‡ Eâdem curâ nec minores inter cruciatus animam infelici agentî fuit
 Asbiorno Prudæ Danico heroi, cum Bruso ipsum, intestina extrahens, immani-
 ter torqueret, tunc enim novem carmina cecinit, &c.—*Bartholin; de Causis
 Contempt. Mort.*

In short, 'twere endless to recite
 The various modes in which men write.
 Some wits are only in the mind,
 When beaus and belles are round them parting ;
 Some, when they dress for dinner, find
 Their muse and valet both in waiting ;
 And manage at the self-same time,
 To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
 Without a glove to tear or nibble ;
 Or a small twig to whisk about—
 As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
 Like those of water, were found out
 By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
 Such was the little feathery wand,*
 That, held for ever in the hand
 Of her † who won and wore the crown
 Of female genius in this age,
 Seemed the conductor, that drew down
 Those words of lightning to her page.
 As for myself—to come, at last,
 To the odd way in which *I* write—
 Having employed these few months past
 Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
 I've got into the easy mode,
 You see of rhyming on the road—
 Making a way-bill of my pages,
 Counting my stanzas by my stages—
 'Twixt lays and *re-lays* no time lost—
 In short, in two words, *writing post*.

My verses, I suspect, not ill
 Resembling the crazed vehicle
 (An old *calèche*, for which a villain
 Charged me some twenty Naps at Milan)
 In which I wrote them—patched up things,
 On weak, but rather easy springs,
 Jingling along, with little in 'em,
 And (where the road is not so rough,
 Or deep or lofty, as to spin 'em
 'Down precipices) safe enough.—
 Too ready to take fire I own,
 And *then*, too, nearest a break-down ;
 But, for my comfort, hung so low,
 I haven't, in falling, far to go.
 With all this, light, and swift, and airy,
 And carrying (which is best of all)
 But little for the *Dogauiers* ‡
 Of the Reviews to overhaul.

* Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.

‡ Custom-House officers.

† Madame de Staël.

EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura.—Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down,—Obliged to proceed on Foot.—Alps.—Mont Blanc.—Effect of the Scene.*

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew ;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes, where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
'Turned to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wished for Joshua's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour !
But no—the sun still less became,
Diminished to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on the Apostles' heads descended !

'Twas at this instant—while there glowed
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight !
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced and mute—as they
Of Israel think the assembled world
Will stand, upon that awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurled,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign !

Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Not ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The ecstasy that thrilled me then !

* Between Vattay and Gex.

'Twas all that consciousness of power
 And life beyond, this mortal hour ;—
 Those mountings of the soul within
 At thoughts of Heaven—as birds begin
 By instinct in the cage to rise,
 When near their time for change of skies ;—
 That proud assurance of our claim
 To rank among the Sons of Light,
 Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame !—
 At having risked that splendid right,
 For aught that earth through all its range
 Of glories, offers in exchange !
 'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
 Like breaking sunshine, e'er my thought—
 'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
 Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
 Thus purely ever, man might grow,
 Even upon earth a thing divine,
 And be, once more, the creature made
 To walk unstained the Elysian shade !

No, never shall I lose the trace
 Of what I've felt in this bright place.
 And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
 Should I, O God, e'er doubt thy power,
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,
 At the same calm and glowing hour,
 And here, at the sublimest shrine
 That nature ever reared to Thee,
 Rekindle all that hope divine,
 And *feel* my immortality !

EXTRACT II.

Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented.—Former Glory.—Expedition against Constantinople.—Giustinianis.—Republic.—Characteristics of the Old Government.—Golden Book.—Brazen Mouths.—Spies.—Dungeons.—Present Desolation.

MOURN not for Venice—let her rest
 In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
 Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
 Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
 No—let us keep our tears for them,
 Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
 Not from a blood-stained diadem,
 Like that which decked this ocean-queen,
 But from high daring in the cause
 Of human Rights—the only good
 And blessed strife, in which man draws
 His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish every King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-winged commerce shone;
When, with her countless barks she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,*
And her Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight. †

Vanished are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not—for vanished, too,
(Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That filled each spot at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.
Desolate Venice! when I track
Thy haughty course through cent'ries back;
Thy ruthless power, obeyed but curst—
The stem machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst
Had stronger fear not chilled even hate;—
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing Sarpi ‡ taught;

* Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

† “La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle fournit cent combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait.”—*Histoire de Venise*, par DARU.

‡ The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

The spirit, in which these maxims of Father Paul are conceived, may be judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he says:—“Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rogner les dents, et les griffes, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerrir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut; gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion.”

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus:—“Tendre à dépouiller les villes de leurs privilèges, faire que les habitans s'appauvrissent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les Vénitiens. Ceux qui, dans les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus audacieux ou plus dévoués aux intérêts de la population, il faut les perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix que ce soit; enfin s'il se trouve

Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
 Its shadow, rained down dews of death ; *—
 Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
 Shut against humble Virtue's name, †
 But opened wide for slaves who sold
 Their native land to thee and shame ; ‡—
 Thy all-pervading host of spies,
 Watching o'er every glance and breath,
 Till men looked in each others' eyes,
 To read their chance of life or death ;—
 Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
 And legalized the assassin's knife : §—

dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous un prétexte quelconque, mais en évitant de recourir à la justice ordinaire. Que le poison fasse l'office de bourreau, cela est moins odieux et beaucoup plus profitable."

* Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua.—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see *Daru*, vol. ii. p. 141.

† "A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre di Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talens ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle."
 —*Daru*.

‡ Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

§ By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition,* not only was assassination recognised as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

* M. Daru has given an abstract of these Statutes, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is hardly credible that such a system of treachery and cruelty should ever have been established by any government, or submitted to, for an instant, by any people. Among various precautions against the intrigues of their own Nobles, we find the following :—"Pour persuader aux étrangers qu'il était difficile et dangereux d'entretenir quelque intrigue secrète avec les nobles Vénitiens, on imagina de faire avertir mystérieusement le Nonce du Pape (afin que les autres ministres en fussent informés) que l'Inquisition avait autorisé les patriciens à poignarder quiconque essaierait de tenter leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les ambassadeurs ne peussent foi difficilement à une délibération, qui en effet n'existait pas, l'Inquisition voulait prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle ordonna des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans Venise quelque exilé au-dessus du commun, qui eût rompu son ban : ensuite un des patriciens qui étaient aux gages du tribunal, recut la mission d'assassiner ce malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il s'était porté à cet acte, parce que ce banni était l'agent d'un ministre étranger, et avait cherché à le corrompre."—"Remarquons," adds M. Daru, "que ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote ; c'est une mission projetée, délibérée, écrite d'avance ; une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves à leurs successeurs, et consignée dans des statuts."

The cases, in which assassination is ordered by these Statutes, are as follows :—

"Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on appelle parmi les marins le *menstrance*, passait-il au service d'une puissance étrangère : il fallait le faire assassiner, surtout si c'était un homme réputé brave et habile dans sa profession."—(*Art. 3. des Statuts.*)

Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
 And racks, and Leads,* that burnt out life ;
 When I review all this, and see
 What thou art sunk and crushed to now ;
 Each harpy maxim, hatched by thee,
 Returned to roost on thy own brow—
 Thy Nobles, towering once aloft,
 Now sunk in chains—in chains, that have
 Not even that borrowed grace, which oft
 The master's fame sheds o'er the slave,
 But are as mean as e'er were given
 To stiff-necked Pride by angry Heaven—
 I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
 And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat,
 " Thus perish every King and State,
 That tread the steps which Venice trod,
 Strong but in fear, and only great,
 By outrage against man and God ! "

EXTRACT III.

Venice.

Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself.—Reflections, when about to read them.

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
 Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
 As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
 Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
 Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
 If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
 Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
 O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
 Gladly, whose sleepless nights to bend the brow
 Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
 How all who know—and where is he unknown ?
 To what far region have his songs not flown,
 Like Psaphon's birds,† speaking their master's name,
 In every language, syllabled by Fame?—

"Avait-il commis quelque action qu'on ne jugeait pas à propos de punir juridiquement, on devait le faire empoisonner." (*Art.* 14.)

"Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en y exportant quelque procédé de l'industrie nationale : c'était encore un crime capital, que la loi inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat." (*Art.* 26.)

The facility with which they got rid of their Duke of Bedfords, Lord Fitzwilliams, &c. was admirable : it was thus :—

"Le patricien qui se permettait le moindre propos contre le gouvernement, était admonété deux fois, et à la troisième noyé comme incorrigible." (*Art.* 39.)

* "Les prisons des plombs ; c'est-à-dire, ces fournaies ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais."

† Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions ; whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves.*"

How all, who've felt the various spells combined
 Within the circle of that splendid mind,—
 Like powers, derived from many a star, and met
 Together in some wond'rous amulet,—
 Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
 In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
 From that Aurora of his genius, raised
 Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blazed ;
 Would love to trace the unfolding of that power,
 Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour ;
 And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,
 As did the Egyptian traveller,* when he stood
 By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance
 The fast small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
 In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,—

As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell

On earth of old,† had touched them with its beams,—
 Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
 From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate ;
 And which, even now, struck as it is with blight,
 Comes out, at times, in love's own native light ;—
 How gladly all, who've watched these struggling rays
 Of a bright, ruined spirit through his lays,
 Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
 What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
 That noble nature into cold eclipse ;

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
 And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
 With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
 Is now so quenched, that of its grandeur last
 Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts !

Eventful volume ! whatsoe'er the change
 Of scene and clime—the adventures, bold and strange—
 The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
 The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold, .
 If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
 His virtues as his failings, we shall find
 The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
 And enmities, like sun-touched snow, resigned ;
 Of fealty, cherished without change or chill,
 In those who served him, young, and serve him still ;
 Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
 Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart ;
 Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught
 Of the bright features of his life be sought.

* Bruce.

† "And the name of the star is called wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood."—Rev. viii.

While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud *
 "Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
 This gifted Being wraps himself in night ;
 And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
 And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
 Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns

EXTRACT IV.

Venice.

*The English to be met with every where.—Alps and Threadneedle Street.—
 The Simplon and the Stocks.—Rage for Travelling.—Blue Stockings among
 the Wahabees.—Parasols and Pyramids.—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of
 China.*

AND is there then no earthly place,
 Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
 Without some curst, round English face,
 Popping up near, to break the vision ?
 'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
 Unholy cits we're doomed to meet ;
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
 Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
 Fancying we leave this world behind,
 Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
 As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—
 The Funds—(pew, curse this ugly hill)—
 Are lowering fast—(what, higher still ?)—
 And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven !)—
 Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
 Eternal London haunts us still.
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
 Mixes, though even to Greece we run,
 With every rill from Helicon !
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
 To gape at things in foreign lands,
 No soul among them understands ;
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees ;
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,

* "Did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?"

To glide among the Pyramids*—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that's free from London-kind !
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China !

EXTRACT V.

Florence.

No—'tis not the region where Love's to be found—
 They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove,
 They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,
 When she warbled her best—but they've nothing like Love.
 Nor is't that pure *sentiment* only they want,
 Which Heaven for the pure and the tranquil hath made—
 Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,
 Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade ;
 That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,
 Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,
 Where, even though the flush of the colours may fly,
 The features still live, in their first smiling truth ;
 That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
 With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,
 Grow wreathed into one—like the column, combined
 Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flowers*.
 Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, everywhere,
 By the Arno, the Po, by all Italy's streams—
 Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
 Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.
 But it *is* not this, only ;—born full of the light
 Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons
 Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,
 That, beside him, our suns of the north are but moons,—
 We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burned ;
 And that Love, though unused, in this region of spring,
 To be thus to a tame Household Deity turned,
 Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.
 And there *may* be, there *are*, those explosions of heart,
 Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame ;
 Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,
 Where Love is a sun-stroke, that maddens the frame.

* It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul ;
 Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source
 Of some small mountain rivulet, destined to roll
 As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends
 A more headlong descent, without chance of recall ;
 But which Modesty even to the last edge attends,
 And, then, throws a halo of tears round its fall !

This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite, even
 Mid the ruin its madness too often hath made,
 As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,
 That heaven of Virtue from which it has strayed—

This entireness of love, which can only be found,
 Where Woman, like something that's holy, watched over,
 And fenced, from her childhood, with purity round,
 Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover !

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
 Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move ;
 And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
 Can only be reached through the temple of Love !—

This perfection of Passion—how *can* it be found,
 Where the mystery nature hath hung round the tie
 By which souls are together attracted and bound,
 Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye ;—

Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,
 That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,
 Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,
 And curtains them round in their own native light ;—

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
 Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought ;
 But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal
 From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones taught.

Oh, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we're given
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,
 Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's heaven ;
 Here *is* not the region, to fix or to stray.

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
 Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,
What have they, a husband can mourn as a loss ?
What have they, a lover can prize as a gain ?

EXTRACT VI.

Rome.

Reflections on reading Du Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347.—The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May. —Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol.—Rienzi's Speech.*

'Twas a proud moment—even to hear the words
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breathed.
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed—
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day,
For his dear Rome, must to a Roman be,
Short as it was, worth ages passed away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,
Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—
The sound of the church clock, † near Adrian's Tomb,
Summoned the warriors, who had risen for Rome,
To meet unarmed,—with nought to watch them there,
But God's own eye,—and pass the night in prayer.
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause
Before high Heaven, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that awful fight.
At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band ;
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, fanned
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven ‡—
Types of the Justice, peace, and liberty,
That were to bless them, when their chains were riven.
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
While many a Shade of other times, that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighing roved,
Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the Republic passed.

* The "Conjuration de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de Rienzi," by the Jesuit Du Cerceau, is chiefly taken from the much more authentic work of Fortifiocca on the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a laundress.

† It is not easy to discover what church is meant by Du Cerceau here:—"Il fit crier dans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun eût à se trouver, sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dixneuvième, dans l'église du château de Saint-Ange, au son de la cloche, afin de pourvoir au Bon E'tat."

‡ "Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendarts. Nicolas Gualiato, surnommé *le bon diseur*, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre une *Palme* pour représenter la ville de Rome. C'était le Gonfalon de la *Liberté*. Le second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite une *Epée* nue, et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main les *clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuaient le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté, la justice, et la paix."—*Du Cerceau*, liv. ii.

'Twas then that thou, their Tribune,* (name, which brought
 Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)
 Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
 To call up in her sons again, thus speak :—
 "Romans, look round you—on this sacred place
 There once stood shrines, and gods, and god-like men.
 What see you now? what solitary trace
 Is left of all, that made Rome's glory then?
 The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
 Even of its name—and nothing now remains
 But the deep memory of that glory, left
 To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!
 But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the same,—
 Treading the very soil our fathers trode,—
 What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
 What visitation hath there come from God,
 To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?
 It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,—
 If we, the living, are too weak to crush
 These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
 Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

"Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,
 Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;
 And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
 For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!
 Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race
 Have left no embers—no half-living trace—
 No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,
 Till past renown in present shame's forgot.
 While Rome, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,
 If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,
 Would wear more true magnificence than decks
 The assembled thrones of all the existing world—
 Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stained and curst,
 Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,
 By living human things—the deadliest, worst,
 This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!
 And we—oh shame!—we, who have pondered o'er
 The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;†
 Having mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
 Tracking our country's glories all the way—

* Rienzi.

† The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning "*Spirto gentil*," is supposed, by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi: but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguéné asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome. That Petrarch, however, was filled with high and patriotic hopes by the first measures of this extraordinary man, appears from one of his letters, quoted by Du Cerceau, where he says, —"*Pour tout dire, en un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramené la justice, la paix, la bonne foi, la sécurité, et tous les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or.*"

Even *we* have tamely, basely kissed the ground
 Before that Papal Power,—that Ghost of Her,
 The World's Imperial mistress—sitting, crowned,
 And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre !*
 But this is past :—too long have lordly priests
 And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
 Withering about us—like devoted beasts,
 Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
 'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks !
 Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
 The Genius of the Old Republic, free
 As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
 And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
 Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome !"

EXTRACT VII.

Rome.

Mary Magdalen.—Her Story.—Numerous Pictures of Her.—Correggio.—Guido.—Raphael, &c.—Canova's two exquisite Statues.—The Somariva Magdalen.—Chantrey's Admiration of Canova's Works.

No wonder, Mary, that thy story
 Touches all hearts—for there we see
 The soul's corruption, and its glory,
 Its death and life combined in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
 Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
 Of dark desires,—like demons shrined
 Unholily in that fair form,—
 Till when, by touch of Heaven set free,
 Thou camest, with those bright locks of gold
 (So oft the gaze of Bethany),
 And, covering in their precious fold
 Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
 As paid, each drop, the sins of years !
 Thence on, through all thy course of love
 To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
 Whose bitter death-cup from above
 Had yet this cordial round the brim,
 That woman's faith and love stood fast
 And fearless by Him to the last :—
 Till, oh, blest reward for truth like thine !
 Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
 Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
 When risen from the dead, first shone ;
 That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
 Had passed away its mortal shroud,

* This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect :—"For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof?"

And make that bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand ;
The kindest record ever given,
Even under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven !

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless—were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardoned thee !
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumphed in the power
Of keeping thee all lovely still
Even in thy sorrow's bitterest hour ;
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form ;
That Guido's pale, unearthly hues
Should, in portraying thee, grow warm ;
That all—from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth Carlino—should delight
In picturing her, who "loved so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright.

But, Mary, 'mong these bold essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of those weeping eyes—
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has given thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,—
Not one has equalled, hath come nigh
Canova's fancy—oh, not one
Hath made thee feel and live and die,
In tears away as he has done,
In those bright images, more bright
With true expressions breathing light,
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
Of chisel, into life awoke.
The one,* portraying what thou wert
In thy first grief,—while yet the flower
Of those young beauties was unhurt
By sorrow's slow consuming power ;
And mingling earth's luxurious grace
With heaven's subliming thoughts so well,

* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression, of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

We gaze and know not, in *which* place
 Such beauty was most formed to dwell !
 The other, as thou look'dst, when years
 Of fasting, penitence, and tears
 Had worn thee down,—and ne'er did Art
 With half such mental power express
 The ruin which a breaking heart,
 Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.
 Those wasted arms, that keep the trace,
 Even now, of all their youthful grace,
 Those tresses, of thy charms the last
 Whose pride forsook thee, wildly cast—
 Those features, even in fading worth
 The freshest smiles to others given,
 And those sunk eyes, that see not earth,
 But whose last looks are full of heaven !

Wonderful artist ! praise, like mine—
 Though springing from a soul, that feels
 Deep worship of those works divine,
 Where Genius all his light reveals—
 How weak 'tis to the words that came
 From him, thy peer in art and fame,*
 Whom I have known, by day, by night,
 Hang o'er thy marble with delight ;
 And, while his lingering hand would steal
 O'er every grace the taper's rays,†
 Give thee, with all the generous zeal
 Such master-spirits only feel
 That best of fame, a rival's praise !

EXTRACT VIII.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens.—Their Ménage.—Its Grossness.—Claude Anet.—Reverence with which the Spot is now visited.—Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impostures of Men of Genius.—Their power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.

STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw
 O'er all that's vicious, weak, and low,
 Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
 As dazzle even the steadiest eyes

'Tis too absurd—'tis weakness, shame,
 This low prostration before Fame ;
 This casting down, beneath the car
 Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,

* Chantrey.

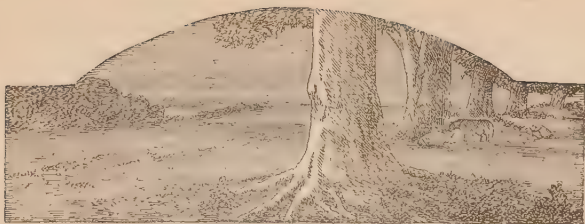
† Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice, by the light of a small candle.

Life's purest, holiest decencies,
 To be careered o'er, as they please.
 No—give triumphant Genius brave
 All that his loftiest wish can crave :
 If he be worshipped, let it be
 For attributes, his noblest, first ;
 Not with that base idolatry,
 Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold ;—may want that glow
 Of high romance, which bards should know ;
 That holy homage, which is felt
 In treading where the great have dwelt ;
 This reverence, whatsoever it be,
 I fear, I feel, I have it *not*.—
 For here, at this still hour, to me
 The charms of this delightful spot ;
 Its calm seclusion from the throng,
 From all the heart would fain forget,
 This narrow valley, and the song
 Of its small murmuring rivulet ;
 The flitting, to and fro, of birds,
 Tranquil and tame as they were once
 In Eden, ere the startling words
 Of Man disturbed their orisons ;
 Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
 Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lined,
 And lighted only by the breaks
 The gay wind in the foliage makes,
 Or vistas, here and there that ope
 Through weeping willows, like the snatches
 Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
 Even through the shade of sadness catches !—
 All this, which—could I once but lose
 The memory of those vulgar ties,
 Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
 Of Genius can no more disguise,
 Than the sun's beams can do away
 The filth of fens o'er which they play—
 This scene, which would have filled my heart
 With thoughts of all that happiest is ;—
 Of Love where self hath only part,
 As echoing back another's bliss ;
 Of solitude, secure, and sweet,
 Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet ;
 Which, while it shelters, never chills,
 Our sympathies with human woe,
 But keeps them, like sequestered rills,
 Purer and fresher in their flow ;
 Of happy days, that share their beams,
 'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ ;
 Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,

The moonlight of the morning's joy !—
 All this my heart could dwell on here,
 But for those hateful memories near ;
 Those sordid truths, that cross the track
 Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
 Full into all the mire, and strife,
 And vanities of that man's life,
 Who, more than all that e'er have glowed
 With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*
 If ever given to mortal), showed
 What an impostor Genius is ;
 How, with that strong, mimetic art,
 Which forms its life and soul, it takes
 All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
 Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes ;
 How like a gem its light may smile
 O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
 Itself as mean a worm, the while,
 As crawls along the sullyng sod ;
 What sensibility may fall
 From its false lip, what plans to bless,
 While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
 Lie waste beneath its selfishness ;
 How, with the pencil hardly dry
 From colouring up such scenes of love
 And beauty as make young hearts sigh,
 And dream, and think through heaven they rove,
 They, who can thus describe and move,
 The very workers of these charms,
 Nor seek, nor ask a heaven above
 Some Maman's or Theresa's arms !

How all, in short, that makes the boast
 Of their false tongues, they want the most ;
 And, while with freedom on their lips,
 Sounding their timbrels, to set free
 This bright world, labouring in the eclipse
 Of priestcraft, and of slavery,—
 They may, themselves, be slaves as low
 As ever Lord or Patron made
 To blossom in his smile, or grow,
 Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.
 Out on the craft !—I'd rather be
 One of those hinds, that round me tread,
 With just enough of sense to see
 The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
 Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
 That hath no heart for its foundation,
 Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
 Sublimest, meanest in creation !



THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes—
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
Even then, the morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—
And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One evening in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they looked, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furled
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as *still* play,

Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word !

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charmed them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers,
The melting light that beamed above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, even in heaven, was not of those
Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths the unheavenliest one—
A creature, to whom light remained
From Eden still, but altered, stained,
And o'er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, sent,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their footprints as they went.
Sighing, as through the shadowy Past,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
O'er buried hopes, he thus began :

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

"'Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight !

One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veiled from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook ;
 Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
 More spirit-like, as they might seem
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream.
Pausing in wonder I looked on,
 While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
 She moved in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a light so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
 (For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reached the shore
 Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes !—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seemed as if each thought, and look,
 And motion, were that minute chained
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
 With face upturned—so still remained !

In pity to the wondering maid,
 Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
 Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which—I well could feel—
 For me, for her, too warmly shone ;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
 One sidelong look, the maid was gone—
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
 Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
 The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me. Day and night
 I sought around each neighbouring spot ;
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
 My task, and heaven, and all forgot ;—
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side

I found myself, whole happy days,
 Listening to words, whose music vied
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,
 When seraph lays are warmed by love,
 But, wanting *that* far, far above!—
 And looking into eyes where, blue
 And beautiful, like skies seen through
 The sleeping wave, for me there shone
 A heaven, more worshipped than my own.
 Oh what, while I could hear and see
 Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
 Though gross the air on earth I drew,
 'Twas blessed, while she breathed it too ;
 Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
 Throughout creation I but knew
 Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
 Beloved, and consecrated spot
 Where *Lea was*—the other, all
 The dull, wide waste, where she was *not* !

But vain my suit, my madness vain ;
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
 One earthly look, one stray desire,
 I would have torn the wings, that hung
 Furled at my back, and o'er the Fire
 Unnamed in heaven their fragments flung ;—
 'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmoved
 She stood, as lilies in the light
 Of the hot noon but look more white ;—
 And though she loved me, deeply loved,
 'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
 Nothing of earth was in that glow—
 She loved me but as one, of race
 Angelic, from that radiant place
 She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,
 And on whose light she gazed at even,
 Wishing for wings, that she might go
 Out of this shadowy world below,
 To that free, glorious element !

Well I remember by her side
 Sitting at rosy even-tide,
 When,—turning to the star, whose head
 Looked out, as from a bridal bed,
 At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,
 'Oh ! that it were my doom to be
 The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
 Dwelling up there in purity,
 Alone, as all such bright things are ;—
 My sole employ to pray and shine,

To light my censer at the sun
And cast its fire towards the shrine
Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One !'

So innocent the maid, so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips the avowal burst ;
Not angry—no—the feeling had .
No touch of anger, but most sad—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So filled her heart was to the brink,
So fixed and frozen there to think
That angel natures—even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of such pure glory into sin !—

The very night—my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning ;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounced, when back to heaven
It is their time or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day ;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heaven began to play ;—
When my heart failed—the spell was broken—
The word unfinished died away,
And my checked plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me ?
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she looked, breathed, moved about—
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all heaven's proudest joys without !

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,

Came—crowding thick as flowers that play
In summer winds—the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone ;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first, that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was maddened ;—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness !
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Brightening not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heaven, too, in their span !—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rained
Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remained
To my lost soul into eclipse ;
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest !—our banquet done,
I sought her in the accustomed bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hushed, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
I found her—oh, so beautiful
Why, why have hapless Angels eyes ?
Or why are there not flowers to cull,
As fair as Woman, in yon skies ?
Still did her brow, as usual, turn
To her loved star, which seemed to burn
Purer than ever on that night
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
 A spell of holiness around,
 Which, had my burning brain not been
 Thus poisoned, maddened, held me bound,
 As though I stood on God's own ground.
 Even as it was, with soul all flame,
 And lips that burned in their own sighs,
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
 The memory of Eden came
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
 And though too well each glance of mine
 To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
 How far, alas, from aught divine,
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
 Was the wild love with which I loved,
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
 'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
 The homage of an Angel's awe
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love
 Then placed above him—far above—
 And all that struggle to repress
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,
 Which worked within me at that hour,
 When, with a voice, where Passion shd
 All the deep sadness of her power,
 Her melancholy power—I said,
 'Then be it so; if back to heaven
 I must unloved, unpitied fly,
 Without one blest memorial given
 To soothe me in that lonely sky;
 One look, like those the young and fond
 Give when they're parting—which would be,
 Even in remembrance, far beyond
 All heaven hath left of bliss for me !

' Oh, but to see that head recline
 A minute on this trembling arm,
 And those mild eyes look up to mine,
 Without a dread, a thought of harm !
 To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
 Of lips too purely fond to fear me—
 Or, if that boon be all too much,
 Even thus to bring their fragrance near me !
 Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
 Give them but kindly and I fly;
 Already, see, my plumes have stirred,
 And tremble for their home on high.
 Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
 One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
 And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
 The spell that plumes my wing for heaven !'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
 Of me, and of herself afraid,
 Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
 The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
 But when I named—alas, too well,
 I now recall, though wildered then,—
 Instantly, when I named the spell,
 Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
 And, with an eagerness, that spoke
 The sudden light that o'er her broke,
 'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
 And I will bless thee!' she exclaimed—
 Unknowning what I did, inflamed,
 And lost already, on her brow
 I stamped one burning kiss, and named
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told
 To living creature of earth's mould!
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
 The holy sound—her hands and eyes
 Were instant lifted to the skies,
 And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
 With that triumphant look Faith wears,
 When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
 A vapour from this vale of tears,
 Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
 All bright and glorified became,
 And at her back I saw uncloset
 Two wings, magnificent as those
 That sparkle around Alla's Throne,
 Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
 Above me, in the moon-beam shone
 With a pure light, which—from its hue,
 Unknown upon this earth—I knew
 Was light from Eden, glistening through!
 Most holy vision! ne'er before
 Did aught so radiant—since the day
 When Eblis, in his downfall, bore
 The third of the bright stars away—
 Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
 That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
 Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
 The powerful words that were, that night,
 Oh even for heaven too much delight!—
 Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
 And soul to soul, in Paradise?
 I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
 I prayed, I wept, but all in vain;

For me the spell had power no more.
There seemed around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essayed to soar,
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills the offended God—for ever!

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up the illumined waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordained to be
Her home of light for evermore!
Once—or did I but fancy so?—
Even in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turned below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessened to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder burn,—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merged, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heaven and love both passed away;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revelled in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now!"

The Spirit bowed his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell—
Were there not even those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets,
The unblenched renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
 Were his eyes lifted to behold
 That happy stainless star, where she
 Dwelt in her bower of purity!
 One minute did he look, and then—
 As though he felt some deadly pain
 From its sweet light through heart and brain—
 Shrunk back, and never looked again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
 With the proud front and piercing glance—
 Who seemed when viewing heaven's expanse,
 As though his far-sent eye could see
 On, on into the Immensity
 Behind the veils of that blue sky,
 Where God's sublimest secrets lie?
 His wings, the while, though day was gone,
 Flashing with many a various hue
 Of light they from themselves alone,
 Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.
 'Twas Rubi—once among the prime
 And flower of those bright creatures, named
 Spirits of Knowledge, who o'er Time
 And Space and Thought an empire claimed
 Second alone to Him, whose light
 Was, even to theirs, as day to night;
 'Twixt whom and them was distance far
 And wide, as would the journey be
 To reach from any island star
 The vague shores of Infinity!

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
 Slept the dim light of days gone by;
 Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
 Like echoes, in some silent place,
 When first awaked from many a year;
 And when he smiled, if o'er his face
 Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
 Of moonlight rainbows, fair but wan,
 The sunny life, the glory gone.
 Even o'er his pride, though still the same,
 A softening shade from sorrow came;
 And though at times his spirit knew
 The kindlings of disdain and ire,
 Short was the fitful glare they threw—
 Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
 Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
 The silence that had come o'er all

When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
 Closed the sad history of his fall;
 And, while a sacred lustre, flown
 For many a day, relumed his cheek—
 Beautiful, as in days of old;
 And not those eloquent lips alone
 But every feature seemed to speak—
 Thus his eventful story told:—

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

“You both remember well the day,
 When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
 He, whom all living things obey,
 Summoned His chief angelic powers
 To witness the one wonder yet,
 Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
 He must achieve, ere he could set
 His seal upon the world, as done—
 To see that last perfection rise,
 That crowning of creation's birth,
 When, 'mid the worship and surprise
 Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
 First opened upon heaven and earth;
 And from their lids a thrill was sent,
 That through each living spirit went,
 Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
 The fresh-awakened breath of soul
 Throughout her perfect form—which seemed
 To grow transparent, as there beamed
 That dawn of Mind within, and caught
 New loveliness from each new thought?
 Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
 The progress of the noontide air,
 Dimpling its bright and silent face
 Each minute into some new grace,
 And varying heaven's reflections there—
 Or, like the light of evening, stealing
 O'er some fair temple, which all day
 Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
 Its several beauties, ray by ray,
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
 All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
 Through Eden's lone enchanted ground
 She looked, and at the sea—the skies—
 And heard the rush of many a wing,
 On high behests then vanishing;
 And saw the last few angel eyes,

Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
 Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?
 From that miraculous hour, the fate
 Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
 For ever, with a spell-like weight,
 Upon my spirit—early, late,
 Whate'er I did, or dreamed, or felt,
 The thought of what might yet befall
 That splendid creature mixed with all.—
 Nor she alone, but her whole race
 Through ages yet to come—whate'er
 Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
 Should spring from that pure mind and face,
 All waked my soul's intensest care ;
 Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
 God's most disturbing mystery !

It was my doom—even from the first,
 When summoned with my cherub peers,
 To witness the young vernal burst
 Of nature through those blooming spheres ;
 Those flowers of light, that sprung beneath
 The first touch of the Eternal's breath—
 It was my doom still to be haunted
 By some new wonder, some sublime
 And matchless work, that, for the time
 Held all my soul, enchained, enchanted,
 And left me not a thought, a dream,
 A word, but on that only theme !

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
 Which even by quenching is awaked,
 And which becomes or blest or curst,
 As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked—
 Still urged me onward, with desire
 Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
 Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
 That waked each new idolatry—
 Their cause, aim, source, from whence they sprung—
 Their inmost powers, as though for me
 Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
 When first I saw them burn on high,
 Rolling along, like living cars
 Of light, for gods to journey by !
 They were my heart's first passion—days
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays
 Have I hung floating, till each sense
 Seemed full of their bright influence.
 Innocent joy ! alas, how much
 Of misery had I shunned below,
 Could I have still lived blest with such ;

Nor, proud and restless, burned to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.
Often—so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly winged I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells ;
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung !

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn,
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise !
Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
My heart, soul, senses turned below ;
And he, who but so lately ranged
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind
Even in that luminous range confined,—
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod !
In vain my former idols glistened
From their far thrones ; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listened,
That hymned around my favourite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth ;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth !

Nor was it Love, even yet, that thrall'd
 My spirit in his burning ties ;
 And less, still less could it be call'd
 That grosser flame, round which Love flies
 Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
 No, it was wonder, such as thrilled
 At all God's works my dazzled sense ;
 The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
 With passion, more profound, intense,—
 A vehement, but wandering fire,
 Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,—
 Though through all womankind it took
 Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
 Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
 To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
 The insatiate curiosity
 To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—
 To look, but once, beneath the seal
 Of so much loveliness, and see
 What souls belonged to such bright eyes—
 'Whether, as sun-beams find their way
 Into the gem that hidden lies,
 Those looks could inward turn their ray,
 And make the soul as bright as they :
 All this impelled my anxious chase,
 And still the more I saw and knew
 Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
 The intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
 Born in that splendid Paradise,
 Which sprung there solely to receive
 The first light of her waking eyes.
 I had seen purest angels lean
 In worship o'er her from above ;
 And man—oh yes, had envying seen
 Proud man possessed of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
 So exquisite,—her error, too,
 That easy trust, that prompt belief
 In what the warm heart wishes true ;
 That faith in words, when kindly said,
 By which the whole fond sex is led—
 Mingled with—what I durst not blame,
 For 'tis my own—that wish to *know*,
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe ;
 Which, though from heaven all pure it came,
 Yet stained, misused, brought sin and shame
 On her, on me, on all below !

I had seen this ; had seen Man, armed,
As his soul is, with strength and sense
By her first words to ruin charmed ;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smiled away.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driven from Paradise for her,
(And *with* her—*that*, at least, was bliss,)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven !—
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doomed to sin and strife,
Call her—think then—his Life ! his Life !
Yes, such the love-taught name, the first.
That ruined Man to Woman gave,
Even in his outcast hour, when curst
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave !
She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curled,
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near !
Could I help wond'ring at a creature,
Enchanted round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save ?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still the unreasoning worshipper,
And wheresoe'er they smiled the same,
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
To save or damn it as they please !

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
 How restlessly I sighed to find
 Some *one* from out that shining throng,
 Some abstract of the form and mind
 Of the whole matchless sex, from which
 In my own arms beheld, possest,
 I might learn all the powers to witch,
 To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
 Into whose inward soul and sense
 I might descend, as doth the bee
 Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
 Rifle, in all its purity,
 The prime, the quintessence, the whole
 Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
 (For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
 When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferred)—
 At length my ominous prayer was heard—
 But whether heard in heaven or hell,
 Listen—and thou wilt know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
 Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
 To be a bright young angel's love,
 Herself so bright, so exquisite!
 The pride, too, of her step, as light
 Along the unconscious earth she went,
 Seemed that of one, born with a right
 To walk some heavenlier element,
 And tread in places where her feet
 A star at every step should meet.
 'Twas not alone that loveliness
 By which the wildered sense is caught—
 Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
 Of playful blushes, that seemed nought
 But luminous escapes of thought;
 Of eyes that, when by anger stirred,
 Were fire itself, but, at a word
 Of tenderness, all soft became
 As though they could, like the sun's bird,
 Dissolve away in their own flame—
 Of form, as pliant as the shoots
 Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
 That drop from it in summer's hour;—
 'Twas not alone this loveliness
 That falls to loveliest women's share,
 Though, even here, her form could spare
 From its own beauty's rich excess
 Enough to make all others fair—
 But 'twas the Mind, sparkling about

Through her whole frame—the soul, brought out
 To light each charm, yet independent
 Of what it lighted, as the sun
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
 Were there no flowers to shine upon—
 'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
 The unnumbered looks and arts that for
 The glory of young woman-kind,
 Taken, in their first fusion, warm,
 Ere time had chilled a single charm,
 And stamped with such a seal of Mind
 As gave to beauties, that might be
 Too sensual else, too unrefined,
 The impress of Divinity !

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
 Of Nature kept for her alone,
 Of everything most playful, bland,
 Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
 In angel-natures and her own—
 Oh this it was that drew me nigh
 One, who seemed kin to heaven as I,
 A bright twin-sister of the sky—
 One, in whose love, I felt, were given
 The mixed delights of either sphere,
 All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
 And all the senses burn for here.

Had we—but hold—hear every part
 Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
 Remembrance gives, when the fixed dart
 Is stirred thus in the wound again—
 Hear every step, so full of bliss,
 And yet so ruinous, that led
 Down to the last, dark precipice,
 Where perished both—the fallen, the dead !
 From the first hour she caught my sight,
 I never left her—day and night
 Hovering unseen around her way,
 And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
 I soon could track each thought that lay,
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear
 As pebbles within brooks appear ;
 And there, among the countless things
 That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
 Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
 Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
 And rainbow joys that end in weeping ;
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
 Like serpents under flowerets sleeping :—
 'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er

Young hearts are beating—I saw there
 Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
 Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
 Glimpses of glory, far away
 Into the bright, vague future given ;
 And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
 Like that of eaglets, is near heaven !
 With this, too—what a soul and heart
 To fall beneath the tempter's art !—
 A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
 Enshrined itself in form so fair,
 Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve
 With every fruit of Eden blest,
 Save one alone—rather than leave
 That *one* unknown, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
 With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
 In that rich twilight of the soul,
 When reason's beam, half hid behind
 The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
 Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
 'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
 Vague, glimmering visions to her view ;—
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
 Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
 And vistas, with a void seen through ;—
 Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
 Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
 All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
 But give her wing no resting-place ;
 Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,
 Through every dream *still* in her sight,
 The enchanter of each mocking scene,
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
 Who said, ' Behold, yon world of light,'
 Then sudden dropt a veil between !

At length, when I perceived each thought,
 Waking or sleeping, fixed on nought
 But these illusive scenes, and me—
 The phantom, who thus came and went,
 In half revealments only meant
 To madden curiosity—
 When by such various arts I found
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,
 One night—'twas in a holy spot,
 Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
 Of purest marble, built below
 Her garden beds, through which a glow
 From lamps invisible then stole,

Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
There, at her altar, while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claimed her sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
Grew softer still, as though its ray
Was breathed from her, I heard her say :—

'Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heavenly—still too fair,
Too heavenly to be ever mine!

'Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
Slumber so lovely that it seems
No longer life to live awake,
Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

'Why do I ever lose thee? why
When on thy realms and thee I gaze
Still drops that veil, which I could die,
Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

'Long ere such miracles as thou
And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
For light was in this soul, which now
Thy looks have into passion nursed.

'There's nothing bright above, below,
In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know,
And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

'Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
The curtains of thy radiant home,
If thou wouldst be as God beshrined,
Or loved and clasped as mortal, come!

'Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
That I may, waking, know and see;
Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee!

'Demon or God, who hold'st the book
Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye.
Give me, with thee, but one bright look
Into its leaves, and let me die!

'By those ethereal wings, whose way
Lies through an element, so fraught
With living Mind, that, as they play,
Their every movement is a thought!

'By that most precious hair, between
Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
Of Paradise so late hath been,
And left its fragrant soul behind!

'By those impassioned eyes, that melt
Their light into the inmost heart;
Like sunset in the waters, felt
As molten fire through every part—

'I do implore thee, oh most bright
And worshipped Spirit, shine but o'er
My waking, wondering eyes this night,
This one blest night—I ask no more!

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but softened down
Into more mortal grace;—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furled,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheathed, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left, but what beseeemed
The accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beamed
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love—oh more
Of heaven's light than even the power
Of heaven itself could now restore!

And yet, that hour ! ”——

The Spirit here

Stopped in his utterance, as if words
 Gave way beneath the wild career
 Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
 Midway in some enthusiast’s song,
 Breaking beneath a touch too strong ;
 While the clenched hand upon the brow
 Told how remembrance throbbed there now !
 But soon ’twas o’er—that casual blaze
 From the sunk fire of other days—
 That relic of a flame, whose burning
 Had been too fierce to be relumed
 Soon passed away, and the youth, turning
 To his bright listeners, thus resumed :—

“ Days, months elapsed, and, though what most
 On earth I sighed for was mine, all—
 Yet—was I happy? God, thou know’st,
 Howe’er they smile, and feign, and boast,
 What happiness is theirs; who fall !
 ’Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
 Even by the love, the bliss, between
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
 In agonising cross-light given
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
 In purgatory catch of heaven !
 The only feeling that to me
 Seemed joy—or rather my sole rest
 From aching misery—was to see
 My young, proud, blooming Lili blest.
 She, the fair fountain of all ill
 To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
 Fervidly panted after still,
 And found the charm fresh as at first—
 To see *her* happy—to reflect
 Whatever beams still round me played
 Of former pride, of glory wrecked,
 On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
 And whose soul worshipped even my shade—
 This was, I own, enjoyment—this
 My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
 And proud she was, fair creature !—proud,
 Beyond what even most queenly stirs
 In woman’s heart, nor would have bowed
 That beautiful young brow of hers
 To aught beneath the First above,
 So high she deemed her Cherub’s love !

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
 Stronger and stronger—to which even

Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
 Everything strange in earth and heaven;
 Not only what God loves to show,
 But all that He hath sealed below
 In darkness, for man *not* to know—
 Even this desire, alas, ill-starred
 And fatal as it was, I sought
 To feed each minute, and unbarred
 Such realms of wonder on her thought,
 As ne'er, till then, had let their light
 Escape on any mortal's sight!
 In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
 Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
 Wherever sleeping Mystery
 Had spread her curtain, we were there—
 Love still beside us, as we went,
 At home in each new element,
 And sure of worship everywhere!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
 The wealth of all her kingdoms down
 At woman's worshipped feet, and say,
 'Bright creature, this is all thine own!'—
 Then first were diamonds caught—like eyes
 Shining in darkness—by surprise,
 And made to light the conquering way
 Of proud young beauty with their ray.

Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
 Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
 (As 'twere a spirit, forced to dwell
 In form unlovely) was set free,
 And round the neck of woman threw
 A light it lent and borrowed too.
 For never did this maid—whate'er
 The ambition of the hour—forget
 Her sex's pride in being fair;
 Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
 Which makes the mighty magnet, set
 In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
 Nor was there aught within the range
 Of my swift wing in sea or air,
 Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
 That, quickly as her wish could change,
 I did not seek, with such fond care,
 That when I've seen her look above
 At some bright star admiringly,
 I've said, 'Nay, look not there, my love,
 Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!'

But not alone the wonders found
 Through Nature's realm—the unveiled, material.

Visible glories, that hang round,
Like lights, through her enchanted ground—
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapped in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis shed
Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
The workings of the Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he designed
The outlines of this world; and through
That spread of darkness—like the bow
Called out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow;—
The covenant with human kind
Which God hath made the chains of Fate
He round himself and them hath twined,
Till his high task he consummate;—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be worked out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some perhaps even more profound,
More wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fallen, outlawed spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—filled with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—
The enthusiast girl spoke out; as one
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their altars, in the sun
Left standing half adorned, would run
To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curled,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept concealed, till its own time,
Stole out in these revealments then—
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One!
Like that imperfect dawn, or light

Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the real morning shines !

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky ;
To whose enamoured soul and eye,
I seemed—as is the sun on high—
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, land, and air,
Whose influence, felt everywhere,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Even to the world's extremest part ;
While through that world her reinless mind
Had now careered so fast and far,
That earth itself seemed left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfined,
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar !

Happy enthusiast ! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill ;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmured not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I—even I,
While down its steep most headlong driven—
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know *every* thing, and—worst of all—
Know and love Virtue while they fall !
Even then, her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm—nay, even to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower,
On stem so full of bitterness—
Even then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm ;
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
The dreadful thought that it must die !

That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes ;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads !
This fear, so sad to all—to me

Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea

Fell yesterday, in vain be sought ;
That heaven to me the final seal

Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to die !
Even this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever twisted the sweet bond

'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away ;
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on !

There seemed a freshness in her breath,
Beyond the reach, the power of death ;
And then, her voice—oh, who could doubt
That 'twould for ever thus breathe out
A music, like the harmony

Of the tuned orbs, too sweet to die !
While in her lip's awakening touch
There thrilled a life ambrosial—such
As mantles in the fruit steeped through
With Eden's most delicious dew—
Till I could almost think, though known
And loved as human, they had grown
By bliss, celestial as my own !

But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long ;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for even her soul to shun
The desolation it brings down !

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamed away ;
In that same garden, where—beneath
The silent earth stripped of my wreath
And furling up those wings, whose light
For mortal gaze were else too bright—
I first had stood before her sight,

And found myself—oh, ecstasy,
Which even in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipped as only God should be,
And loved as never man was yet!
In that same garden we were now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turned upward, and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushed on wave or bower
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light—even she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the mute hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!
At length, as if some thought awaking,
Suddenly sprung within her breast—
Like a young bird when day-light breaking
Startles him from his dreamy nest—
She turned upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As 'twere to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled and said :—

'I had, last night, a dream of thee,
Resembling those divine ones, given,
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

'The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
Dazzling as if of starlight made ;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
Like meteors round thee flashed and played.

'All bright, as in those happy dreams,
Thou stood'st a creature to adore
No less than love, breathing out beams,
As flowers do fragrance, at each pore !

'Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,

I seemed within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embraced ;

‘ And as thou held’st me there, the flame
Passed from thy heavenly soul to mine ;
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
Like thee, all spirit, all divine !

‘ Say, why did dream so bright come o’er me,
If, now I wake, ’tis faded, gone ?
When will my Cherub shine before me
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone ?

‘ When shall I, waking, be allowed
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And hold thee thus without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within these arms ?

‘ Oh what a pride to say, this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure, and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from heaven—he’s mine, he’s mine !

‘ Think’st thou, were Lilis in thy place,
A creature of yon lofty skies,
She would have hid one single grace,
One glory from her lover’s eyes ?

‘ No, no—then, if thou lov’st like me,
Shine, out, young Spirit, in the blaze
Of thy most proud divinity,
Nor think thou’lt wound this mortal gaze.

‘ Too long have I looked doating on
Those ardent eyes, intense even thus—
Too near the stars themselves have gone,
To fear aught grand or luminous.

‘ Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
But that this dream may yet come true,
And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
Till it becomes all heavenly too ?

‘ Let me this once but feel the flame
Of those spread wings, the very pride
Will change my nature, and this frame
By the mere touch be deified !’

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not used
To be by man or God refused—

As one, who felt her influence o'er
 All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
 And, though to heaven she could not soar,
 At least would bring down heaven to her.

Little did she, alas, or I—
 Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet
 Immersed in sin's obscurity
 Was as the planet where we lie,
 O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
 Little did we foresee the fate,
 The dreadful—how can it be told?
 O God such anguish to relate
 Is o'er again to feel, behold!
 But, charged as 'tis, my heart must speak
 Its sorrow out, or it will break!
 Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
 Passed for a moment through my breast—
 Fears of some danger, vague unknown,
 To one, or both—something unblest
 To happen from this proud request.
 But soon these boding fancies fled;
 Nor saw I aught that could forbid
 My full revealment, save the dread
 Of that first dazzle, that, unhid,
 And bursting glory on a lid
 Untried in heaven;—and even this glare
 She might, by love's own nursing care,
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
 For well I knew, the lustre shed
 From my rich wings, when proudest spread,
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
 And innocent as is the light
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure
 Her mate to her green bower at night.
 Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
 Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
 As in its lair, ready to spring,
 Yet waked it not—though from my wing
 A thousand sparks fell glittering!
 Oft too when round me from above
 The feathered snow, (which for its whiteness,
 In my pure days I used to love)
 Fell, like the moultings of heaven's Dove,—
 So harmless, though so full of brightness,
 Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
 From off its flowers each downy flake
 As delicate, unmelted, fair,
 And cool as they had fallen there.

Nay even with Lilis—had I not
 Around her sleep in splendour come—

Hung o'er her beauty, nor forgot
To print my radiant lips on some?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not waked, unscathed and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kissed all night?
Even when the rays I scattered stole
Intensest to her dreaming soul,
No thrill disturbed the insensate frame—
So subtle, so refined that flame,
Which, rapidly as lightnings melt
The blade within the unharmed sheath,
Can, by the outward form unfelt,
Reach and dissolve the soul beneath !

Thus having—as, alas, deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed—
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
There fixed upon me, eagerly
As if the unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—
How was I to refuse? how say
One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
I brought from heaven belonged to her?
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, desire,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden them when looked upon !

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
I left—see, where those clouds afar
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fallen angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting :—but the illumined brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun—the eyes, that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And shed a blaze before unknown ;—
Even to themselves the unfolded wings,
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day

Of his best pomp, I now put on ;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms ;
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see !
Great God ! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright ?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms ?
Scarce had I touched her shrinking frame
When—oh most horrible !—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now, by my transgression, turned
Into gross, earthly fire, which burned,
Burned all it touched, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes ;
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers ?—I saw her lie
Blackening within my arms to ashes !
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst !
Those arms, within whose gentle round—
My heart's horizon—the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found !
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last !
That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save
But one of whose long, glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths !—
All, all, that seemed, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parched and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away,
And mine, oh misery ! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came ;—
And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness !

'Twas maddening ;—'twas—but hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom

Lay in the dust—and did the spirit
 No part of that fell curse inherit,
 'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
 Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
 Just when her eyes, in fading, took
 Their last, keen, agonised farewell,
 And looked in mine with—oh, that look!
 Avenging Power, whate'er the hell
 Thou mayst to human souls assign,
 The memory of that look is mine!—
 In her last struggle, on my brow
 Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
 So withering!—I feel it now—
 'Twas fire—but fire, even more unblest
 Than was my own, and like that flame,
 The angels shudder but to name,
 Hell's everlasting element!
 Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
 Madd'ning and torturing as it went;
 And here—see here, the mark, the stain
 It left upon my front—burnt in
 By that last kiss of love and sin—
 A brand, which even the wreathed pride
 Of these bright curls, still forced aside
 By its foul contract, cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—
 Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
 Who, (but for *one* proud, fond offence,)
 Had honoured heaven itself, should be
 Now doomed—I cannot speak it—no,
 Merciful God! 'tis not so—
 Never could lips divine have said
 The fiat of a fate so dread.
 And yet, that look—so deeply fraught
 With more than anguish, with despair—
 That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
 In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—
 Oh—for the first time that these knees
 Have bent before thee since my fall,
 Great Power, if ever thy decrees
 Thou couldst for prayer like mine recall,
 Pardon that spirit, and on me,
 On me, who taught her pride to err,
 Shed out each drop of agony
 Thy burning phial keeps for her!
 See, too, where low beside me kneel
 Two other outcasts, who, though gone
 And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
 And pray for that poor mortal one.
 Alas, too well, too well they know
 The pain, the penitence, the woe

That Passion brings upon the best,
 The wisest, and the loveliest.—
 Oh, who is to be saved, if such
 Bright, erring souls are not forgiven ;
 So loth they wander, and so much
 Their very wand'rings lean towards heaven !
 Again, I cry, Just God, transfer
 That creature's sufferings all to me—
 Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
 To save one minute's pain to her,
 Let mine last all eternity !”

He paused, and to the earth bent down
 His throbbing head ; while they, who felt
 That agony as 'twere their own,
 Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
 And, in the night's still silence there,
 While mournfully each wand'ring air
 Played in those plumes, that never more
 To their lost home in heaven must soar,
 Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,
 Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
 And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
 Oh, God would *not* be what this bright
 And glorious universe of His,
 This world of beauty, goodness, light,
 And endless love, proclaims *He is!*

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
 That crowned that airy solitude,
 They heard a low, uncertain sound,
 As from a lute, that just had found
 Some happy theme, and murmured round
 The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
 Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood—
 Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own !
 Till soon a voice, that matched as well
 That gentle instrument, as suits
 The sea-air to an ocean-shell
 (So kin its spirit to the lute's),
 Tremblingly followed the soft strain,
 Interpreting its joy, its pain,
 And lending the light wings of words
 To many a thought, that else had lain
 Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
 The third young Angel, in whose face,
 Though faded like the others, grief
 Had left a gentler, holier trace ;
 As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
 Hope had not quit him—as if still

Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom, lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke;
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:—

“Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to-night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above—
The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot, without thee!
I've fed the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense tree;
I've sheltered it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life or lustre, without thee!

“A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee!

“Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
Oh happier thus than without thee!”

The song had ceased, when, from the wood
Which, sweeping down that airy height,
It reached the spot, on which they stood—
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
Across the brow of one, who raised
Its flame aloft (as if to throw
The light upon that group below,)
Displayed two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,

Looking from out their leafy places
 Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
 'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought
 O'er all her features at the thought
 Of being seen thus, late, alone,
 By any but the eyes she sought,
 Had scarcely for an instant shone
 Through the dark leaves, when she was gone—
 Gone like a meteor, that o'erhead,
 Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
 "Look, look, how beautiful!"—'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
 I come, my Nama," reached her ear,
 In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
 Which tells of confidence, of home,—
 Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
 Till they grow *one*,—of faith sincere,
 And all that Love most loves to hear;
 A music, breathing of the past,
 The present, and the time to be,
 Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
 Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
 Summoned away, remain behind;
 Nor did there need much time to tell
 What they—alas, more fallen than he
 From happiness and heaven—knew well,
 His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—*not* as he told
 The tale himself, but as 'tis graved
 Upon the tablets that, of old,
 By Seth were from the deluge saved,
 All written over with sublime
 And saddening legends of the unblest,
 But glorious Spirits of that time,
 And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
 That round the Almighty Throne abide—
 Circles of light, that from the same
 Eternal centre sweeping wide,
 Carry its beams on every side—

(Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound,)
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne
As if peculiarly God's own,
The Seraphs stand—this burning sign
Traced on their banner, "Love divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
Even those to high-browed Cherubs given,
Though knowing all;—so much doth love
Transcend all Knowledge, even in heaven!

'Mong these was Zaraph once—and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearned towards the Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire
Love was to his impassioned soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!
Oft, when from the Almighty brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow,
The heads beneath their wings, nor dare
To look upon the effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took),
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than *not* look!
Then, too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
The moment, watched for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touched the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone—
Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
Could, even from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
The same in heaven as it is here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near;—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;

Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, even the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
The charm, that sloped his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Even so that amorous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by even a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium rolled away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fixed
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mixed!
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charmed Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some spirit gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea.

Quickly, however, to its source,

Tracing that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the expiring waves
 Flung their last offering with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
 Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hushed,
 As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gushed,
 She raised, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seemed rather given
 To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes, as may have looked *from* heaven,
 But ne'er were raised to it before ?

Oh, Love, Religion, Music—all
 That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
 A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring !
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
 When time or grief hath stained his own !
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
 Too oft, entranced Religion lies !
While Music, Music is the link
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
 That moment's witcheries ?—one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
 That seraphs might be proud to share !
Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
 Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die.

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there—
Blest union ! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come ;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fallen or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgressed,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest
Won down by woman's smile, allowed
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that God look down
On error with a brow so mild ;
Never did Justice launch a frown,
That, ere it fell, so nearly smiled.
For gentle was their love—with awe
And trembling like a treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law—
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In Nama's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,
Seemed all unvalued and unknown ;
And when her seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Even bliss was humbled by the thought—
“ What claim have I to be so blest ? ”
Still less could maid, so meek, have nursed
Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been cursed,
From luckless Eve to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels ; no—
To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith, that, were even its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fixed remain,
And wait till it shone out again ;—
With Patience that, though often bowed
By the rude storm, can rise anew ;
And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through !
This deep, relying Love, worth more

In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
 Of her fond heart—the unreasoning scope
 Of all its views, above, below—
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.
 And thus in humbleness they trod,
 Abashed, but pure before their God ;
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
 So meekly beautiful as they,
 When, with the altar's holy light
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
 Hand within hand, and side by side,
 Two links of love, awhile untied
 From the great chain above, but fast
 Holding together to the last !—
 Two fallen Splendors, from that tree,
 Which buds with such eternally,
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
 However sweet, must bear its brand,)
 Their only doom was this—that, long
 As the green earth and ocean stand,
 They both shall wander here—the same,
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
 Still looking to that goal sublime,
 Whose light remote, but sure, they see ;
 Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
 Whose home is in Eternity !
 Subject, the while, to all the strife,
 True Love encounters in this life—
 The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;
 The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
 To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
 The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
 That in his very sweetness lies :—
 Still worse, the illusions that betray
 His footsteps to their shining brink ;
 That tempt him, on his desert way
 Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
 Where nothing meets his lips, alas,—
 But he again must sighing pass
 On to that far-off home of peace,
 In which alone his thirst will cease.

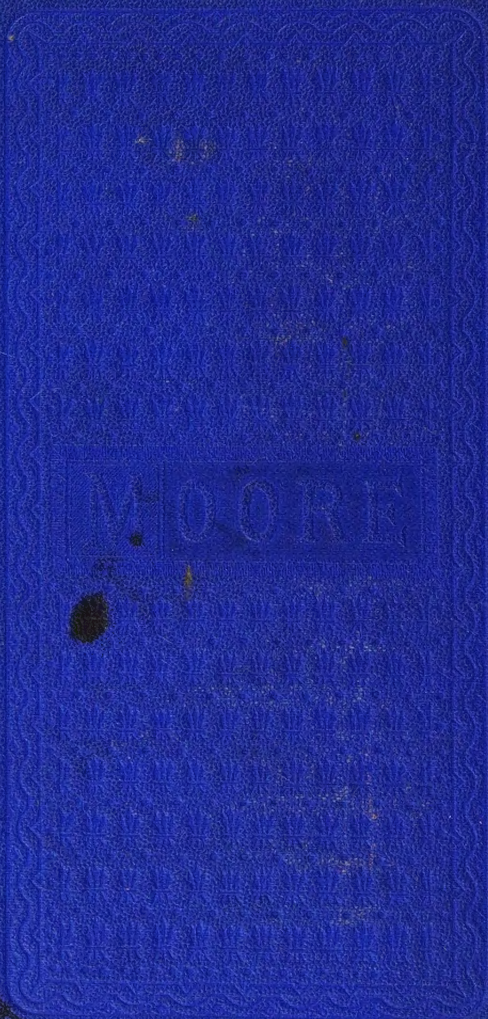
All this they bear, but, not the less,
 Have moments rich in happiness—

Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Poured mutually from soul to soul ;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again !—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far !
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshened power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills—
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth ; but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—

Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
There is but one such pair below
And, as we bless them on their way
Through the world's wilderness, may say,
"There Zaraph and his Nama go,"





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